

# 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