

# The Cure, Wailing Wall

The holy city breathed  
Like a dying man  
It moved with hopeful tears  
With the tears of the blind

And on and on as the night drew in  
Through broken streets  
That sucked me in  
My feet were bare and cut with stones  
With walking to the promised land

I pushed through crowds  
Through seas of prayer  
Through twisting hands and choking air  
A vulture at the wailing wall  
I circled...  
Waiting...