

Jesus In A Bowl Of Germs

Sage Francis

Jesus In a Bowl of Germs
Pictures of fields without fences...
Shangri La...
and Jesus, Jesus in a bowl of germs
(don't get scared dad...)

after all god loves this whole of worms, but hates common black sheep who refuse to follow the shepherd. Who
heard little lambs into slaughter?-LISTEN - to the silence of the man's-LIFE-is a serial killer far
too complex to expose any logical pattern, below saturn and mars there are stars dominating the tunnel vision of
cast obstruction and jesus might have been a biological weapon of mass destruction,/

specifically designed to wipe out millions with vanity and pride, lab engineered and born, advanced chemistry
in a bowl of germs like hybrid corn, complete with hidden agenda beneath the surface lurking and smirking
under a crown of thorns./

The crucifixion was a hoax, a cruel joke shop poison rose bud, emanating smoke screen and only begotten son
soap suds,

"Come and Wash Your Sins Away!", said the spider to the flying rows of holy roman hope bugs./

Let's see if we can give noah's old flood a run for it's money with the first drop of cold blood from the cross
began a damned birth. the contamination spread without aids hospital orderly's or cancer sticks, and stone
moving angels, but no bones for artifacts or relics, just a vacant hole on easter sunday and a note about his rising
soul,/ sounds pretty fishy; stand atop the mount and feed me loaves of bullshit our last meal was a feast at a
table headed by a lupine figure hiding in fleece./

no one ever thought to check jesus for the sign of the beast, no one ever lifted his hair and looked beneath, it
was there on his neck, no one cared, or was even looking for proof./

what, you didn't expect joe and mare' to volunteer the truth, and judas did not hang from his own noose,/

it was just made to look that way, Jesus Christ! he was a planned device, schizophrenic double edge sword;
prophet and antichrist;/

good but ultimately evil, with multiple people within shouting orders. leading the flock over the border and
through the woods into the land of honey milk and slaughter,/

selling water for wine in between black out gorges on swine, eventually leading up to crusaders with torches in
line, all the way to Jerusalem from north of the Rhine,/

infected by motives that were all but divine, and the same virus has still got the sons and daughters of time on
life support waiting for orders to die./

they struggle to stay afloat while their saviour keeps walking on by, on top of the water kicking salt in their
eyes./

it's all in the mind state, they're all still alive but planning their own wake, waiting for the wave of an
apocalypse that already came to break;

FUCK ARMEGEDDON, life is heaven and hell, the only fate is what we make/ the only fate is what we make
fate is what we make, fate is what we make, we make fate.

your essence was conceived and born to breathe in pictures of fields without fences, it remains relatively

unconcerned with this non existent god forsaken whole of worms; natural selection has you headed for shangri-la, don't settle for jesus in a bowl of germs, don't settle for allah, amon-ra, vishnu, or abraham in a bowl of germs. don't settle for anything less than universal respect for every living creature that has breath in it's lungs and chest regardless of race, sex, preference, or whatever the fuck it says in ancient text.

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