

A Beautiful Silence **"My Own Windy City"**

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As I walk down these lonely streets again
I learn that nothing is holy except the rest of the world
And the church where they gather to worship the
undead
In a place that gives all hope but hope is not real
Always remember that and take for granted
Everything you can this is your only lonely life

In my own windy city I would take the hearts of all the
pretty
People who have no soul just an empty hole
Where they bleed from their chest

Now all these tall buildings fall
They surround our country with security
If it takes four years to bring down our fears
Our government will give three cheers

This is my own windy city

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