

The Pimp And The Priest

The Dear Hunter

(Take me to the river)

The pimp and the priest pounce on quickened cat's feet
For the freshest young blood, innocence for the feast.
The book will then brew what the sinful commit;
While the pimp and priest pray quietly where the precious sinners sit.

Confess, oh, confess,
In the chapel, the brothel, where we suffocate stress.
We've got the time if you've got the scratch
(Conquer your sins while she screams on her back).

Faster, save me!
(While your sins remain hostage)
Harder, I can't breath!

Now the priest and the pimp are already equipped
With an enigmatic frontage post we welcome walk-ins.
So we corner our pace and make quick for the door,
To be prodded and passed from the bed to the floor.

Confess, oh, confess,
In the chapel, the brothel, where we suffocate stress.
We've got the time if you've got the scratch
(Conquer your sins while she screams on her back).

Take me to the river
Take me to the river

Faster, save me!
(Sins remain hostage)
Harder, I can't breath!

Sing softly, sing me to the lake.
Sing softly, bring me to the lake.

Faster, save me!
(I've since remained hostage)
Harder, I can't breath!

Sing softly, sing me to the lake.
Sing softly, bring me to the lake.