

Spiritual Cramp (Extended Version)

Christian Death

Incurable disease on the day of rest
Walking on water in a sea of incest
I've got an image of Jesus
embedded on my chest
I can't leave home without my
bullet proof vest
Killing myself for the perfect honeymoon
fighting with scorpions tied around my neck
I hear the pitter patter
of a killer on the loose
children using their fingers instead of words
crosses burn your temples
on slaughter avenue
It takes too much time to say 'I refuse'
Time is digging graves for the chosen few
Children dig graves for me and you
Describe the illness I'll prescribe the cure
start your two day life
on a two day vacation
I've got a spiritual cramp going for my ribs
Those gangsters toting guns
are shooting spikes through my wrist
children using their fingers instead of words
Fingers bury children under the boards
I can die a thousand times
But I will always be here
with the power skull secrets
of forgotten years
the hangman's noose is trenched
with bloodstains of tears
my hands are the killer that confirms
my tears
Jesus won't you touch me
come into my heart
where the Hell are you
when the fire starts?
On a mission of the father
to reduce the gates of hell
the ivory bone eyed mother's flesh

is starting to swell
I'm setting twenty-two tables
for the funeral feast
Satan is by far the kindest beast

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Published by
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