

Hidden Cameras, The "Ban Marriage"

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I was late getting to church on the morning of my
ceremony

Stayed up too late, the night before

From fingering foreign dirty holes in the dark

The morning sun blinded my eyes

And made my skin look pale and tainted in light

And there were steps to climb as I loosened my tie

As I began to walk the aisle

The congregation looked behind but I continued past
the pews

And met my angel in a suit with a smile

As I looked him in the eye, I heard my best friend cry

We aren't fools to fall in love but let coupledom die

Ban marriage, ban marriage

The minister was drunk and high from

His rewrite of holy verse with more lies

But the organist she played

With a tenacity and grace that was fine

The whole room was filled with the thunder and flood

With just one chord, the thrill and clarity of sound

But soon the song went slowly dead

And I was forced to take a stand on one side

It was him or my fag hag, oh, well
I guess, she was never that good of a friend
After my fag hag friend had fled
The minister looked mighty fed and content
We said his rewritten vows that I could hardly
pronounce
But was soon drowned it out by that organ and the
shout
Ban marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban marriage
The congregation, stunned and dumb
Looked upon me with an innocuous stare
I went down on my knees, I prayed that
There be truth and there be light in my day
In my hungover daze, I felt the thunder of God
It was the orders that I take the wrath upon my own rod
Then I repeated my own vows
They were perverted and they smelled of myself
That there is splendor in the harshness of bum
That consummation makes a grumble
And the sound that I have learned called
Ban marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban it all

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