

## The Defence

black midi

When crowds swarm out doorways  
And the streetlamps are lit  
One of my disciples  
Begins his wandering  
In alleys and the main streets  
He searches for men  
Their virile, pathetic, and lame  
Leading them in  
To our establishment he starts to cry  
Every night

"Prostrate, supine  
Well-groomed, divine  
Whatever you like  
Please, sir, tonight"  
Mmm

A brothel is a business no different than a bank  
As safe and as formal and sanitary  
My girls all destined for Hell  
Or so says our priest  
But find me a Christian  
Who spends as much time on their knees  
Closer to God  
They honor his glory in the best way  
Everyday  
Without my aid, they'd be in chains  
Or disemboweled in a backstreet lane  
I'll stop selling when you stop buying  
'Til the end of time you can hear the cry

I'm "prostrate, supine  
Well-groomed, divine  
Whatever you like  
Please, sir, tonight  
Follow me tonight"