

Pilgrim Trade

Wire

Our African sisters have a spiritual plan
They follow the teachings of a triangular man
The AD to BC, the black and white gang
Amazed by cheap lasers, they're getting a tan

Magnetic steps funnel a babel of tongues
Sucking cash out of pockets, air out of lungs
The hordes that are eating a path through her doors
Record digital memories of her ceilings and floors

Harvesting pilgrims is an eternal trade
Sins are forgiven, indulgences gained
Confessions are heard; contrition is made
Entry to heaven will not be delayed