

Livin' On Livin'

Lords of the New Church

(Bator/James)

The city eats it's children of dust from the cradle to grave.
Drag their captives through the deep-sleeps of life. Ghosts of
dream-dwelling slaves. The stranger scares the creatures of
night. Corpse of sluggards fall. First you called it experiment
and then the terror called. The subterranean escapes the light
to an empty space. I'll do my time prowling in the streets
behind a human face.

And I'm Livin' On Livin', yeah. Livin' On Livin', gotta roam.
Yeah I'm Livin' On Livin', yeah. Nowhere to go - leave me alone.
You better leave me alone. Hey, owhl, owhl, brrrrrrrawhl.

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