Sects

Newtown Neurotics

No more visions in hotel rooms
I just cannot take any more
There're enough weirdoes already in this world
Without you knocking at my door
Without you knocking at my door
Well Iâ€™m sick to the teeth, I am sick to death
Of fanatical sects, of fanatical sects, of fanatical sects
Huh
And there's no god, no saviour, no miracle five-year plan
Just another doorstep salesman causing my chips to
Burn in the pan
Yes, they've burnt in the pan
Yes, they've burnt in the pan
And that's why
I don't wanna talk to you
You say there's only one God almighty
And I have to come in from the cold
But you're disciples of hypocrisy
Because there's more than one prophet involved
There's more than one profit involved
Well I'm sick to the teeth, I am sick to death
Of fanatical sects, of fanatical sects, of fanatical sects
I have come to the conclusion
If you refuse blood transfusions
Then you're certainly insane
To cause such suffering and pain
In the name of God, in the name of God, in the name of God, in the name of God
Condemn to death that person in that bed
And there's no God, no saviour, no miracle five-year plan
Just another doorstep salesman
With the whole wide world in his hands
He's got the whole world in his hands
He's got the whole world in his hands
And that's why I don't wanna talk to you
And my mother's needing a hip replacement
But she'll have to wait a couple of years
While money still pours into religious wars
The church is up in arms about Channel Four
And the only way to God is through the

The floor of your hall...
When death knocks at your door
You won't go to bloody church anymore
And that's why
I don't wanna talk to you
Knock, knock, who's there?
Fanatical sects
Fanatical sects

Lyrics Submitted by Commander Kakapo

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