

# The Ugly Organist

## Cursive

And now, we proudly present  
songs perverse and songs of lament  
A couple hymns of confession,  
and songs that recognize our sick obsessions  
Sing along i'm on the ugly organ again  
Sing along I'm on the ugly organ so let's begin  
There's no use to keep a secret,  
everything I hide ends up in lyrics  
so read on. accuse me when you're done  
if it sounds like I did you wrong Our father, who art in heaven,  
save me from this wreck I am about to drown in.  
Didn't I learn anything counting out  
my sins on rosary beads?  
The reverend play on an ugly organ;  
he spews his sweet and salty sermon  
on the audience. So why do I think I'm any different?  
I've been making money off my indifference.  
We all pass the hat around,  
'This is my body', this is the blood I found  
on our hand after I wrote this album.  
Play it off as stigmata for crossover fans  
sone red handed sleight of hand  
Woah oh.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>