Raw Rock Theology

Showbread

Brace yourselves for the bottom
where every special snowflake melts in the dirt
you've got to give up everything
you know you've got to make it hurt
you want to keep things comfortable
you want to french kiss the status quo
but you know what you already know
death throws death throws death throes
burn down their gods
defy their king
no flag, no idols
one king of kings
let's see the god of violence
finally put to shame
gun happy pagans and their flags
we've blotted out their names
they go sullen into peace
miserable and two by two
after all, guns don't kill people
people who defend guns do
landscape of blood and cholesterol
from the throats of screaming animals
the shopping malls of cannibals
and child slaves in their stained glass walls
wake up oh you sleeping child
whose heart is for rebellion
draw them from their seats of comfort
into non-violent insurrection

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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