Ban Marriage

The Hidden Cameras

I was late getting to church on the morning of my ceremonyStayed 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 lightAnd 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 smileAs I looked him in the eye, I heard my best friend cry
We aren't fools to fall in love but let coupledom dieBan marriage, ban marriageThe 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 fineThe whole room was filled with the thunder and flood
With just one chord, the thrill and clarity of soundBut 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 friendAfter 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 shoutBan marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban marriageThe congregation, stunned and dumbed
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 dayIn 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 myselfThat there is splendor in the harshness of bum
That consummation makes a grumble
And the sound that I have learned calledBan marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban marriage
Ban marriage, ban it all

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