

# City Calls

## Swan Lake

Oh the city calls its wild wastes  
its fortress'd breeze to help  
In the park was Caravaggio's Christ  
who fucked the police and put an end to the price of automobile radio heists  
And did you want to help did you  
think you'd help? But your help was a hurt  
A motivational welt  
Wounds and their salts  
And the ill milk in your bones  
and you whisper to your knees  
and your two broken collarbones:  
You want to take a photograph then take a photograph of me!"

Lyrics provided by

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