

Antony And The Johnsons, The Atrocities

God visits all lost souls
To survey the damage
We noticed a bonfire
Burning in his eyes
He whispered
"It's the atrocities of your story
Of your story"
God visits all lost souls
To survey the damage
And holding his bleeding heart
A tear comes to his eye
He whispered
It's the atrocities of History
Of History
Of...
The he falls to the floor
For there's many more tears on the sunrise
And now we must eat those tears
Now we must eat our fill
Of the Atrocities
The Atrocities
The Atrocities
The Atrocities