

# Wailing Wall

The Bates

The holy city breathed  
Like a dying man  
It moved with hopeful tears  
With the tears of the blind

And on and on has the night drew in  
Through broken streets  
That sucked me in  
My feet were bare and cut with stones  
With walking to the promise land

I pushed trough crowds  
Through sears of payer  
Through twisting hands and choking air  
A vulture at the wailing wall  
I circled  
Waiting

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That sucked me in  
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With walking to the promis land