

Hymns For The Heathen

Cursive

Night has draped it's cape of stars
Over our small town
From the campus and the tavern
To the chapel and infirmary
We've seen their dreams
We found the guilt, the fables, and folly
Of the residents residing in
Fourteen hymns for the heathen
First hymn: the son of God complex
Second hymn: the prodigal damsel
Third hymn: the tree stump of knowledge
Choking on Adam's apple
This our lord
Under the cross, this broken promised land
With dreamers and schemers and preachers and predators
They shall not want what they've got coming to them
Whether innocent or insolent
In fourteen hymns for the heathen
Fourth hymn: the passion of the chaplain
Fifth hymn: the brute kiss of Judas
Sixth hymn: Sodom falls to ashes
Seventh hymn: the church of doubting Thomas
Eighth hymn: the horse of the apocalypse
Ninth hymn: immaculate exception
Tenth hymn: the demons of Mary Magdalene
I am a chapel, this is the prayer book
These are the parables, uh huh
God forgive us, this is our business
Absolving sins of all these heathens
Eleventh hymn: the bible belt tightens
Twelfth hymn: a lecherous shepard
Thirteenth hymn: hiding in confession
Fourteenth hymn: an afterword
Rocking tears of disenchantment
Green grass of envy and malice
Oh, sour days
Living in Happy Hollow

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