Cultic Regimes

Barren Cross

Cultic regimes, money to scheme
False religions, beware
Caught in the grip, caught in the spit
It's all going to burn, it's a snareWorship the God of your choice
Is He asleep where is His voice
My God raised up from the dead
Is yours in bed?No more
No more
No more
No morePower to take, power to steal
Your mind is what they want
Don't let them suck you into their muck
They'll hound you and pound you allWorship the God of your choice
Is He asleep where is His voice
My God raised up from the dead
Is yours in bed?No more
No more
No more
No moreListen to this, the bible it says
One God is the maker of all
If you don't believe that Jesus is God
My God made yours, that's allBrainwash the goose, brainwash the gander
Brainwash what moves and gives
If I could brainwash the cults with the truth
Millions of lives would live, live, liveCultic regimes, cultic regimes
Cultic regimes, no more, yeah, no more

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