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## The Pains of Being Pure At Heart

You can pray all day to Satan You can drive pretty fast You can drink with your prescriptions But it never comes to pass

I know you don't believe me But you're gonna see, you're gonna see One hundred and three

You can make marks with a razor Choke out on the bed But do you feel a sense of failure When you just can't end up dead?

I know you don't believe me But you're gonna see, you're gonna see One hundred and three

How can I get it through to you?
I just don't think your death wish
Is gonna come, is gonna come true