

Jim Locky and The Solemn Sun, Wishing Well

Well, i guess this ol' bible won't take you home. In the same way this city won't go after your soul, a
I guess this is the end my friend, the worlds come after you, but i guess that's what you wanted it to
This whole congregation and its war of wits, makes the body you're raised in just a ball of fists, and
Please don't get me wrong my friend, i know you're fighting through, guess i still see this killing you
Well i guess this ol' Bible, won't take you home. In the same way this city won't go after your soul, I
I guess we're all tribal when the moon is low, and this city of rivals are just the brothers you know. L
There ain't nobody here gonna help you out of this wishing well.