

River inside me
Like mud it flows
Eyes burning brightly
The creaking of the door

Was he, the bastard cousin of Jesus?
Does he sit at your right hand?
Was it the jealous touch of the devil?
Or was he, God inside a man?

Every mother is a whore
Every father is a war, Hallelujah
You take any port in a storm
You take any road that gets you home, Hallelujah

Holding on tightly
Howling at the moon
I know she heard you crying
As he put a blister in your womb

Every mother is a whore
Every father is a war, Hallelujah
You take any port in a storm
You take any road that gets you home, Hallelujah

Every mother is a whore
Every father is a war, Hallelujah
You take any port in a storm
Any road that gets you home, Hallelujah

Every mother is a whore
Every father is a war, Hallelujah
Did it hurt more letting him in
Or giving birth to a sin? Hallelujah

Every mother is a whore
Every father is a war, Hallelujah