

## Christian Death "Cavity"

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Let's skirt the issue of discipline  
Let's start an illusion  
With hand and pen  
Re-read the words and start again  
Accept the gift of sin  
The gift of...  
Pleasure is bleeding to smother the words  
The four walls drain me dry  
Of all imagination  
Crying out to be told to stand still  
Crying out to be told to stand still  
The price of red death  
Is the price of true love  
The black queen jumps through my skin  
The king of hearts is waiting  
Close to home  
Someone's shooting outside  
Trigger finger's itchy  
Another moving target  
More blood on your surplice  
More blood for the price of red death  
Nailing you to the wall  
Nailing you to the Spanish mystic  
Nailing you to the wall  
Three shots ring out to scream  
Who wants to play Roman soldier  
That lives inside of me  
Perennial artist, what do you see  
What do you see?  
My secret fear of being alone  
I sit and hold hands with myself  
I sit and make love to myself  
I've got blood on my hands  
I've got blood on your hands  
Blood on our hands  
Blood

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