

Welcome To (The City Of Thieves)

Sonic Boom Six

Look around at the corpse of a broken god, bones scattered across the landscape.

Dereliction, no congregation made minds up made their escape.

What do we worship in its place? The spirit of greed and excesses.

A poisoned ghost with a smiling face says "Yo ho ho write cheques," this

Welcome to the City of Thieves just another way to make a living.

Welcome to the City of Thieves whatever happened to giving and receiving?

Sing along to the words but we don't know why it's a hollow traditional thing.

Just as long as the sound drowning out any doubt we be servile slaves to this king.

Down in the tenements they fill their boots and bags made of plastic.

Across their screens a jester screams his song that sounds sarcastic.

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Welcome to the city of thieves come here anytime but we don't speak of leaving.