

## Devendra Banhart

### "God To The Illfated"

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Blood on the wall, whipping the thrall  
Chain us, regain us - you're better than all

Bled me in vain, disccard as a stain  
No honesty, no respect  
Who believes in all your pain?

Smother the weak, outlaw the freak  
Killanthrope, misanthrope, bare catastrophe  
Blood on the wall, whipping the thrall  
Action deems reaction you will see

Fuck your lies lies lies, fuck your crucifix  
Monolithic six six six

Fallen from grace, thorn scratching your face  
God to the ill-fated

That what you've got, all that I'm not  
Ache for this, break for this  
Leave you to rot

Blood-tasting breath, sleepless on meth  
A blister, some transistor -  
Angelhead and full of death

No fashion demand, tattered and banned  
Hostile, defiled, you can't understand  
That what you've got, all that I'm not  
You want to be us but could never be

Twist and contort the within -  
Our enemy fears for his skin  
Twist and contort to win -  
Stapleshut to sin the within

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