

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
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Controlled by my sickness
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