

Psi Com

"City of 9 Gates"

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Entered city in from a sleigh
Vander's little baby voice hits the horses
Only he they obey
Left him alone, so he thought
In his nakedness with the choice of
One in seven fires best to suit his needs

There is a hood, it catches the wind
It's up in the tower that lets in the light
And bellows the fire
The city's tight, but it loosens
It's small but not for long
The city's growing crooked

The city bleeds!
Bleeds!
It's rosy veins to empty streets
Bleeds!
Bleeds! Nine gates seal in the city
Nine gates seal in the city

Mix the reaction and the boil and the brew
A little less sweet, more bitter
Oh, how bad tastes linger
As the howl to the hound, as the moan to the man
The voice in the peripheral says...

Bleed!
Bleed!
The rosy veins, to empty streets
Bleed!
Bleed!
The rosy veins, to empty streets
Nine gates seal in the city
Nine gates seal in the city

What do you do, do you do
When nothing amuses you
Trade your fear for boredom
Nothing like a trip to fix
A mind that's sick of banging on the walls until they...

Bleed!
Bleed!
Rosy veins to empty streets
They Bleed!
Bleed!
Rosy veins to empty streets
Nine gates seal in the city
Nine gates seal in the city
Oh!

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