

Golgotha Tenement Blues

Machines of Loving Grace

I am city
I am the park
I am glow
In the mother fucking dark

I am shocked and I seethe
I don't want to believe no more, no more

No more

Golgotha tenement, city of sores
Give me your tired and your wicked
Give me your dollar whores

Down on the boulevard
The children are sold
To pave the way
For your streets of gold, streets of gold

No more

I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one

I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one

I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one

I am the chosen one
I am the chosen one