

Dog Fashion Disco

"Dead Virgins Don't Sing"

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Eat, for this is my body
Raise your glass and toast
For this is my blood
I am the pathway
Follow me downward
Into the void
I am the face of your fear
Salvation is only through me

Look what we have done
With our soul open wide
Look what we have done
With our soul open wide

Black pale meteors, spent worlds
Angels drop from the firmaments
Slave to the tremulous flash of cold dark eyes
The eye which turns and resists
Shining in the bright blood of grapes
Of wicked pontiffs, bloody kings
And like lightning, you shock men's minds
Blessed the clear Ionian skies

Look what we have done
With our soul open wide
Look what we have done
With our soul open wide

Anyone within the sound of my voice
Listen to my every word
This is indeed a threat
I will not tolerate anything
But than your complete and utter devotion to me

I need to know, that if necessary you will die for me
Now tell me, will you die for me? Will you die for me?

My guidance doesn't come at a cheap price
And my words shouldn't be taken lightly
I am the air you take into your lungs
And the reality of your existence

And for those of you who stray
You will be hunted down like dogs
Those who obey my paradise
In a place we can all call home
In a place we can all some day die in

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