Jesus' Son

Priests

God came to me in a dream and told me that I'm Jesus' son
I know this world is mean it's lucky I'm the chosen one
I walked on eggshells backwards this secret on my face
But now the earth calls me I'm feral I'm a smoking gun

Back before the sky screamed I didn't know I was someone
Pinkness of my feelings a big and wet and waiting tongue
The day I walked on water the shrapnel ricocheted
Said, "baby give it to me, savior I'm how the west was won"

I am Jesus' son
I sparkle like the setting sun
I am Jesus' son
I'm young and dumb and full of cum
I am Jesus' son
I think I want to hurt someone
I am Jesus' son
I think I'm gonna hurt someone

Mushroom clouds, hot debris
I knew exactly what I'd done
Mucus air burning green an opalescent magnificence
Ghost written by a prophet the shape that I could take
Automatic, obscene, a feral silver smoking gun

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