

Gomez, These 3 Sins

These 3 sins have finally found me:

Lust, Ambition and Greed

Creepin' in the back door, they came without warning,

they burned whatever they could steal

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So please could you go back where you came from again?

We don't want to harm ya,

We don't want to harm ya,

We are not your armor,

We're your friends.

These 3 sins have fell from their horses,

and taken me and you for a ride.

Deliver us from evil, let the devil disown me.

The serpents and the snakes will decide.

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