Undivine Election

Grammatrain

unholy judge on high above
unholy finger you piont at evry one
and you sit alone on your moral throne
none do you serve so you've become your own
you must have died
you must have died
you must have died
to have your foolish pride
black cross within, imagination
while you rid the world of your every sin
so have you become our redemption
a self-righteous master of undivine election

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/