

Mothman

Disciple

The thorns crush my spine send them to the swine
I choke the pleasure and I drown in dust
All my cares are bones of rust

Wash me, Cleanse me, Heal me, Make me a mothman
Wash me, Cleanse me, Heal me, Make me a man

Touch your garments just for fun
I am a match unto the sun
I want to fly into Your light
I want to fly into Your light