

# Death SS, Sinful Dove

Under the sheets you play with your hands  
Pleasure and pain you can't understand  
Open you altar and receive 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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