

# Ida Nowakowska, Take Me To Church | Dance D

My lover's got humour  
She's the giggle at a funeral  
Knows everybody's disapproval  
I should've worshiped her sooner

If the heavens ever did speak  
She's the last true mouthpiece  
Every Sunday's getting more bleak  
A fresh poison each week

'We were born sick,' you heard them say it

My Church offers no absolutes.  
She tells me, 'Worship in the bedroom.'  
The only heaven I'll be sent to  
Is when I'm alone with you

I was born sick,  
But I love it  
Command me to be well  
Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life

If I'm a pagan of the good times  
My lover's the sunlight  
To keep the Goddess on my side  
She demands a sacrifice

Drain the whole sea  
Get something shiny  
Something meaty for the main course  
That's a fine looking high horse  
What you got in the stable?  
We've a lot of starving faithful

That looks tasty  
That looks plenty  
This is hungry work

Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins so you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me my deathless death  
Good God, let me give you my life  
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No Masters or Kings  
When the Ritual begins  
There is no sweeter innocence than our gentle sin

In the madness and soil of that sad earthly scene  
Only then I am Human  
Only then I am Clean  
Amen. Amen. Amen. Amen.

Take me to church  
I'll worship like a dog at the shrine of your lies  
I'll tell you my sins and you can sharpen your knife  
Offer me that deathless death

Good God, let me give you my life  
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