

# Sacrilege

## The Mission

Tarot strewn across the floor  
Fate creeps under the creaking door  
Say farewell to the salad days  
Arms held out for the needle haze

Scars, scars start to show  
But don't, don't despair  
For the shame I know

Bible for the love and damned  
Religion for the pagan man  
Faith and prayer for the chosen few  
Mystic shades of violent hue

Blood, blood on my cheeks  
And the taste  
The taste of ash curls  
Across my tongue

Sacrilege, burning  
On the funeral pyre  
Sacrilege, toss and turn  
On the cross to burn

Rape and pillage, the sacred word  
Heart of darkness, crowned and stirred  
Rite of passage, reckless whirl  
Fruit forbidden, ritual swirl

And you, what can you do?  
And I, I say there's nothing  
You can do to stop this

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