

# Genesis, Going Out To Get You

I can pacify your violence  
I can guarantee no pain  
Feel the ugly force of motion  
Deep inside your guilty brain

Going out to get you  
Going out to get you  
Going out to get you  
Pulpit of the Python  
Chasing out the innocents defiled

Leave your weapon in the cool stream  
Rest your body on the stone  
Multitude will beckon to a clear sky  
Rise again to follow all who came  
Are you really evil?

I saw you in the Devils Kitchen  
Cooking for the Queen of Spades  
Hiding in your pretty laces  
Licking fingers sunk in jam

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Curl your flimsy leaves around me  
Sorceress you cannot still command  
Burning in the orifice of Hades  
Sacrifice your magic to my hand  
Are you really evil?

I saw you in the Hermit's garden  
Picking fruit to fill his flesh  
Tacking spells to take his body  
Trapping him inside your mesh

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