

Denounce these old exalted limbs once you've gained
Krishna status or something better than-
we know we're better than
To ever judge I've ever had, allow me to lay your verdicts to rest
While I'm swooning them
The jury knows that I'm a man, and I'm a great one
There ain't no way you're stopping him
There ain't no way you're stopping me

I'll tell my proudest secrets
Don't mind if you can't keep them

Well, lately it's been mayday
So tell me, why is this your favorite sin?
Lately it's been mayday
So tell me why you wanna fake it?

They say that once you've gained
This status it only gets even better
And he will prove that he's a man
With wooden bed posts whittled away
With the notches, they were carved in a little too deep
And now he's paying for it
He's sleeping on the floor tonight

I go from the back
So that way they cannot see
That this is me
Now I know shame
Look at my back
The marks make it clear to see
Innocent me can no longer claim a saint
I'm now digging my fingers
Into the back of a whore
But here's the thing
In the good book it said that
God made man, and I'm a man.
So tell me...who's wrong?