

Fifty Caliber Christ

Fish Karma

In the smoldering wreckage
He drives a black Humvee.
He's fillin' fools with lead
If they turn the other cheek.
He's advocating tort reform.
He's walking on the water.

He's in the projects pistol-whippin'
Unwed teenage welfare mothers.

Planting five (fire?) bombs in family planning clinics.
Redefining torture with Gonzales & Dershowitz.

Directing Viet Nards
Making sure our kids are praying.
Creating border crossings
with both barrels blazing.

Fifty caliber Christ, he's got you in sights.
Since the Savior's been saved, he's full of 'roid rage.
Fifty caliber Christ, riding through the night.
Laying down on the pimp hand on this sinful land.

He ain't no old school sissy
gonna die for your sins
He'd rather nail you up,
and have you die for him.

He's knocking heads together
at the local school board.

Making rabble-rousing speeches
on the House & Senate floor.

Ripping up the Bill of the Rights.
Demanding cuts in tax.

Helping out his friends with free construction contracts.

Embedding journalists.
Painting stars on doors.
Promoting abstinence.
Underpaid.
Off the horse.

Fifty caliber Christ, he's got you in sights.
Since the Savior's been saved, he's full of 'roid rage.

Fifty caliber Christ, dressing to the right.
Laying down the pimp hand on this redemption-seeking land.

He's drilling for oil
in the wildlife refuge.
Rendering prisoners.
Re-attaching feeding tubes.
Filled his pockets with the money
left in Social Security.
Teaching ID theory.
The Bob Jones University.
Stomping on stems cells
and rooting out queers.
Adjusting vote totals
and knockin' back beers.
Debunking Global Warming.
Eating freedom fries.
Talking 'bout the homeland
with tears in his eyes.

Fifty caliber Christ, he's got you in sights.
Since the Savior's been saved, he's full of 'roid rage.
Fifty caliber Christ, Wearing sheets of white.
Laying down the pimp hand on this reborn land.

Lyrics submitted by Bill M.

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