

Christian Death "Temples of Desire"

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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 your
temples on slaughter avenue
It takes too much time to say 'I refuse' Time is digging
graves for the chosen few
Children dig 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 trenched with
bloodstains of tears my hands are the killer that
confirms my tears
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 guest

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