

## Cold Cave

### "Dresden"

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The morning breeze is off and gone  
The winding factory streets are clean  
Old ladies put the kettle on  
And all-night lechers pause and lean  
On grey shop windows, everywhere  
A deeper hum is in the air  
Hotel room, drifter leaves no clues  
He rides a freight-train out of town  
And whistles at the icy rime  
The cattle float like thistle-downs  
And God is on the edge of time  
Somewhere behind a siren wails  
The freight-train soars above the rails  
The traveller, he's hard as nails  
As the train sweeps down the line  
The salmon Season's here to stay  
And etched into each shoulder-bone  
The mark of Cain is on display  
As stone above each measured stone  
Old Dresden burns above the breeze  
The traveller, he's on his knees  
He's watching sledge-wings dip and play  
So far above the holy throne  
Dresden blues . . .

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