

# Bride, Close To The Center Of The Earth

The city of the dead is full of exhibitionists  
Dancing in the streets in their bones  
The hounds have the scent and they're on the trail  
Chase them into the cave where darkness dwells

If my sin remains I have chosen my god  
Choose this day who you will serve  
As for me and my house  
We will serve the Lord

From high lofty window tops you see  
Peering through the oil and scum  
Praying the door is locked  
They see the chase below through the avenue  
And you think those bones look like you

The dead are all around in a state of decay  
And you are safe in a secret place  
Not of things you've earned or deserve  
But you have been called out of this world

They're walking closer to the center of the earth  
All along they think they're exploring the universe  
They'll never prove that God doesn't exist  
'Cause God took away all their evidence