

The Street of Many Murders

Sol Invictus

Tear off the roof, let in the sky
Take the shutters from our eyes
Pull back the curtains to these lives
Behind these windows are pigs and sties

But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands
But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands

Kissed with blood, kissed with bile
With these fingers murder dialled
With broken hearts and broken smiles
We spurt blood on white tiles

But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands
But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands

I am dying in your eyes
Grow a harvest for the scythe
Follow a long shot to the street
Where the real world meets and bleats

But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands
But just seconds from where they stand
A dying world of throats and hands