

Little children alight tied to burning trees,
"We will slam them with our wings," they sing.
Vivian girls dancing on the mind of a pedophile,
tragedy and victory he struggles trying to break free before a
cut,
a smile from ear to ear. The city cast in marble stones,
"Exterminate the brutes," he moans.
Dictators throwing flowers to the air,
a trumpet roars as blood is poured onto the streets from soldiers
swords.
The idols march through ruins, jubilee so they'll spend
their time hiding dirty thoughts in the back of their minds,
where the good goes to die until it's all too much and it has to
burst out a flood of emotion.
Carries away self doubt, let the Opus Dei reign;
backs barred to the whip they make the finest dolls
don't hesitate to break the skin and draw it to the lips.
Ginger in the rear she screams, "It hurts to see the sky,"
I fear without the pain there wouldn't be a God, what is there
to do?
When the good seems so wrong, what is there to do? When the pain
feels so good,
what is there to do? When everything worth believing is so mysterious,
what is there to do? When the only things worth holding onto in
this world
are diseased with sin and guilt