

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