

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 social
Last week, a boy I taught theology
Came back in town with a new ideology
Those feelings I tucked away
Threaten this sanctuary
A lifetime of burning culminated
In one innocent forbidden touch
I know this is wrong
'Cause I'm told this is wrong
A 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 Jameson
One 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 side
We 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 undone
You'll never live this down
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