

## **Cursive** **"Bad Sects"**

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For twenty years I've held this pulpit  
Preached the word, served the Eucharist  
Gained the trust of the townsfolk  
Made every football game, never missed a social

Last week, a boy I taught theology  
Came back in town with a new ideology  
Those feelings I tucked away  
Threaten this sanctuary

A lifetime of burning culminated  
In one innocent forbidden touch  
I know this is wrong  
'Cause I'm told this is wrong

A new recruit, twenty-five years old  
He joined the habit with a chip on his shoulder  
Some nights he'd proclaim his preference  
But only flat back drunk on a bottle of Jameson

One of those nights we stayed up, the two of us  
Singing our lives, just the two of us  
We were hiding in the dark  
I fell asleep by his side

We woke to the chimes of the bells in the steeple  
And ran off to separate rooms  
They can't know what we've done  
Our whole world would come undone

You'll never live this down  
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