

Pop Crimes

Rowland S. Howard

Are you Stalin's secret daughter? Did you murder history?
Your twin pals, genocide and slaughter, were born on Calvary
When all the good got good and gone
And all the bad broke free A sock-puppet government left to it's own device
The hand that used to hold my hand has grown bored of its delights
I guess that I won't see you tomorrow
On this, our planet of perpetual sorrows Pop crimes
These were pop crimes
These were pop crimes
These were pop crimes
It was a pop crime
This was a pop crime
The Catholic church cannot verify that there's a single soul in hell
It's just a wasteland of adversity devoid of all but the sound of wedding bells
From this vast expanse of nothing
Nothing good will come of this
But the hole in the zero
And an open-heart-surgery kiss This was a pop crime
It was a pop crime
This was a pop crime
It was a pop crime
It was a pop crime
This was a pop crime
Did you go down with the Gorgons? Is that why you turned to stone?
Or was that state reserved for me, for me and me alone?
Does the hissing of their coiffured snakes desiccate your soul? This was a pop crime
It was a pop crime
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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