

Death SS, Sinful Dove

Under the sheets you play with your hands
Pleasure and pain you can't understand
Open you altar and recieve the Lord
Give him a gift you cannot afford

Your bed is wet for the battle you've fought
Praying the savior, killing your thoughts
Into your bed hell plays its game
Grasping a cross, sooting your blame

Restrain your wish as much as you can
Is Jesus Christ your naked man?
You fantasies will carry you away

Fly in the name of love
When in the night you hear the call
Fly like a sinful dove
To your man hanging on the wall

Into your cage of purity and pain
Need satisfaction you cannot obtain
The bride of Christ: is that what they say?
Your Holy husband you cannot betray

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