

Dark Star

Cursive

I know it's wrong, I sure don't need your scorn
Born under a black hole rising
I feel the pull, an urgent undertow
Good or bad, who's to say
I mean, God is dead and the world's in flames, so...

Dark star hangs over the ocean
Dark star demands your devotion
Culling you into the night

You say it's wrong as if it's black and white
Get off your hellbent high horse
Just say your prayers and I'll do what I like
I feel the undertow, feel it in my bones
Yeah, it feels so close now

Dark star hangs over the chapel
Dark star glistens on an apple
Tell me you don't want a bite

I am the snake, I am the shame, I am the grand seduction
I am the blood that pools and bruises, I am the poison
I am the tug, I am the urge, the beads of sweat on your brow
I am the hex, I am the curse your god warned you about
I am the wretch, I am the sex, I'm the darkened corner
I am the breath upon your neck - yeah, a little closer
The deadbeat father, bastard son, the unholy spirit
I am the threatening, reckoning ultra-violence

I am the snake, I am the shame, I am the grand seduction
I am the reason you vehemently believe in nothing
I am the star inside your heart you've been taught to confine
There is no antichrist, god on high, only human kind
My kind

Dark star twinkles in your iris
Dark star dances on your fingertips