

Most Wanted

Cults

Up late at night all alone
Can't you see that I'm trying?
Trying so hard to hold on
To the things I know
But in the evening I will have to go
What I most want is bad for me I know

Out in the dark, shaking hands
In the street, I'm drifting
Drifting away from my family towards my foes
My mother told me you'll reap what you sow
What you most is want is bad for me you know

Back in my home late at night
All alone, I'm flying
Flying above all my troubles
My mind's a gull
When I am happy my heart starts to slow
What I most want is bad for me I know

Late in the morning I wake
All alone, I'm crying
Crying for all of the people who love me so
But when we get sad we know where to go
What we most want is bad for us we know

Flirtation
Drug use
And adultery