

# Cathedrals

## Megalopolis

In the shadows of tall buildings  
Of fallen angels on the ceilings  
Oily feathers in bronze and concrete  
Faded colors, pieces left incomplete  
The line moves slowly past the electric fence  
Across the borders between continents  
In the cathedrals of New York and Rome  
There is a feeling that you should just go home  
And spend a lifetime finding out just where that is  
In the shadows of tall buildings  
The architecture is slowly peeling  
Marble statues and glass dividers  
Someone is watching all of the outsiders  
The line moves slowly through the numbered gate  
Past the mosaic of the head of state  
In the cathedrals of New York and Rome

There is a feeling that you should just go home  
And spend a lifetime finding out just where that is  
In the shadows of tall buildings  
Of open arches endlessly kneeling  
Sonic landscapes echoing vistas  
Someone is listening from a safe distance  
The line moves slowly into a fading light  
A final moment in the dead of night  
In the cathedrals of New York and Rome  
There is a feeling that you should just go home  
And spend a lifetime finding out just where that is  
In the cathedrals of New York and Rome  
There is a feeling that you should just go home  
And spend a lifetime finding out just where that is

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