

Machines Of Loving Grace, Golgotha Tenement Blues

I am city
I am the park
I am glow in the mother fucking dark
I am shocked and I seethe
I don't want to believe no more
No more
No more
Golgotha tenement
city of sores
Give me your tired and your wicked
Give me your dollar whores
Down on the boulevard children are sold
To pave the way
For your streets of gold
Streets of gold