

Cancer

Mansun

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