

The Unspeakable Crimes of Peter Popoff

To Kill a King

He's got healing hands, place them all on desperate men, oh
The apple sinking down, sweetest taste of soothing doubt, oh
When you gonna love your body? When you gonna find the time?
When you gonna love your body? Seek the word and you will find, oh

It's on, it's on
It's on, it's on

He's like 6 foot tall, his congregation looks so small, oh
See that holy snarl, sweat runs down, his lips are narrow
When you gonna fight that hatred? When you gonna heed the call?
Will you know I'm out of patience? On your feet you know it's on, oh

It's on, it's on
It's on, it's on

Found the devil in my own backyard
It turns out he looks like everyone

All this confidence is a suit he merely rents
We've seen this town before so keep the car close to the door, oh
When you gonna find me brother? When you gonna touch my love?
When you gonna find me brother? Take my hand and you will walk, oh

It's on, it's on
It's on, it's on

They're talking end of days, reaper, snakes and endless flames
Souls to be saved but what's the price I gotta pay, oh?
When you gonna leave your body? When you gonna make the time?
When you gonna leave your body? Take my hand and you will fly, oh

It's on, it's on
It's on, it's on

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You were out the room, you were out the room
You were out the room, you were out the room

You were out the room when I was talking to Jesus
You were out the room when I was talking to Jesus
You were out the room when I was talking to Jesus

It's on, it's on
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