

Spiritual Cramp

Christian Death

Incurable disease on the day of rest
I go walking on water in a sea of incest
I've got the image of Jesus embedded in my chest
I can't leave home without my bulletproof vest

Killing myself for the perfect honeymoon
Fighting with scorpions, tied round my neck
I hear the pitter patter of a killer on the loose
Children use their fingers instead of words

Crosses burn our temples on Slaughter Avenue
It takes too much time for me to say, "I refuse"
Time is digging graves for the chosen few
Children digging graves for me and you

Describe the illness, I'll prescribe the cure
Start your two day life on a two day vacation
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Start your two day life on a two day vacation

Spiritual cramp going for my ribs, those gangsters toting guns
Are shooting spikes through my wrist
Children use their fingers instead of words
Fingers bury children under the boards

I can die a thousand times, but I will always be here
With the power skull, secrets of forgotten years
The hangman's noose is drenched, with bloodstained tears
My hands are the killers that confirm my fears

Jesus, won't you touch me? Come into my heart
Where the hell are you when the fire starts?
I'm using my fingers, instead of words
I'm using my fingers, instead of words

On a mission of the Father, to reduce the gates of Hell
The ivory bone eyed mother's flesh is starting to swell
I'm setting twenty-two tables for the funeral feast
Satan is by far the kindest beast