

# Guilt

## Those Poor Bastards

There's a feeling that I have  
When I wake up Sunday morning  
My body feels sick  
And my soul sure does feel sorry  
It's guilt  
It's called guilt

When I close my eyes  
I see events from the night before  
Lord have mercy  
Don't you torture me anymore  
With this guilt  
It's called guilt

Guilty I'm guilty  
But I'll do it again

The stench of the room  
When the sinners gather 'round me  
The waste of blood  
When I slice their worthless souls free  
It's guilt  
It's called guilt

When the fire burns  
And the flesh turns black and tasteless  
When the arrow of God  
Disappears and we wander aimless  
It's guilt  
It's called guilt

Guilty I'm guilty  
But the Lord understands

When the demons grow  
And they twist and start to scratching  
When mother's death eggs they crack  
And start to hatching  
Guilt  
It's called guilt

But I swear by my hoof  
And the soul of the sickly vulture  
This world you've built  
Is a dark and empty culture  
Of guilt  
It's called guilt

Guilty you're guilty  
And I'll destroy all I can