

# Hunters & Collectors, Judas Sheep

I says mother I have lost my arms  
Lost my arms  
She says, use your charms son  
Use your charms  
And I says smell that fear mother  
Smell that fear  
She says off your knees son  
Off your knees  
Well, our friend the Judas sheep  
He's dressed up like a compost heap  
Our friend the Judas sheep  
To the top, top, top of the heap  
We are tentacle wrapped in memories  
Memories  
Down in the dark we stumble happy  
Happy  
We are wet to the skin  
Wet to the skin  
Free from sin  
Free from sin  
Oh father forgive this state we're in  
State we're in  
Because our friend the Judas sheep  
He's dressed up like a compost heap  
Our friend the Judas sheep  
To the top, top, top of the heap  
And I said our friend the Judas sheep  
Today's companion tomorrow's fresh meat  
I says mother I have lost my arms  
Lost my arms  
She says, use your charms son  
Use your charms  
And I says smell that fear mother  
Smell that fear  
She says off your knees son  
Off your knees  
We are tentacle wrapped in memories  
Memories  
Down in the dark we stumble happy  
Happy  
We are wet to the skin  
Wet to the skin  
Free from sin  
Free from sin  
Oh father forgive this state we're in  
State we're in  
State we're in  
Our friend the Judas sheep  
He's dressed up like a compost heap  
Our friend the Judas sheep  
To the top, top, top of the heap  
And I said our friend the Judas sheep  
Today's companion tomorrow's fresh meat  
I says mother I have lost my arms  
Lost my arms  
She says, use your charms son  
Use your charms  
And I says smell that fear mother  
Smell that fear  
She says off your knees son  
Off your knees  
We are tentacle wrapped in memories  
Memories  
Down in the dark we stumble happy

Happy  
We are wet to the skin  
Wet to the skin  
Free from sin  
Free from sin  
Father forgive, father forgive, father forgive  
State we're in