

Christianised Cannibals

GBH

Suits of black, serene robe,
Into your mind they will probe.
Christianity it's a pain,
Financial power, it's their gain. Christianised cannibals,
Cannibalised christians,
Christianised cannibals. Holier than thou, men of sin,
Wicked hearts lurk within.
Pointless eyesores being erected,
With the Mafia you're connected. Everything's founded on the book,
It works like a magnet, it's you they hook.
It's a futile cause you're fighting for,
Spawning hate and death and war.

Songwriters

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