

Cut City, Like Ashes, Like Millions

I've got the devil by my bedside
We talk from time to time
About our favourite son
And the bells that chime
About our favourite son
And the bells that chime

I've got deserters as companions
I need the battles to stay in place
But I really can't make it rhyme with safe
But I really can't make it rhyme with safe

Like ashes, like millions of private things
We lead them deceive them
Still to remain
We used to burn bad bridges
We used to point our fingers and laugh
We disappeared but we never left

Parting's all I know of heaven
And all I need of hell
So I seek the places where sickness dwell
So I seek the places where sickness dwell

Like ashes, like millions of dirty things
We lead them deceive them
Still to remain
We used to burn bad bridges
We used to point our fingers and laugh
We disappeared but we never left