

Cursive, Bad Sects

For 20 years I've held this pulpit
Preached the word, served the Eucharists
Gained the trust of the townsfolk
Made every football game, never missed a social
Last week a boy I taught theology
Came back in town with a new ideology
Those feelings I tucked away
Threaten the sanctuary
A lifetime of burning culminated in one innocent forbidden touch
I know this is wrong
Cause I'm taught this is wrong

A new recruit, 25 years old
He joined the habit with a chip on his shoulder
Some nights he'd proclaim his preference
But only flat back drunk on a bottle of Jameson
One of those nights we stayed up, the two of us
Singing our lives, just the two of us
We were hiding in the dark
I fell asleep by his side
We woke to the chimes of the bells in the steeple, and ran off to separate rooms
They can't know what we've done
Our whole world would come undone

You'll never live this down
You'll never live this down
You'll never live this down
You'll never live this down

They're gonna find you out
And when they find you out
They're gonna drag you out! Don't let them find you!

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