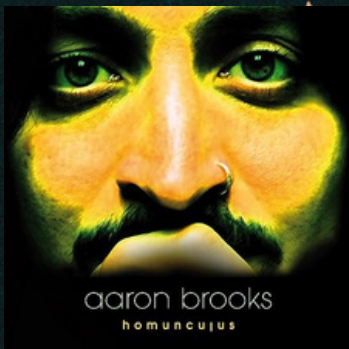
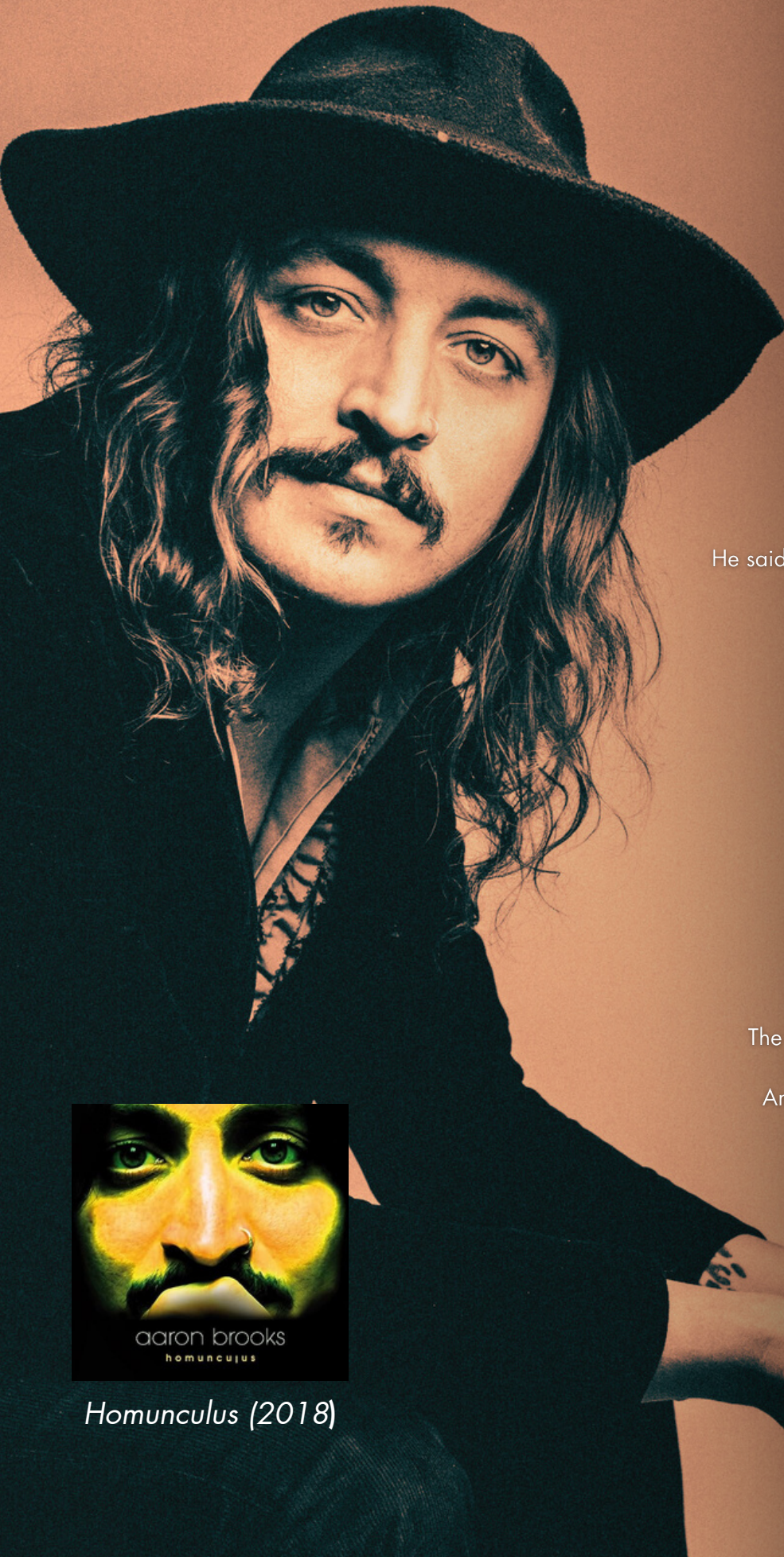


# BY YOUR HALO OR THE FORK OF YOUR TONGUE



*Homunculus (2018)*

Race, race, the path is picking up  
I craved for the gamble, but I never had luck  
I traipsed through the mire, in the mire I stuck  
Quickly I tired as I fumbled in the muck  
Saved, saved, plucked me from the mud  
A man with no shadow, but a delicate touch  
He pointed his finger and a curtain went up  
And an angel on a scaffold sang  
What'd never been sung

Hey, made my choices  
Hey, drank my poisons  
Hey, gotta face the band now  
Hey, gotta lend a hand  
And God was on the fiddle  
And the devil in the middle  
Playin' hell upon the beat of a drum

Lies,, lies, can't believe my eyes  
God and the Devil playing side by side  
An overture of beauty with a darkening tide  
I couldn't face the music even though I did try  
Say, say, where did it begin  
Spun from the awe of original sin  
I shied from the devil as he gave me a grin  
He said, We play the music that you hear from within

Hey, made my choices  
Hey, drank my poisons  
Hey, gotta face the band now  
Hey, gotta lend a hand  
And God was on the fiddle  
And we have endeavored  
To remain this way together  
And it's just the way it always has been

Race, race, pickin' down the pace  
I came to the rescue but a little too late  
I saw the Madonna on a counterfit stake  
Draped in confetti and a profiteers fate  
Shame, shame, we're all in the wrong  
The priest made a prophet on the crosses he hung  
And God made the coffins for proverbial sons  
And when the angels wings spread out she sung

Hey, made my choices  
Hey, drank my poisons  
Hey, gotta face the band now  
Hey, gotta lend a hand  
I clung to the altar  
But my hopes began to falter  
When I realized I had never been loved  
We traded the teachers  
And the prophets for the preachers  
Preaching heaven only waits for the dumb  
We made here a wager  
That we'll know if you're the savior  
By your halo or the fork of your tongue