

Precita

Mount Moriah

I met you on a dime

With an appetite

I showed up alone in Precita heights I met you in the dark, I met you in the dark

With your hands full of tar, with your hands full of tar

We turned into gold, and we turned into stars The highest soul has the whitest spark

The highest soul has the whitest spark I met you in a dream, I met you in a dream

I was a boat on the sea, I was a boat on the sea

Oh, the sacred fire burned, I was a wave of the deep And I met you in the womb, I met you in the womb

Licking the prophets' wounds, I met you in the womb

Our father is the sun, our mother is the moon The highest soul has the empty tomb

The highest soul has the empty tomb

The highest soul has the whitest spark

The highest soul has the whitest spark

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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