

Lilies

The Cult

A finger on your mouth
Contemplate everything alive
All that breathes, that runs
You feel it all

Older than the dawn
Once it seemed like fun
In this city of gold
Bleeding and fading away

You've got everything to lose
Turn these bruises into wine
Blooms eventually decay
Reaching ecstasy through god's strained heart
Your innocent life, your immaculate heart

Walked with pilgrims in the snows
Dressed like wolves in these exotic lands
You showed me how to live
Another way

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