

Sacrilege

The Mission

Tarot strewn across the floor
Fate creeps under the creaking door
Say farewell to the salad days
Arms held out for the needle haze

Scars, scars start to show
But don't, don't despair
For the shame I know

Bible for the love and damned
Religion for the pagan man
Faith and prayer for the chosen few
Mystic shades of violent hue

Blood, blood on my cheeks
And the taste
The taste of ash curls
Across my tongue

Sacrilege, burning
On the funeral pyre
Sacrilege, toss and turn
On the cross to burn

Rape and pillage, the sacred word
Heart of darkness, crowned and stirred
Rite of passage, reckless whirl
Fruit forbidden, ritual swirl

And you, what can you do?
And I, I say there's nothing
You can do to stop this

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