

## **Coven**

# **"Boneless Christian"**

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Some Christians prefer to serve their ministries  
I like to serve Jesus hot off the rotisserie  
It doesn't really matter that my soul is headed south  
Cause Christ is on the fire with an apple in his mouth!

Maybe I'm satanic, as satanic as hell  
But don't it make your mouth water, that roasting  
Christian smell?

When I get hungry and I feel the need to eat  
Nothing soothes my palette quite like boneless  
Christian meat

The peasants are restless down at the mission  
Hungry as hell, I've got a sneaking suspicion  
That I know what they want, and it's no imposition  
Boneless Christian!

Fed up with a diet of force-fed religion  
With every problem, therein lies it's own solution  
We could feed every Christian  
To the hungry and the homeless  
But before you do, you'd better  
Make sure they're boneless!

And as I fired up the barbecue  
I made a suggestion  
You bring the chips  
And I'll bring the Christian!

Boneless Christian!  
Boneless Christian!  
Boneless Christian!

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