

Nick Cave, City Of Refuge

You better run You better run and run and run
You better run You better run
You better run to the City of Refuge
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You stand before your maker
In a state of shame
Bacause your robes are covered in mud
While your kneel at the feet
Of a woman of the street
The gutters will run with blood
They will run with blood!

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In the days of madness
My brother, my sister
When you're dragged toward the Hell-mouth
You will beg at the end
But there ain't gonna be one, friend
For the grave will spew you out
It will spew you out!

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You'll be working in the darkness
Against your fellow man
And you'll find you're called to come forth
So you'll scrub and you'll scrub
But the trouble is, bud
The blood it won't wash off
No, it won't come off!

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