

Light of God dimming weak
Nothing's wrong go back to sleep
Lost the will at infancy
Drown them in charity
Lend them comfort for sorrow
Enthusiasm they borrow
I can clean impurity
Wash away with kerosene

Can't offend my modesty
Thank you for defiling me
Language pure as binary
Instruct with dishonesty
In nature there's no tragedy
Bandage them in tapestry
Trade comfort for identity
Drown me in kerosene
Kerosene

I'll protect you from
All the things ive seen
And I'll clean your wounds
Rinse them with saline
Kerosene