The Pimp and the Priest

The Dear Hunter

The pimp and the priest pounce on quickened cat's feet
for the freshest young blood; innocence for the feast.
The book will then brew what the sinful commit;
while the pimp and the priest prey quietly
where the precious sinners sit.Confess, oh confess, in the chapel, or the brothel,
where we suffocate stress.
We've got the time if you've got the scratch.
We'll conquer your sins while she screams on her back.Faster, save me!
The sins remained hostage.
Harder, I can't breath.
Now the priest and the pimp are already equipped
with an enigmatic frontage post: 'we welcome walk-ins'.
So we corner our pace and make quick for the door,
to be pardoned and passed from the bed to the floor.Confess, oh confess, in the chapel, or the brothel,
where we suffocate stress.
We've got the time if you've got the scratch.
We'll conquer your sins while she screams on her back.Take me to the river.
Take me to the river.Faster, save me!
The sins remained hostage.
Harder, I can't breath.Sing softly, sing me to the lake.
Sing softly, bring me to the lake.
Faster, save me!
The sins remained hostage.
Harder, I can't breath.Sing softly, sing me to the lake.
Sing softly, bring me to the lake.

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