

# Unholy Communion

## Medeia

Jim Jones: "Keep your emotions down. Keep your emotions down. Children, it will not hurt. If you'd be--if you'll be quiet. If you'll be quiet." We're gathered here to be splattered here  
Along the wall in a circular shape  
Just like a pill washed down with laudanum  
We corrode our insides Hands stretched to the crooked cross  
We sing in a heavenly way  
Our bodies burn in euphoria  
Because we've become the slaves As I crawl down the altar  
I see no heaven here  
But only illusions  
That start to seem so real  
And I worship  
Worship you I pray for bulimic bliss  
But her poison is forever  
Inside my soon-to-be corpse  
In her church there's no remorse I worship your face divine  
Pledge allegiance to your name  
I surrender this life  
Because there's opium in my veins As I crawl down the altar  
I see no heaven here  
But only illusions  
That start to seem so real... I...  
I worship your face divine  
Pledge allegiance to your name  
I surrender this life  
Because there's opium in my veins

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