

## Dillinger Four

# "The Father, The Son, And The Homosexual..."

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They called it faith  
They called it fair  
They called it resolution  
I call it shit when we were alone  
They simply paid no mind  
You'd suffered such a crime  
Then there you were  
A mother way too soon

They said you'd made your bed  
Then they filled your head  
With the sound  
The bells of a cathedral  
You say you're still ashamed  
I wish that I could make it stop

Like salt thrown over shoulder  
A coin tossed in a fountain  
Not unlike a knock on wood

You said only in as much  
As you were sensitive to touch  
Did you feel like a human when they spoke

And so you hid your life  
All bottled up inside  
Just enough to make  
Your angels choke

You took all you heard  
And tried to make them your own words  
Only deafened by the sound  
The bells of a cathedral  
Now you hate yourself and I wish that I could make it  
fucking stop

All my life  
Surrounded, unfounded  
Teachings thought as threats  
I won't forget

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