

We are beggars  
We are so fucking weak  
And once upon a time we had the world at our feet  
Well, we're all dying to meet our maker  
But all our Gods have abandoned us

All our Gods have abandoned us

This is the great esoteric depression  
We sold our souls but couldn't buy salvation  
We are all the shades of misery  
The reigning champions of tragedy  
They use their faith as a weapon  
They count our sins by the seven  
Blackwater at the gates of heaven

All hail the corporatocracy  
The word of God written in binary  
All hail our apostasy  
The dying notes in an unholy symphony

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I found God clutching a razor blade  
He said "Look at the fucking mess they've made  
They'd trade their hearts if they were made of gold."

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I found God clutching a razor blade  
He said "Look at the fucking mess they've made  
They'd trade their hearts if they were made of gold  
But they're as worthless as the souls they sold."