

The Church And The Dime

The Dear Hunter

She prayed to the man with the twin in the mask
But the world is numb and cold
And the boy all alone casually wandering home
Unaware of sobering reality

Faster. Save me. Harder. I can't.

(Breathe in, breathe out)
Let them all fold, let them all fold
(Breathe in, breathe out)
Let them all fold, let them all fold

Hearts finish here, love decays while call girls perform
She waits alone, playing roles to soothe lovers through
The lust and the size, the church and the dime
The cryptic clientele all careening inside
The puzzling facade steers pure from the divine

(Breathe in, breathe out)
Let them all fold, let them all fold
(Breathe in, breathe out)
Let them all fold, let them all fold
Yeah!

Many wishes of hunger will rot
But the pimp and priest thirst for a fault
All the anger from a lovers lament
Force fed in the stomach of sin
Welcome to the world