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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