**Take me to Church – Hozier**

My lover′s got humour
She's the giggle at a funeral
Knows everybody′s disapproval
I should've worshipped her sooner
If the heavens ever did speak
She's the last true mouthpiece
Every Sunday′s gettin′ 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
Oh, 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 lookin′ high horse
What you got in the stable?
We've a lot of starvin′ 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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