

City of the Dead

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She had fled the fields of green
Where life was pure in a rustic dream
Where her first love carved her name in the bark
And gave to her his soul and heart

Now she sells her body to the night
Underneath the neon lights
And if she's lucky she's got five years
Of crack, smack, pain and tears

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Gone forever in the meadow of rye
Youthful lust beneath the summer sky
Her sweetheart died a suicide
When he lost his love to the temple of lies

City of the dead
City of the dead - will crush your dreams
City of the dead - will clip your wings
City of the dead - is here to break you
City of the dead - is here to make you

Twenty six months, she's grown old
Bled to death on the streets of gold
A raggedy whore she will die
And burn in the flames of paradise

City of the dead - will crush your dreams
City of the dead - will clip your wings
City of the dead - is here to break you
City of the dead - is here to make you now