

## Pieta Brown

### "Shit For Brains"

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Sitting in my box, waiting for you  
I peep through the slits and I feel myself  
Breathing tight, I'm getting hard  
But it's nice and dark for the things that I do  
I sweat in my cassock  
When I hear you words  
Tell your sins to me I will absolve thee  
I run a peep show beat  
Where I can beat my meat  
When I see your dressing  
I get to messing

Shit for brains, piss in my pants  
I rape and contain the whole human race  
I'm your heavenly host, the Holy Ghost  
The hand of god and the stick of saints  
I'm a man who's sick but I got class  
I'm going to heaven with my lickin' ass  
Shit for brains, piss in my pants  
I rape and contain my catholic domain

Sticks and stones break my bones  
Your words just crucify me  
Heaven up above has a glorious god  
I'd really rather have you right where I want  
Right on the front full of my gunk  
I slide up behind heaven in my mind  
In my dreams I always whipped you  
Then I stripped you

I ripped you down to my scripture

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