Trinity Fields

Deathstars

Here he comes as you pray
Like shot lambs you crawl
Here he comes as you pray
Oh, shot lambs now fall

Hear him breathe as you pray
His tongue licks your palms
Feel him seduce when you pray
There 's oralsex in his psalms

All the seeds that you have planted
Upon Trinity Fields
And those crops that thrive inside of you
Grow like thorns through your praying hands

Hear him scream as you pray
The cold father and sin
Feel his soft and sick tongue
Lick your christian skin

There's a ruin in the heart of this plain
A rose that withers and dies
So leave the fields and join the insects
Join the lord of flies

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