

## Virgin Black "Museum Of Iscariot"

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Jesus lies dying in my bed  
Companions since birth...  
in this stagnant dingy haunt  
he never really lived.  
Last night I beat him as he would not leave  
My insane eyes stare at him as his welted body bleeds  
Frequently I rape him as I know nothing else  
He curls up like a fetus and paints his face with  
sadness  
Now a fragment of remorse has etched  
I bandage his wounds, I kiss the face of Jesus Christ but  
he is dead  
What can I do?  
You have forsaken me, called yourself messiah,  
expected me to follow  
But now he is dead and his prophecies with him  
I will bury him not as insult to your face  
as I stare at his corpse one detail disturbs me  
His cold stark finger points where I have not been...  
From my house, a cage of rotten wood  
I stumble forth to lay beneath the bush  
withered bones groan,  
I cultivate as the soil and I grow closer  
The sun receives an empty gaze  
it mourns  
it knows my life is gone  
No more to offer but my flesh to this soil  
and a single tear marks my final prayer  
a rosebud sits in the palm of your hand as I end  
this flower  
it blossoms

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