

Bring out Your Dead

Ulver

The rainbow is empty
And lights hangs low
There is a private eye
In the centre of it all

Driving down Sunset Blvd.
Looking, looking for the song
The Starman has gone
And the late great Leonard Cohen too

There are thieves in the temple
Pretenders from thrones underground
And who really cares anymore
We all chase the wind

Give up your ghosts
Bring out your dead

The Church of Jesus Christ
And Latter-Day Saints
Bright young Americans
There is one on every corner

The holy books are open wide
Brother, the future is murder
Dead birds fall from the sky
Black jackals crawling

Give up your ghosts
Bring out your dead