

## Preacher

Roe Kapara

I could see them smile  
Doused in gasoline  
Offer up their child  
As they burn and scream

My parents sold me to a preacher  
Now I miss my mom and dad  
I heard they joined a cult  
They say, mass suicidal death  
I'm locked inside the church  
They say the prophecy's foretold  
Strapped to the altar  
I'm the sacrifice the owe  
Oooh

They'll chase me through the graveyard  
I hear their guns  
I'll hide behind the chapel  
Their out for blood

They'll call you brother  
Then They'll turn around and chop off your hand  
Can't trust your mother  
Cause your father was a traveling man

Stone written tablets in the basements  
Where authored etched their lies  
They'll sell you your forgiveness  
If you pay them with your life  
An actor in his mansion  
Hold a party where they'll meet  
Strapped to the table  
Let the holy have their feast

They'll chase me through the graveyard  
I hear their guns  
I'll hide behind the chapel  
Their out for blood

They'll call you brother  
Then They'll turn around and chop off your hand  
Can't trust your mother  
Cause your father was a traveling man

They'll preach salvation as they tie my limbs  
And rip out my teeth  
They'll soak their daggers In the pigs blood  
As I beg and I plead