

Psychedelic Super Jesus

Bride

Well you say "He's weak", he's a super freak
Don't believe that he came
You say "God is dead", you lost your head
You've got Him swinging from a chain
You can be saved but you're digging your own grave
I'm begging you to come back
"King of Kings", the angels sing
I think the sky has cracked

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Get high to remember, take a drink to forget
It's all profanity
Still got Him on a cross, your heart is lost
You nail Him to a hippie tree
You say light my fire, full of desire
Don't you die on me, babe, don't you die
The rope is slippin' and you're voodoo trippin'
And you're not a pretty sight to see

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This ain't 1969 in U.S.A.
Southern California on a hot day
And I don't look good in bell bottoms, you know what I mean?
No, I sure don't, I don't wear tie dyed t-shirts either
No, I sure don't, and I don't dig those funky head bands that they used to wear
I don't like none of that stuff
You know what?
I don't even know what a eucalyptus tree is

God is love, power in the blood
Seek and you will find
Today is the day, better give it away
There's no better time
Will you learn He will return?
It's no small thing to me, it's no small thing
I'll tell you now, I'll show you how
The shining glory

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Freak out
Go
Oh, oh
It's 1960 all over again
We got tie-dyes again, oh no