

The voice at the box had finally lost
Years of frustration in a drunk night of passion
And declared in confession
To the nearest professional
Guilt control know it all:
"For once all my pride was illusion
A false self exclusion
From pleasures so vast they can hardly be named."
And was told in a cold voice "You should feel ashamed!
"The church knows it's business and needs the control
Of the body in order to manage the soul.
Sexual freedom destroys any faith
In a church that says freedom begins at the grave,
So we frown on the physical and ban contraception,
Abortion and women from being the pope.
It's down in the bible that god is a man
And abstention and caution are how we all cope.
"Did you use contraception? You didn't!? That's good!
The pope doesn't use it, no reason you should
Unless she gets A.I.D.S. or a pregnancy, mind
I suggest you get tested and see what they find.
No doubt she'll keep any offspring concealed
From the press and the like, get some funds from the plate.
Now time marches on and I'm late for a meal,
Hail Mary times ten. Don't do it again."
Don't do it again, don't do it again
Don't do it again, don't do it again
Don't do it again, don't do it again
They met face to face in the church the next day
Without knowing who the other one was
"I've had it I'm finished" said one "and I leaving.
There's nothing left here I can truly believe in."
"But why?" asked the man, and she said " Because
I'm a nun and I'm pregnant and I don't want the baby
But you will say no to whatever I choose
You never say yes and you only say maybe
When someone you personally know gets abused.
This body is mine not a baby machine
But in the eyes of the church I am trash,
So I quit your hierarchical sexist regime;
To be me is that too much to ask?!"