The Love Thieves

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Oh, the tears that you weep
For the poor tortured souls
Who fall at your feet
With their love begging bowls
All the clerks and the tailors
The sharks and the sailors
All good at their trades
But they'll always be failures
Alms for the poor
For the wretched disciples
And the love that they swore
With their hearts on the Bible
Beseeching the honor
To sit at your table
And feast on your holiness
As long as they're able
Love needs it's martyrs
Needs it's sacrifices
They live for your beauty
And pay for their vices
Love will be the death of
My lonely soul brothers
But their spirit shall live on in

The hearts of all lovers
Your holding court
With your lips and your smile
Your body's a halo
Their minds are on trial
Sure as Adam is Eve
Sure as Jonah turned whaler
They're crooked love thieves
And you are their jailer
Love needs it's martyrs
Needs it's sacrifices
They live for your beauty
And pay for their vices
Love will be the death
Of my lonely soul brothers

But their spirit shall live on
In the hearts of all others
Love will be the death
Of my lonely soul brothers
But their spirit shall live on
In the hearts of all others

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