

# The Church, Musk

Infidel baby  
Oh my heathen child  
Baghdad's still ten leagues away  
I go on undefiled  
Wrap yourself in frankincense  
Wrap yourself in rags  
In the crowded market streets  
Out among the hags  
I'd offer you just one gold fleece  
I'd offer you my bread  
Who's been inside your aching bones  
Who's been inside your head  
Infidel baby  
Oh my little girl  
Nothing I can do for you  
Nothing in this world  
A thousand angry men-at-arms  
A hundred vulgar priests  
A pair of dirty little hands  
Arousing drowsy beasts  
There's a mad look in her mother's face  
There's a whisper on the tongue  
No peace in all of Christendom  
Until this song is sung