

# Trouble

Mree

Of business  
Indecent  
A basement hush

I witness  
Their secret  
Reap the dividend from us  
Ooh ooh

The wind with  
Great intent  
The curtain wide

I leave with  
Two pieces  
Out with it  
Out with it

Let it be known!  
That there's trouble at the holy cathedral  
People nodding off the news

Am I alone?  
Or is there anybody fit to believe in?  
I am calling out to you

What cider  
Feeds your fiber  
With a never ending sip?

Oh fire  
Of desire  
Run from it, run from it

Let it be known!  
That there's trouble at the holy cathedral  
People nodding off the news

Am I alone?  
Or is there anybody fit to believe in?  
I am calling out to you  
To you... to you...