

# Ban Marriage

## The Hidden Cameras

I was late getting to church on the morning of my ceremony  
Stayed up too late, the night before  
From fingering foreign dirty holes in the dark  
The morning sun blinded my eyes  
And made my skin look pale and tainted in light  
And there were steps to climb as I unloosened my tie  
As I began to walk the aisle  
The congregation looked behind but I continued past the pews  
And met my angel in a suit with a smile  
As I looked him in the eye, I heard my best friend cry  
We aren't fools to fall in love but let coupledom die  
Ban marriage, ban marriage  
The minister was drunk and  
high from  
His rewrite of holy verse with more lies  
But the organist she played  
With a tenacity and grace that was fine  
The whole room was filled with the thunder and flood  
With just one chord, the thrill and clarity of sound  
But soon the song went slowly dead  
And I was forced to take a stand on one side  
It was him or my fag hag, oh, well  
I guess, she was never that good of a friend  
After my fag hag friend had fled  
The minister looked mighty fed and content  
We said his rewritten vows that I could hardly pronounce  
But was soon drowned it out by that organ and the shout  
Ban marriage, ban marriage  
Ban marriage, ban marriage  
The congregation, stunned and dumb  
Looked upon me with an innocuous stare  
I went down on my knees, I prayed that  
There be truth and there be light in my day  
In my hungover daze, I felt the thunder of God  
It was the orders that I take the wrath upon my own rod  
Then I repeated my own vows  
They were perverted and they smelled of myself  
That there is splendor in the harshness of bum  
That consummation makes a grumble  
And the sound that I have learned called  
Ban marriage, ban marriage  
Ban marriage, ban marriage  
Ban marriage, ban it all

Lyrics provided by

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