

The Prayer of a Realist

G.B.H.

Original
There's no one up there there never was.
Only in vain is there a god.
There's too much suffering for him to be ..
an almighty power, a heavenly being.
My god, your god, whose god, there is no god ?
The fabric of prophet's
ages old.
Drones on and gathers mould.
Gets a weekly airing from a fool on high.
Who talks and talks till his throat's dry.
A fund for a roof with a hole.
It's the money they'll save not your soul.
Persistant begging from men of the cloth.
Refuse his offer and see his wrath.
The weak ones kneel to him they pray.
"Oh saviour come back someday".
Sinning whilst waiting for a sign.
I deny him he's yours not mine.

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