

Take me to Church

My lover's got humour, she is the giggle at a funeral
Knows everybody's disapproval, I should've worshipped her sooner
If the heavens ever did speak, she is the last true mouthpiece
Every Sunday's getting more bleak, a fresh poison each week
We were born sick, you heard them say it
My church offers no absolute, she tells me worship in the bedroom
The only heaven I'll be sent to, is when I'm alone with you.
I was born sick, but I love it, command me to well

A-A-A-Me-e-en , A-men A-Men A-A-A-A-A-Men—A—Men, A-A-A-A-A-Men -2-3-

Take me to church, I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife
Offer me that deathless death and good god let me give you my life
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If I'm a pagan of the good times, my lover's the sunlight

To keep the goddess on my side, she demands a sa-cri-fice

Drain the whole sea, get something shiny

Something meaty for the main course, that's a fine looking high horse

What you got in the stable, we've a lot of starving faithful

That looks tasty, that looks plenty, hmm this is hungry work

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No masters or kings, when the ritual begins,

There is no sweeter innocence, than our gentle sin

In the madness and soil of tha-at sa-ad earthly scene

Only then I am human, only then I am clean - woah - woah

AY-me-e-en, A Men A-Men A-A-A-A-A-Men, A-Men, A-A-A-A-A-Men, a-a-Men A,

A-A-A-Me-e-en, Ay MenAy-Men, A-A-A-A-A-Men, A-Men, A-A-A-A-A-Men