

Barf

"Sunday School"

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Every time I drive a nail into his hand
His aura disappears
Every single thorn I push into his head
The symbolism clears
The skin I open with the crack of my whip
Bleeds sincerity
The salt and vinegar I pour on his wounds
Bring serenity

Cramming centuries of lies in my brain
You've got no proof,
I've got no use for this game

The stones I vigorously throw at his face
Enable me to choose
The lance that punctures flesh and lodges in his ribs

Helps me break loose
The cave I blocked to hide your mortal remains
Was never strong enough
The more I try to kill the image of you
The more I live guilt-free

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No use for this game

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