

Sects

Newtown Neurotics

Like the last of the Mohicans
You acted like bloody pagans
Let the bells ring
Rejoice and sing Jim Jones, where did you come from
Jim Jones, Was it for fun
Jim Jones, That's your name
Jim Jones, a silent death Religious 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 dead Jim Jones where did you come from
Jim Jones was it for fun?
Jim Jones that's your name
Jim Jones you died for fame Murder
Murder
Murder
The Zero Hero Walk 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 high 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 why
I die, you die don't ask why why ah ha,ha,ha,ha
oh lord you Die

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