Bad Sects

Cursive

For twenty years I've held this pulpit
Preached the word, served the Eucharist
Gained the trust of the townsfolk
Made every football game, never missed a socialLast week,a boy I taught theology
Came back in town with a new ideology
Those feelings I tucked away
Threaten this sanctuaryA lifetime of burning culminated
In one innocent forbidden touch
I know this is wrong
'Cause I'm told this is wrongA new recruit, twenty-five years old
He joined the habit with a chip on his shoulder
Some nights he'd proclaim his preference
But only flat back drunk on a bottle of JamesonOne of those nights we stayed up, the two of us
Singing our lives, just the two of us
We were hiding in the dark
I fell asleep by his sideWe woke to the chimes of the bells in the steeple
And ran off to separate rooms
They can't know what we've done
Our whole world would come undoneYou'll never live this down
You'll never live this down
You'll never live this down
You'll never live this downYou'll never live this down
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