

You give me a lifetime so I can be saved
I'd rather have some space to breathe
You hand me a whistle to draw attention
I'd rather have some ointment for my scars

They'll let me burn on the stake
Pay for the mistakes I made
But I ride a bike, and not a broom
I don't cry at the moon
Still I'll be damned

They repeat the pattern again and again
Raise your voice and you're forgotten
Will the world grow ripe enough
To outsmart all that is rotten

I don't ridicule what's Holy and good
I don't put frogs in my soups
I want to be my own judge
And if that's not enough
Then I'll be damned

Don't want to feel as if I'm down in a burrow
I'll live my life as if there's no tomorrow
Don't pull the leash which you tied around my neck
I'll still be the captain even if I clean the deck

Give me a lecture so I can learn
Give me a book to read
But don't hand me a knife to draw attention
To what can't be said with words

My fellow-sinners are all around
They won't destroy your holy ground
I don't like to eat ripped-out hearts
And I don't have warts
Still I'll be damned