

# Christianity

## The Wolfgang Press

When the walls of Christianity begin to shake  
When my life is in the balance, neither peace nor moral's wake  
Telling me my life is easy, debauched and thirdly heaven sent  
My heart was never theirs but this Christianity will decide I'm bruised and left alone, I get to feel so sad  
People say that I was sad, people say that I was bad  
People walking around with other feelings  
They never want to contemplate Reaching out for love but would never say  
The churches have a network leading to the sect and to the soul  
They levitate their founder's faith up to a higher ground  
While we stay home I am a wicked man  
I will not be this unsound  
I was a wretched man before I filled this hole  
When Jesus was upon his cross he never was this alone They're playing on our weaknesses and changing every  
sound  
Who could find the right solution when they're being drowned  
Har de har the vacant talk can make you see their ways  
Now check your faith and sleep with love the modern way  
Now is that love, Christianity has nothing for me This Jerusalemic holy ground is only fit for mealy mouths  
Whose contamination breeds subordination  
I've said too many times but who leads that kind of life  
When my time comes around who will plead my innocence And I resent that these things are true  
And I resent that these things I do  
And I resent that these things are true  
And I resent that these things I do

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