Take me to church

Hozier

My lover's got humor

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

A-, 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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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

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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

Oh, oh, Amen, Amen, Amen

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