

Mothman

Disciple

The thorns crush my spine send them to the swine
I choke the pleasure and I drown in dust
All my cares are bones of rust
Chorus
Wash me, Cleanse me, Heal me, Make me a mothman
Wash me, Cleanse me, Heal me, Make me a man
Touch your garments just for fun
I am a match unto the sun
I want to fly into Your light
I want to fly into Your light

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