

# Heathens

## The Cult

Bodies falling past my window all night  
I haven't slept, seen a sliver of night  
The scattered bones guiding my hand  
The scattered bones, they are guiding my hand  
Saw Che Guevara in a garbage can  
Death of tiger, law of man  
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold  
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold  
The sea rises up, the sea rises up  
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard  
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night  
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard  
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night  
We are swans, we are burning swans  
Wilderness, she is coming alive  
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold  
Fortunes told, man got no plan left  
The sea rises up, the sea rises up  
Statue of Christ smiles down on the  
boulevard  
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night  
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard  
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night  
In the night  
Dirty heathen, dirty heathen, dirty heathen, dirty heathen  
Hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall  
Hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall  
Hey, dirty heathen  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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