

My book of Mormon wrapped in Turin  
And it seems inferior and jittery  
You preach elastic to your jagged flock  
In an eerie passion for self flattery

I'm emotionally raped by Jesus  
I'm emotionally raped by Jesus now  
But I'm still here  
Yes, somehow I'm still here

What now of my faith? Just a desperate exercise to limit pain  
I am weak, I'm emotional and sensitive and frail in need of some love  
Pull the cancer from the Vatican's own state, uninformed

You will harbor those who nurtured Europe's War  
Keep turning my cheek in a fragile state of violence left me weak  
No guilt hold your people in disdain and steal their grace

I need replacement to feel redefined  
And it's just this matter of identity  
You preach elastic to your jagged flock  
It's an eerie passion for self flattery

Emotionally I'm wrapped in shame  
And emotionally I feel I'm raped  
Emotionally in chains

What now of my faith? It's a desperate exercise to limit pain  
No guilt hold your people in disdain and steal their grace  
Keep turning my cheek, I'm emotional and sensitive and weak  
Uninformed, you have harbored those who nurtured Europe's War