

The Son of God  
Hangman's pawn control our lives  
With fairytale and shallow lies.

You say we'll burn in hell.  
Spiteful preacher, I know you well.

Desperation breathes and follows you home,  
Just look around, you're not alone.

One life. One chance. The world in front of me.

Intelligent design.  
Sending shivers down my spine.  
Cells mutate and divide,  
What a sadistic intention.

No light, no dark. No ups, no downs.  
I'll find peace, buried in the ground.  
The lights go out, the fuse has blown,  
No heaven or hell to bring me home.

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Spiteful preacher, I know you well.

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Just look around, you're not alone.

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Another division to tear us apart.  
Try to fill that hole inside your heart.

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Son of God, son in the sky.  
If you could speak, I'm sure you'd say:  
"There's more to me than meets the eye. There's more to me, There's more to me! "

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Let me say my decency comes from inside.  
Just human heart, a decent mind,  
We all slip up from time to time.

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