

The Cure, Wailing Wall

The holy city breathed
Like a dying man
It moved with hopeful tears
With the tears of the blind

And on and on as the night drew in
Through broken streets
That sucked me in
My feet were bare and cut with stones
With walking to the promised land

I pushed through crowds
Through seas of prayer
Through twisting hands and choking air
A vulture at the wailing wall
I circled...
Waiting...