

Tiny Gods

James Shayfer

My crooked back
Was built for teeth and claws
The bloody wrath
Of Tiny Gods
Tear at me, tear at me
Until I'm tame
This is what I was manufactured for
The dirt, the dark, the art of war
Punish me, punish me, until I'm saved

The night is mine, mine, mine
And I will worship as I please

The night is, mine, mine, mine
And I will worship as I please

Guide me from this hell of hope
And bind me with your holy rope
Look at me, look at me
I'm nearly there
Cut me with your vicious tongue
Make me taste what I've become
The violence, the violence
The perfect prayer

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