

Kobra And The Lotus, Gotham

Where is your god?
The one you claim will save this city
from condemning all to digging their own grave
The malice in your flesh is starting to burn holes
Struggling to resist this baited smell of rotting souls

Blood in your lies, another man found dead
You know what you did and now you'll pay the suffering

Fallen angels
Fallen from despair
Their wings are broken
Covetous nature
Far beyond repair
This city, this city is evil

High speed chasing again
Strapped up with a vengeance for sin
Crimson dilation, cold infiltration
I'm putting you away for good

You surrender to me
But I am paralyzed as our eyes meet
I've become the corruption with wings of destruction
Damned for eternity

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Could there be a glimmer in the cracks of your despair?
There's still hope for us, I repent
Bring us grace

(Guitar solo)

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