

Legenda

"A Strychnine Kiss"

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Cut glass cathedrals
Slash holes in the air
So it always is raining
When we kneel down in prayer.
And Christ leans and laughs. . .
Christ! He's shaking his head
Cos the wine's Portugese
And the bread's only bread . . .
No trance, no substance, no conscience for sure
As the Pope licks a jackboot and lays down the law.
And his flock form a cross--
All fall down with disease.
And the only survivors
Are him and his priests.
In them thar seven hills
There's a big crock of gold,
But it's all stashed in sacks
And belongs to a Pole.
And name any language,
He's got something to sell,
But if you add it up,
It's a ticket to hell.

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