Cavity - First Communion

Christian Death

Let's skirt the issue
Of discipline
Let's start an illusion
With hand and pen
Read the words
And start again
Accept the gift of sin
The gift ofPleasure is bleeding to
Smother my words
The four walls drain me dry
Of all imagination
Crying out to be told to stand still
Crying out to be told to stand stillThe price of red death
Is the price of true love
The nights of red death
Are the nights of true loveThe price of red death
Is the price of true love
The nights of red death
Are the nights of true loveThe black Queen
Jumps through my skin
The King of hearts is waiting
Close to home
Someone's shooting outside
Trigger finger's itchy
Another moving target
More blood on your surplice
More blood for the price of red deathNailing you to the wall
Nailing you to the Spanish mystic
Nailing you to the wall
Nailing you to the wall
Nailing you to the Spanish mystic
Nailing you to the wallThree shots ring out to scream
Who wants to play Roman soldier
That lives inside of me
Perennial artist
What do you see?
What do you see?
My secret fear of being alone
I sit and hold hands with myself

I sit and make love to myselfI've got blood on my hands
I've got blood on your hands
I've got blood on my hands
I've got blood on your hands
Blood on our hands
Blood on our hands
Blood
Blood
Blood
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