Golden Dawn

Art In Manila

Cigarettes and trash furnishing your room
He claims to be from God
But, when was God this cold?He said, "Son, get on your knees and pray to me
With your mother I'll do what I please"
A colony of worshiping beingsChildren, find your song
And let it take you to the golden dawn
See, old man, you done us wrong
You ain't no saint and I'm not your son
I've never been your sonA blue line ascending moon
Mocks you from the sky
A tall [Incomprehensible] on your room
And tears in your eyeHe said "Son, get on your knees you'll be redeemed"
But the Lord's so far from here
A distant dream, a nightmare's screamChildren, find your song
And let it take you to the golden dawn
See, old man, you done us wrong
You ain't no saint and your time is done
Your time is doneDon't let it all take you away
The property of loveOh children, find your gun
And let it take you to the golden dawn
Said, old man, you done us wrong
You ain't no saint and I've just begun
Life's just begunChildren, find your gun

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