

The Church and the Dime

The Dear Hunter

She prayed to the man with the twin in the mask,
but the world is numb and cold...
and the boy all alone is casually wandering home
unaware of sobering reality. "Faster, save me. Harder, I can't..." Breathe in. Breathe out.
Let them all fold. Let them all fold.
Breathe in. Breathe out.
Let them all fold. let them all fold.
Hearts finish here. Love decays while call-girls perform.
She waits alone, playing roles to suit lovers flue.
The lust, the sighs, the Church and the Dime.
The cryptic clientele all careening inside.
The puzzling facade steers pure from the divine. Breathe in. Breathe out.
Let them all fold. Let them all fold.
Breathe in. Breathe out.
Let them all fold. let them all fold.
Many wishes of hunger were wronged by
the Pimp and Priest's thirst for a fault.
All the anger of a lovers lament
force-fed in the stomach of sin.
Welcome to the world.

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