

Clock Dva "The Reign"

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I held you like a gun
Your voice is burning my language
Lok out on the ocean
A savage rage of white
Lost of the shore of your senses
I ran to the edge
So I could find you
You in your white suit
A moment of anguish
Because I know the reign will come
Because I know the reign will come
Walking down this dusty track
I came upon a photograph
Your face
A scar
A cross
I can feel the sound of silence
Blur in the cross fades
The image of Solon
You in your white dress
I caress you in darkness
I took the boat from Algiers
Left the hotel of pleasures
You died for a reason
You died for a stranger
I show you no mercy
In the heat of the desert
Your sacrifice if over
You've served your purpose
Fulfilled an ancient order
Because I know the reign will come
Because I know the reign will come

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