

## **Christian Death "Spiritual Cramp"**

Visit "[Spiritual Cramp](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Incurable disease on the day of rest  
Walking on water in a sea of incest  
I've got an image of Jesus  
Embedded on my chest  
I can't leave home without my  
Bullet proof vest  
Killing myself for the perfect honeymoon  
Fighting with scorpions tied around my neck  
I hear the pitter patter  
Of a killer on the loose  
Children using their fingers instead of words  
Crosses burn our temples  
On slaughter avenue  
It takes too much time for me to say 'I refuse'  
Time is digging graves for the chosen few  
Children digging graves for me and you  
Describe the illness I'll prescribe the cure  
Start your two day life  
On a two day vacation  
I've got a spiritual cramp going for my ribs  
Those gangsters toting guns  
Are shooting spikes through my wrist  
Children using their fingers instead of words  
Fingers bury children under the boards  
I can die a thousand times  
But I will always be here  
With the power skull secrets  
Of forgotten years  
The hangman's noose is drenched  
With bloodstained tears  
My hands are the killers that confirm  
My fears  
Jesus won't you touch me  
Come into my heart  
Where the Hell are you  
When the fire starts?  
On a mission of the father  
To reduce the gates of hell  
The ivory bone eyed mother's flesh  
Is starting to swell  
I'm setting twenty-two tables  
For the funeral feast

Satan is by far the kindest beast

Visit [Christian Death](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.