

# Absolution

## The Mission

God, God is a bullet  
And religion is a loaded gun  
Prod, poke, push and pull it  
Every zealot loco is some mother's son

It's coming down, coming down  
It's coming down again

Burns their blood soaked Bibles  
And she tears the halos from their saints  
Turn to love for survival  
Escape her traps and restraints

It's coming down, it's coming down  
It's coming down again

Reach out and touch me  
And give me Absolution  
Reach out and touch me with your love

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Sends her sons to war  
Behind a bloody flag and a filthy lie  
Defends her greed for more  
And watches as she lets her children die

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Coming down again

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