

Every Time I Die, Pornograthery

Tonight the cinema's the treatment clinic where the perverts seek the cure.
Show me the rape scene one more time for the cause
And I promise we'll behave like perfect christians.
We'll sing the glory of the gospel for some whiskey and a skin flick.
Hallelujah. All rise.
Hallow be my name.
In this kingdom we came without calling.
Hallelujah.
The violence and the choir,
The virgin and the fire.
Up to her neck in tongues.
Up to her neck in tongues.

Lovely, so lovely is ludwig van.
Electronic sonata pumped through the mud of the one night stand.
The saints in regalia whistling while they rape.
Lid clamps in vitamins.
Lift up her skirt
And I'll be cured,
Like a junkie with a methadone addiction thinks he's clean.
I'll be cured.
I'll be cured.

Sit down and watch closely.
All these whores have conceded the war.
She said "you might be sick, but you feel all right to me".
She said "you might be sick, but you feel all right to me".
She said..
She said..
She said "you might be sick, but you..aww you feel all right to me".

That's enough.
Turn it off.
Well I promise I'm better now.
It's too much.. Turn it off!
Healed at the horror show.