God Made the Virus

McCarthy

In this hotbed of vice, in this nursery of sin
Let them perish like flies in the reckoning
Your evil acts that none can name
Let them pave the way to the graveGod made the virus to punish the wicked
Let the bells ring out the old and ring in the new, in the new, in the newThe sixties was an evil time
Everybody took drugs and had sex all the time
On the darkest night was the day to them
But a sun arose to kill them
God made the virus to punish the wicked
Let the bells ring out the old and ring in the newThis pious plague
Is seeking out sin
Makes me believe
It's our turn to winThough you've slaughtered the foe of the family
This holy disease wastes the enemy
If you'd only send a special death
For the lesbians and the communistsGod made the virus to punish the wicked
Let the bells ring out the old and ring in the new
This pious plague
Is seeking out sin
Makes me believe
It's our turn to winGod made the virus to punish the wicked
Let the bells ring out the old and ring in the new
God made it to punish the wicked
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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