

# Christian Death, Spiritual Cramp

Incurable disease on the day of rest  
I go walking on water in a sea of incest  
I've got the image of Jesus embedded in my chest  
I can't leave home without my bulletproof vest  
Killing myself for the perfect honeymoon  
Fighting with scorpions, tied round my neck  
I hear the pitter patter of a killer on the loose  
Children use their fingers instead of words  
Crosses burn our temples on Slaughter Avenue  
It takes too much time for me to say, "I refuse"  
Time is digging graves for the chosen few  
Children digging graves for me and you  
Describe the illness, I'll prescribe the cure  
Start your two day life on a two day vacation  
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Start your two day life on a two day vacation  
Spiritual cramp going for my ribs, those gangsters toting guns  
Are shooting spikes through my wrist  
Children use their fingers instead of words  
Fingers bury children under the boards  
I can die a thousand times, but I will always be here  
With the power skull, secrets of forgotten years  
The hangman's noose is drenched, with bloodstained tears  
My hands are the killers that confirm my fears  
Jesus, won't you touch me? Come into my heart  
Where the hell are you when the fire starts?  
I'm using my fingers, instead of words  
I'm using my fingers, instead of words  
On a mission of the Father, to reduce the gates of Hell  
The ivory bone eyed mother's flesh is starting to swell  
I'm setting twenty-two tables for the funeral feast  
Satan is by far the kindest beast