

## 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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