

My republican jesus is hiding beneath the streets
my starving artists all just bought in
we're going mainstream
lined up at night
for everyone to see
I think I'm starting to believe
it's the end of the world
but we'll wait for commercial break
a thousand year refrain of God bless the USA
your midwest jihadist is hiding pipebombs in my mailboxes
I hid a message in my head, I think I'm starting to forget
choking on a broken hallelujah let her pray
bow my head, imagine gods strange language when
she says "can we get free?"
bring forth your carpenters make every one a king
offer a thousand hearts to every prophet prince kids:
your future school shooters are all out cutting class
your pharmaceutical:
one hundred thousand milligrams
your government is going underground
your underground is selling out
your god is in the reverb
that comes screaming through my speakers
come on come on come on
let it out