

Ikara Colt "Bishop's Son"

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Ants patrol in tracks under his feet
All over tarmac canyon
Just looking for stuff to eat
All over cracks manhattan
The sun goes down with the heat but you know it's
gonna rise again
All now got it made
Cancel winter and sack the maid
Send us through

Bishop's bastard son
Bishop's bastard son

He had model trains in the roof
Did it for a way of life
Both married much too young
Both sons on the convent school and it's won
Now what's supposed to do
When all the church did is hide the truth
All now got it made
Cancel winter and sack the maid
Send us through

Bishop's bastard son
Bishop's bastard son

Now what you gonna do
When all the church does is tell the truth
And the songs to get you songs to get you songs to get
you through
And the obelisk are rising
On the streets on the streets in the city today
All now got it made
Cancel winter and sack the maid
Send us through

Bishop's bastard son
Bishop's bastard son
Bishop's bastard son
Bishop's bastard son

