

Dawkins Christ

Refused

The thought of love triggers lonely heartsâ€
Gladly reaching out just to be a partâ€
So we live to serve, made it into an artHow shallow the soulâ€
How deep the fearâ€
How grave the hunger
To get out of hereHow shallow the soulâ€
How deep the fearâ€
How grave the hunger
To get out of hereFear and hate keeps us in lineâ€
As we climb crosses of our own designâ€
Nails in our flesh, hammers in our mindsFeels like I've gotâ€ Judas' heartâ€
Dawkins' headâ€
Praise the lordâ€
God is DeadJudas' heartâ€
Dawkins' headâ€
Praise the lordâ€
God is DeadAll the Brahmin masses they'll come back againâ€
They've got lord Krishna to guide their hand
Gotama's flock they don't mind the chainsâ€
They know nirvana will end their painâ€
And the Avestan pupils, the forsakers of Drujâ€
They'll be one with the maker when they're one with the truthâ€
All of Luther's children gladly suffer nowâ€
They'll get pie in the sky on the day they dieBut what about me
Got no soul to sell
Refused salvationâ€
Did my time in hellNo absolution, no alibisâ€
Just belief and doubt and then we die
We furnish the void with our attempts at livesI gotâ€ Judas' heartâ€
Nietzsche's soulâ€
Dawkins' cock
In a god-shaped holeHow shallow the soulâ€
How deep the fearâ€
How shallow the soulâ€
How deep the fearâ€How shallow the soulâ€
How deep the fearâ€How grave the needâ€
Just one way out of here

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