

Catholic Taste

Inkubus Sukkubus

You said you wanted life, you died on me
You said you wanted truth, you lied to me
You said you wanted health, you're sick again
You said you wanted me, then bedded men

You and your Catholic taste
I think it's such a waste
Why don't you concentrate
And choose what you want before it's too late

You said your god has horn and died for you
You wear a crucifix and pentagram too
You've tried so many drugs, your spirit's pure
You're wilder than the wind, yet so demure

You said you've royal blood and common touch
Your roots are working class but don't show much
You hang out with the boys, the girls love you
You love expensive toys, you're spiritual too

You're living other lives, ain't yours enough?
You're someone I despise - you try too much
You talk and talk for hours - I turn to dust
You're losing all your powers - you turn to rust