Magic Fingers

Cursed

C.O.N.T.R.O.L.
Feed you young on the fear of hell
and when you reach down to pull the plug,
turn you white with the fear of god.One day I looked down and saw the man
feeding rosaries down our throats
was holding hands with the businessman
who was wringing the blood from all these stones.They said "Do you believe in life after death"?
I said I believed in life after birth,
and the holy church swallowed hard for the body of Christ.So when they say It's A Sin,
they mean it's high treason to kill
the mule before his back gives out.
This is company time and we never close,
we never close.
We'll sink you with crosses and bury you in rows.When they say Every Day is a Gift
they mean Blessed Are the Working Poor,
whose high hopes pay for all these golden crosses.Never catching up but never stopping,
taxed to death and still repenting when they
say that you'll burn up in hell if you die
with this mark on your soul.But there can't be any worse things below
than Pascal's sainted bureaucrats
got in mind for the hopeful masses.The scheme is hatched and the priest dispatched
and when they say Amen they mean
I Hope You Live Forever Hand To Mouth.
I've got plans - both my hands on the
plug of your god's wasted love,
both hands on the plug of your god's wasted love.Kill the bosses,
kill the priests,
kill the shepherds - save the sheep.
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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