

83rd Dream

The Cult

Four crows nailed to a wooden post
Bleed upon a barren field
An old way that I don't understand
It kinda touched me for a day
Four crows nailed to a wooden post
Bleed upon a barren field
An old way that I don't understand
You know, it kinda touched me for a day
There are no bright skies
Where the eagle flies
Suddenly inside me, inside me
I don't need I am alive
I am alive
Hey, hey So psychedelic, driving over the sun
Past the still sky trees and fields
To the place the great relics have kissed you know
It kinda touched me for a day
There are no bright skies
Where the eagle flies
Suddenly inside me, inside me
I don't need I am alive
I am alive Hey, hey
Hey, hey
Hey, hey
...

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