

Heresy

Ninety Pound Wuss

I'm justified, I'm sanctified in you
I'm nothing less
Torn apart inside myself
A dripping bloody mess
I need your love, your strength to guide
Facing life renewed
Each day in you I never need
Materials, health, or wealth
No, you've given your life
And some of us demand as much
Using heresy as our crutch
But I refrain belief in these lies
Your body's not corrupt
No and I don't need
True holiness does not make me rich
I refuse to believe that I am a god
And can speak to make anything exist
I will suffer everyday because of these lies
You've turned God into a pagan myth
Then you say I have not received
The holy ghost into my life
Or that I have victory in Christ
Give up these lies, give up this myth
Give up your pseudo-Christian belief
Accept the truth Christ is God
Give up these lies you heretic

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