

The Twist

Dark Side Cowboys

Delusive proclaimers
Chosen by the book to rule
Given the power to heal
Twisted, so hard to give up
So easy to fall in
A part of you is always
Going to be
Twisted, men are gaining listeners
By telling ordinary stories
In an unordinary way
Thou shall not fail
Twisted, and calling themselves wise men by
Explaining a matter of course
Twisted, using and giving in
Twisted, worshipped by thousands of followers
Guarded by missionary men
Waiting for the promised days
Waiting for their saviour
Born by the virgin, aren't we all
Men marry their ribs
But we turn away, burn our brothers
Forget the message in the prayers we say
Twisted, face the wall
Twisting, avenging spirits, bursting ground
Turn your hand
They will start the rain all over
Waiting for a place to go
Twisted, face the wall

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