

## Pillar Of Salt

Defeater

Nights chasing ghosts, asleep in the pews.  
Vacant and still, your arm in a noose.  
Pillar of salt, we can never look back.  
The lies we have led, we are cursed in our past.  
We are cursed in our past.  
We are cursed in our death.

A penance paid for in blood.  
The guilt staining my hands.  
My lover stolen from me.  
Thieving Father be damned.  
No mercy on me.  
Myself and sins I detest.  
Devil lying in wait collecting his debts.  
No hope. No hope.

Communion of saints, of bread, body and wine.  
Quiet and still, drinking me dry.  
God left here long ago, heavy lies a thorned crown.  
In pride and in spite, no faith to be found.

We are cursed in our past.  
We are cursed in our death.

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The guilt staining my hands.  
My lover stolen from me.  
Thieving Father be damned.  
No mercy on me.  
Myself and sins I detest.  
Devil lying in wait collecting his debts.  
Collecting his debts.  
Collecting his debts.  
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Myself and sins I detest.  
Devil lying in wait collecting his debts.  
No hope. No hope.