Holy Water

Death in June

For you it's very easy
For you to spread the blame
For you it's very easy
It's done in another's name

Holy water burns like acid
Incense subdues the sheep
You're as clean as the Virgin Mary
From your mouth the poison seeps

I used to think it was funny
But it's very sad
That so many can be fooled
By a poor man in drag

All you seek are confessions
Like you were a god
Giving rosary beads to the Irish
Giving tambourines to the Welsh

You're crippled by guilt
Like a blamed dog
She can't control her own body
She must give it to God

I used to think it was funny
But it's very sad
That so many can be fooled
By a poor man in drag

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