Sects

Newtown Neurotics

Like the last of the Mohicans
You acted like bloody pagans
Let the bells ring
Rejoice and singJim Jones, where did you come from
Jim Jones, Was it for fun
Jim Jones, That's your name
Jim Jones, a silent deathReligious sects and promised lands
Are you ready for the gods?
Martyrs, killers holding hands
Do not fight the odds
The dying angel said drink up
Be merry and be deadJim Jones where did you come from
Jim Jones was it for fun?
Jim Jones that's your name
Jim Jones you died for fameMurder
Murder
Murder
The Zero HeroWalk on them like insects
Gamble with death for a joke
Mercenary disciples
With bibles and rifles
In temple of people
A doomsday book of evil
No Poster hanging highI die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask why
I die, you die don't ask whywhy ah ha,ha,ha,ha
oh lord you Die

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