Cave Nick "City Of Refuge"

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You better run You better run and run and run You better run You better run You better run to the City of Refuge You better run You better run You better run to the City of Refuge

You stand before your maker In a state of shame Bacause your robes are covered in mud While your kneel at the feet Of a woman of the street The gutters will run with blood They will run with blood!

You better run, you better run You better run to the City of Refuge You better run, you better run You better run to the City of Refuge

In the days of madness My brother, my sister When you're dragged toward the Hell-mouth You will beg at the end But there ain't gonna be one, friend For the grave will spew you out It will spew you out!

You better run, you better run You better run to the City of Refuge You better run, you better run You better run to the City of Refuge

You'll be working in the darkness Against your fellow man And you'll find you're called to come forth So you'll scrub and you'll scrub But the trouble is, bud The blood it won't wash off No, it won't come off!

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