

# My Religion

## Oh, Be Clever

Don't you break me down  
To my ugly parts  
You turn me around  
So I can fall apart  
You like to keep me close  
But far enough away  
You can do what you like  
You know I can't stray Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my Jesus Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my Jesus You bring out my worst  
I know you love the taste  
You live to see the hurt  
You put on my face  
I've got to spill my blood  
To cover up the truth  
I'm at one with my God  
It's like I love her abuse. Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my Jesus Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my Jesus I've got to spill my blood  
To cover up the truth  
I've got to spill my blood  
To cover up the truth  
I've got to spill my blood  
To cover up the truth  
I'm at one with my God  
I love her abuse. Your sex, my Jesus Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
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Your sex, my Jesus Controlled by my sickness  
Your sex, my religion  
Your sex, my religion

Your sex, my Jesus

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