

## **Envy On The Coast "Clergy"**

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Half an inch away  
Speak before the sweat is even noticed  
Such a bitter taste  
I sat... the words I just can't comprehend  
Ink the scriptures to my feet  
The bruising swells and apathy  
Sit so still with skeptic limbs...  
Penetrate these veins to fill this vile with naivety  
Sip and have...  
A taste of my disease

And they're dragging you

Sacrament has stained  
My appetite for ceremony crisis  
A narrow taste for faith...  
Depends on all the staleness that has formed you  
Stitch the sins to my gums and teeth  
A midnight mess of surgery  
Speak so soft with hectic grins  
Face the veil that separates  
Where guilt won't die and is born again  
Open aisle awaits for my two knees

And they're dragging you...  
And they're dragging you...  
And they're dragging you...

Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging  
you...  
Well hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're  
dragging you...  
Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging  
you...  
Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging  
you...  
Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging  
you...

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