

Judas Sheep

Hunters & Collectors

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
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Free from sin
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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
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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