

The Gospel Truth

Clarence Clarity

You're just a memory that you should give up
Forgotten cemetery that you should dig up
Your luck is surfacing so drink from your cup
Double-think everything, jumping the gun Boy you know who you are
Death magnet, poison dart
You are maker of your best bad luck
And you ain't ever gonna reach the stars I can't save myself from me Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
The disease looking at me
Scratching my insides
And haunting my sleep and
Preaching the Gospel Truth If you're fidgety and starting to cluck
The perfect remedy you couldn't think up
And if you're hearing this voice from above
Shrink-wrap the fucker and drown it in love Boy you know who you are
Choked up, jumped up, cock-star
Pre-teen, Spring Break sex-art
Hit that if you could just get hard I can't save myself from me Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
The disease looking at me
Scratching my insides
And haunting my sleep and
Preaching the Gospel Truth Holy Father, I know these are constructions
Holy Mother, been feeling your contractions
Holy Moses, ain't nothing but human
Holy Jesus, I'm glowing in your image Crucifix in my lap, like that
A more satisfying erection
Lucifer off my back, like that
I'm the Final Revelation Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
Now and then, as I feel I'm about to give up
The disease looking at me
Scratching my insides
And haunting my sleep and
Preaching the Gospel Truth
Fuck the disease looking at me
Scratching my insides
And haunting my sleep and
Preaching the Gospel Truth

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