

Take Me To Church

Chris Kläfford

My lover's got humor
She's the giggle at a funeral
Knows everybody's disapproval
I should've worshiped her sooner
If the heavens ever did speak
She's the last true mouthpiece
Every Sunday's getting more bleak
A fresh poison each week

"We were born sick", you heard them say it
Command me to be well
Amen, amen
Amen, amen

Take me to church
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
Offer me that deathless death
Good God, let me give you my life

If I'm a pagan of the good times
My lover's the sunlight
To keep the Goddess on my side
She demands a sacrifice

Drain the whole sea
Get something shiny
Something meaty for the main course
That's a fine-looking high horse
What you got in the stable?
We've a lot of starving faithful

That looks tasty
That looks plenty
This is hungry work

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No Masters or Kings
When the Ritual begins
There is no sweeter innocence
Than our gentle sin
In the madness and soil
of that sad earthly scene
Only then I am human
Only then I am clean

Amen, amen
Amen

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Amen