Christian Death, Spiritual Cramp (Rozz)

Christian Death Only Theatre Of Pain Spiritual Cramp (Rozz) Incurable disease on the day of rest Walking on water in a sea of incest I've got an image of Jesus embedded on my chest I can't leave home without my bullet proof vest Killing myself for the perfect honeymoon fighting with scorpions tied around my neck I hear the pitter patter of a killer on the loose children using their fingers instead of words crosses burn your temples on slaughter avenue It takes too much time to say 'I refuse' Time is digging graves for the chosen few Children dig graves for me and you Describe the illness I'll prescribe the cure start your two day life on a two day vacation I've got a spiritual cramp going for my ribs Those gangsters toting guns are shooting spikes through my wrist children using 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 trenched with bloodstains of tears my hands are the killer that confirms my tears Jesus won't you touch me come into my heart where the Hell are you when the fire starts? 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 quest