

Exile (Chris Kimsey Mix)

Killing Joke

Outside the boundaries where all the streets are empty
In such a lonely moment we reach the same conclusion
Chants of cathedral choirs, stations of iron cogs grind
Primeaval screams we heard. Release cannot be found, no
You'll never see that water flow
You'll never see the water flowing We that have tasted such beauties of corruption
Triumphal arches raised designed to fall again
My kingdom and place of exile
You'll never see the water flowing. Your shouts of righteousness jaded our contributions
Too scared for anger, the cause without a rebel
No revolutions in four four time
You'll never see that water flowing.

Songwriters

COLEMAN, JEREMY / FERGUSON, PAUL / RAVEN, PAUL VINCENT / WALKER, KEVIN Published by
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