

# Losing My Religion

Kirk Franklin

I'm losing my religion  
Thank God  
I prayed about my decision  
How odd  
For the man with the mic  
To be the man all his life  
While Christ-like stipes did with REM  
Rev up the RPMs  
How do I begin to try to paint this sin, of rules?  
That divides God's people in two  
In the beginning, religion created a mask  
The reformation helped but soon the patch didn't last  
I don't tell, you don't ask  
So we created a lie  
And for generations, church was where we went to go hide  
Or we no longer tried  
Because rules read our relationship was empty inside  
Leaves you bitter, dry  
Swift to cut like a razor  
Swift to call you a traitor  
Cause you're swift to love Taylor  
Now we got bad blood with our neighbor  
Who's wrong, who's right  
Every Sunday we're divided  
Who's black, who's white, C'mon  
Now the man in the mirror never gets race right  
He'll never be Christ-like  
Never receive good pay  
So your faith never rises above minimum wage  
So when it's time to save the world  
You don't know what to say  
To your brother that you love when he tells you he's gay  
Do you push him away?  
Judge him down till he leaves?  
Give him a gospel he hears or a gospel he sees  
Love wrapped in truth is the gospel he needs  
There's room at the cross for everyone, even me  
Well my sins are now clean  
The loss now redeemed  
Religion is a prison but truth sets us free  
Helps us believe  
That the world we're in now is not the world that will be

Terror, famine, disease  
Millions in poverty  
Hungry, can't sleep  
With all of this religion, why these babies can't eat?  
And if the middle class is gone, how can America see?  
How can America breathe?  
When the oxygen is gone from the American dream  
And these American streets listen close as they speak  
The next time you think America please include me Help the ones that are weak  
All they want is a piece  
Of the pie that you keep  
Is that too much to ask of those who lay the concrete?  
Still laying on concrete  
Pop, Pop by police  
See, they the foundation of the nation  
Not the 2%  
Not the ones that own the building that the middle class rent  
Because they make sense Tell me how do you feel?  
I'm the new Franklin and I have the new deal  
I fight and do right  
FDR for real  
One nation under God  
God, show us the way  
The science of opinion  
God is not a buffet  
You pick what you want so no God on your plate  
The preacher isn't God  
Religion's first mistake  
Serving stewards, shepherds, not kings  
Has to die to his flesh everyday like me One VIP  
All the other seats in church are free  
We're just groupies  
God's the celebrity  
Before 313 AD  
Before Constantine  
Before the council of Nacia  
Before Romans and Greeks  
Before Calvin Alexander, Luther  
Before let there be  
Before history  
To the last century  
Before the death on the tree  
Before the fall of man  
Was a picture of me  
Now to his heart

Right before the last three  
Words he would speak  
It is FINISHED Can you believe?  
I'm losing my religion  
Thank God  
Helping you lose yours,  
Is my job

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