

Crawlspace

"DOOMSDAY XMAS BONFIRE"

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On the day Jesus was born
I was drinkin' Bud and feelin' bad
He has a way of spoiling things
Let's nail him to that cross again

Pagan tongues in search of truth
Shotgun holes in the leader's head
String 'em and party down
It's holiday time again

Doomsday Xmas bonfire
Lit in my mind
Push the button, strike the match
Burn the churches to the ground

Canine dreams of ripping flesh
Lost inside the convent of blood
I couldn't find the right words
Inside god's thesaurus

Lick it up and spew it out
I can't get it through my head
I say my prayers late at night
To plastic busts of Elvis

Doomsday Xmas bonfire
Happy New Year
Push the button, strike the match
Flames consume society

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