

Jesus Christ Pose

The Dillinger Escape Plan

And you stare at me in your Jesus Christ pose
Arms held out like you've been carrying a load
And you swear to me you don't want to be my slave
But you're staring at me like I need to be saved
In your Jesus Christ pose
Arms held out
In your Jesus Christ pose
Thorns and shroud like it's the coming of the Lord
And I swear to you that I would never feed you pain
But you're staring at me like I'm driving the nails
In your Jesus Christ pose
And you stare at me
In your Jesus Christ pose
Arms held out like it's the coming of the Lord
And would it pay you more to walk on water
Than to wear a crown of thorns
It wouldn't pain me more to bury you rich
Than to bury you poor
In your Jesus Christ pose