Dogs

Christian Death

Have the virgins with their honesty guarantee
We move like vandals down darkened streets
And talk like dime store novels
Shining blackness in our one track eye
Shining blackness in our one track mind
Shining blackness in our one track eyes

Just like, grabbed by lightning corners
Just like cannibals, we must be starving...

With the jobless scandals of society, with their churlish retches
We want the graves and go for the bones
Of beloved ancestors and blessed saints

Deepest darkness in our blackened hearts
Got no time for you bleeding hearts
Deepest darkness in our blackened hearts
Got no time for you bleeding hearts

It comes with words of loneliness
It comes on nights of choruses
You're going to die and go straight to hell
Hell!

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