

## 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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