

Heathens

The Cult

Bodies falling past my window all night
I haven't slept, seen a sliver of night
The scattered bones guiding my hand
The scattered bones, they are guiding my hand
Saw Che Guevara in a garbage can
Death of tiger, law of man
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold
The sea rises up, the sea rises up
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night
We are swans, we are burning swans
Wilderness, she is coming alive
Choke on vodka, your diamonds and gold
Fortunes told, man got no plan left
The sea rises up, the sea rises up
Statue of Christ smiles down
on the boulevard
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night
Statue of Christ smiles down on the boulevard
Where the torn crows laugh, and were lost in the night
In the night
Dirty heathen, dirty heathen, dirty heathen, dirty heathen
Hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall
Hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall, hard rain a fall
Hey, dirty heathen
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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