

Child of the Jago

Lukid

This is your nightmare calling
It's the downside of life in the city
Trouble will always find you
That's the problem with life in the city
It's always a pity
When someone goes under
I'll show you the worst side of life
That you thought was forgotten forever
It's not that it's even there
But it's always lurking around
Like a child of the Jago
A child of the Jago
Yeah yeah
The city's a cemetery
And everywhere that you dig is another
Opening up beneath you
And the bad things are pulling you under
And once you go under
You're gone and forgotten
There's so little symmetry
Between the rooftop pools in the sewer
It's easy to disappear
When you know that nobody would miss you
Like a child of the Jago
A child of the Jago
Yeah yeah

There's always been weary souls
That look like they're straight out of fiction
Wretched and weather-beaten
With the wind blowing rain in their faces
It always disgraces
The most modern places
There's always a worse kind of place
Where it would shock even the sick or the twisted
The pocket is there for the picking
On the clothes of the living or just dead
The difference is minor
To a child of the Jago

Yeah yeah

The future is medieval

The future is medieval

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Yeah yeah

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Yeah yeah

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