

# God Is Dead

Clawfinger

There's no god for you to worship, no master to obey  
There's not a soul that you can blame for all the stupid things  
you say  
There's nowhere you can turn to, no words to justify  
Cos' no currency is valid for the faith you want to buy  
No more excuses, no need for blind belief  
There's no one to accuse to break yourself a bigger piece  
No books to follow, no quotes to twist around  
There'll be no more bending over just to reach for higher ground

GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A VOICE INSIDE YOUR HEAD  
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A MONSTER UNDER YOUR BED  
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A VOICE INSIDE YOUR HEAD  
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A GHOST UNDER YOUR BED

There's no need for false confessions, no more feeling guilt  
No powerlords to kneel before, no crosses being built  
There are no rules for you too live by, no other cheek to turn  
Stop begging for forgiveness, there's no lesson you must learn  
No future conflicts no opinions that collide  
There's not a trace of blood on your hands you don't have to choose a side  
No pointless killing and no more feeling shame  
No sacrifices being made in someone else's name

Chorus

It's all make believe it's all conceived in your own dreams  
You're painting pictures of imaginary scenes  
It seems like you're looking for some kind of confirmation  
But you're in desperate need of a different revelation

Chorus