

This Night In The City Forever

The Cult

All my friends are drunk in a sense of flame
Will I see them again?
I dream of dreams to come and temples built with love
I'm not a slave. This city lights are fading, calling me again
Like diamonds in the rain
Where prophets tag their name, her rivers filled with shame
Few faces stay the same. The time will never end, the larger truth is in
My skies will show again.
My fire works ignite, the spirit now takes flight
And have the glory fame. I don't mess around
Throw your weapon to the ground
Now, witches gather round
They have to make no sound.

Songwriters

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