

These Arms Are Snakes

"Perpetual Bris"

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You were born from sin
And if that ain't a curse
Than I don't know what is

Like Abraham and altar
The son you can't keep
Would the shepherd shed the blood
Of his most precious sheep

Did Job ever ponder
The price of his piety
Was Methuselah tired
Did Lazarus want sleep

Praise be Thomas
For fingering the wound
'Cause if he had his doubts
Then perhaps we should too

And does the bride beg
For a barren womb
Did God give the gift
Of a gamble to you

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