

The Church, Musk

Infidel baby
Oh my heathen child
Baghdad's still ten leagues away
I go on undefiled
Wrap yourself in frankincense
Wrap yourself in rags
In the crowded market streets
Out among the hags
I'd offer you just one gold fleece
I'd offer you my bread
Who's been inside your aching bones
Who's been inside your head
Infidel baby
Oh my little girl
Nothing I can do for you
Nothing in this world
A thousand angry men-at-arms
A hundred vulgar priests
A pair of dirty little hands
Arousing drowsy beasts
There's a mad look in her mother's face
There's a whisper on the tongue
No peace in all of Christendom
Until this song is sung