

Loves Of A Gnostic

Destroyer

Rip the badges from our breasts just like the others.
Impenitent Brothers sway to the song
Of a new heretical dawn.
We were right to fight,
Subsumed by dumb clay.
The sweet spirit must stay.

I'm so...
I don't know, what's the word?
My grasp of the verb is a weak one.
Your grammar's a playground for fun.

Tear the emblems from our sleeves just like the others.
Apostate Brothers, please stay for the dawn of a new day.
Watch the sun come up from the mud.
Our cups are empty,
Our wine has turned to ether that's good and fine.

Nothing does a body good like another body.
Nothing does a body good like another body.
Nothing does a body good like another body.
Nothing does a body good like another body