

Horror is a Human Being

Cursive

I took confession for my sins
The priest received me with
A hint of insolence
Like he's some fuckin' saint of piety
I told him things I've never told
How I awoke and swore
I'd had the darkest dream
But it was real as real can be:

In the night I heard a scream
I ran out to the street
The moon a bloody yolk above me
I saw the beast with my own two eyes
I saw the beast and it spared my life
It saw something in me
I wish it hadn't seen

I lived to tell the tale
So I could lead the little lambs to slaughter
"Who of you would care to see
The razor claws, the gnashing teeth!"
Oh please, the beast is near and dear
Your fears, it's just a hall of mirrors—
Familiar freaks
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In the night I heard a scream
I cried out for my love
Her nightgown strewn across the bedroom
I heard the beast in the barren night
I heard the beast and I realized
I'd damned myself again,
Unleashed a demon kin

The darkness of a man
Can spread across a village like a virus
"Who of you would care to see
The Hitlers, the Mussolinis!
Fathers and sons locked in arms
Marching down your very street!"
Oh please, just turn on your TV
It's there — it isn't history
But soon we'll be

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