Play Me Backwards

You don't have to play me backwards
To get the meaning of my verse
You don't have to die and go to hell
To feel the devil's curse

Well I thought my life was a photograph
On the family Christmas card
Kids all dressed in buttons and bows
And lined up in the yard
Were the golden days of childhood
So lyrical and warm
Or did the picture start to fade
On the day that I was born

I've seen them light the candles
I've heard them bang the drum
And I've cried Mama, I'm cold as ice!
And I got no place to run

Let the night begin there's a pop of skin
And the sudden rush of scarlet
There's a little boy riding on a goat's head
And a little girl playing the harlot
There's a sacrifice in an empty church
Of sweet lil' baby Rose
And a man in a mask from Mexico
Is peeling off my clothes

I've seen them light the candles
I've heard them bang the drum
And I've cried Mama, I'm cold as ice!
And I got no place to run

So I'm paying for protection
Smoking out the truth
Chasing recollections
Nailing down the proof

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To get the meaning of my verse
You don't have to die and go to hell
To feel the devil's curse
I'll stand before your altar
And tell everything I know
I've come to claim my childhood
At the chapel of baby Rose

I've seen them light the candles
I've heard them bang the drum
I've seen them light the candles
I've heard them bang the drum