

He Without Sin i) Halation

Hellions

Who put the cross in your hands
The beads around your neck?
The needle in their arms
The hood around their heads?
Sanctuary

And so they say; 'Let he without sin, cast the first stone'
While they pile up their rocks from within their glass homes
And now, no, nothing means much, 'till it's written in our blood
But oh, the bloodshed that we've condoned
If the grief is inexhaustible and the guilt is unendurable
Then how is one to bear their family name?
Oh holy ghost, tell me, where did you go?
All that you left behind is shame

To the priest that steals purity while he whispers holy things
To the pig besmirching the innocent behind the pretence of peace

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So here I stand, a sinner of inattention
In this parody of parity
How is this still happening
After we've lost so many?
Sanctuary
Sanctuary

To the priest that steals purity while he whispers holy things
To the pig besmirching the innocent behind the pretence of peace

(Pick it up, pick it up, pick it up, go)
To He drenched in sin
To the reprehensible limb
Of the Lord's honest, faithful kin
Those demons clad in sheepskin
Tell me Does it make you feel sick?
Tell-me doesn't-it make you feel sick?
And isn't it time we stood up?
And isn't it time that we sung?

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Does he celebrate his faith
Or does he mourn it?
Absolve the sins of all the wicked
Or absorb them?
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Or does he mourn it?
Absolve the sins of all the wicked
Or absorb them?