

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...