

# 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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The beads around your neck?  
The needle in their arms  
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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?  
Does he celebrate his faith  
Or does he mourn it?  
Absolve the sins of all the wicked  
Or absorb them?