

# Antony & The Johnsons, Atrocities

God visits all lost souls  
To survey the damage  
We noticed a bonfire  
Burning in his eyes

He whispered  
&quot;It's the atrocities of your story  
Of your story&quot;;

God visits all lost souls  
To survey the damage  
And holding his bleeding heart  
A tear comes to his eye  
He whispered  
It's the atrocities of History  
Of History  
Of...

The he falls to the floor  
For there's many more tears on the sunrise  
And now we must eat those tears  
Now we must eat our fill  
Of the Atrocities  
The Atrocities  
The Atrocities  
The Atrocities