Take Me To Church (Dimaro & Tim Resler Remix)

Hozier

My lover's got humour She's the giggle at a funeral Knows everybody's disapproval I should've worshipped her sooner If the Heavens ever did speak She is the last true mouthpiece Every Sunday's getting more bleak A fresh poison each week 'We were born sick,' you heard them say it My church offers no absolutes She tells me 'worship in the bedroom' The only heaven I'll be sent to Is when I'm alone with you I was born sick, but I love it Command me to be well Amen. Amen. AmenTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my lifeTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my lifeIf I'm a pagan of the good times My lover's the sunlight To keep the Goddess on my side She demands a sacrifice To drain the whole sea Get something shiny Something meaty for the main course That's a fine looking high horse What you got in the stable? We've a lot of starving faithful That looks tasty That looks plenty This is hungry workTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife

Offer me that deathless death

Good God, let me give you my lifeTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my lifeNo masters or kings when the ritual begins There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene Only then I am human Only then I am clean Amen. Amen. AmenTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my lifeTake me to church I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife Offer me that deathless death Good God, let me give you my life

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