Head Of The Baptist

Cursed

This is the one Baptist.
I can feel it in the air.
The late night infomercial that's going to save your life.
The warden's call in the eleventh hour.
And it's easy to say but it's hard to remember
That praise is for suckers and death is forever.
Under your nose but just over your head.
Martyr meets maker in ten shades of red.
These are your twelve steps.
Take them on your knees.
Show them at the door and they'll let you in free.
These are your twelve steps.
Take them on your knees.
Show them the blood and you get in for free.
Under your nose but just over your head.
Martyr meets maker in ten shades of red.
And I've got a one track mind.
And you know it's gonna get me tried.
I've got a one track mind.
And one of these days it's gonna get me baptized.
I've got a one track mind (and you know...)
Line twenty six: admits to martyr envy.
And it's true - I wanted it to be my head staring up at you.
Seeing what the eyes still see for ten seconds more.
Hot from the floor.
And ready to serve.
This is your head on a canvas looking my way.
And the kitchen's going to need the plate back.
Take them down to the river and drown them now while you have the chance.
While their young necks fit in your hands.
But save the souls 'cause you never know, never know where they're gonna land.
They grow like weeds when you let them.
Yeah.
You lost your head to a pretty face, Baptist.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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