

Half an inch away
Speak before the sweat is even noticed
Such a bitter taste
I sat... the words I just can't comprehend
Ink the scriptures to my feet
The bruising swells and apathy
Sit so still with skeptic limbs...
Penetrate these veins to fill this vile with naivety
Sip and have...
A taste of my disease

And they're dragging you

Sacrament has stained
My appetite for ceremony crisis
A narrow taste for faith...
Depends on all the staleness that has formed you
Stitch the sins to my gums and teeth
A midnight mess of surgery
Speak so soft with hectic grins
Face the veil that separates
Where guilt won't die and is born again
Open aisle awaits for my two knees

And they're dragging you...
And they're dragging you...
And they're dragging you...

Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging you...

Well hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging you...

Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging you...

Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging you...

Hands are tied to the clergy's lies and they're dragging you...