

Deathstars, Trinity Fields

Here he comes as you pray
Like shot lambs you crawl
Here he comes as you pray
Oh, shot lambs now fall

Hear him breathe as you pray
His tongue licks your palms
Feel him seduces when you pray
There's oralsex in his psalms

All the seed
That you have planted
Upon trinity fields
And those crops that thrive
Inside of you
Grow like thorns
Through your praying hands

Hear him scream as you pray
The cold father and sin
Feel his soft and sick tongue
Lick your Christian skin

There's a ruin in the heart of this plain
A rose that withers and dies
So leave the fields and join the insects
Join the lord of lies