

The Garden

Nowherebound

The Garden

Dear holy father, seems you've left us in a lurch?
All the hypocrites keep gathering in the cistern of the church,
While the multitudes slay sinners
With the script, just like rehearsed.

The Prince of Peace, now spokesman for this golden age of war,
While angels loose the bombs upon the starving and the poor,
And the modern-day crusaders,
Meet the cynic with the sword.

If you donâ€™t believe in heaven, just prepare yourself for hell,
Playing â€˜Ring Around the Rosie,â€™ with the rest of those who fell
But If you love to hate your neighbor, you can hop into the pew,
The priest will sing his sermon, casting stones at me and you.

But, fear not you godless sinners, for forgiveness is still free,
Just submit yourself completely, once upon surrendered knee.
Now onward Christian Soldier, before heathens storm the gate
With a homosexual army, and an atheist brigade.

Dear men of learning, seems your science is the lie,
The talking snake who tempts us, to ignore all of the signs,
Evolution isnâ€™t selling,
How â€™bout â€™Intelligentâ€™ design?

Dear homosexual, hereâ€™s a ticket straight to hell,
And donâ€™t dare mixing fabrics, or youâ€™ll join them there as well,
But they will be serving bacon,
And oysters from the shell.

Lyrics Submitted by Charles Everson Crowe

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