

Jesus Hates Faggots

John Grant

I've felt uncomfortable since the day that I was born,
Since the day I glimpsed the black abyss in your eyes.
There's no way you could make all of this shit up on your own.
It could only come from the mastermind of lies.

I can't believe that I've considered taking my own life
'Cause I believed the lies about me were the truth.
It will be magic to watch your transformation when you realize
that you've been had.
It's enough to make a guy like me feel sad

'Cause you tell me that
Jesus, he hates fruit loops, son.
We told you that when you were young.
Or pretty much anything you want him to
Like sitcoms, pedophiles, and kangaroos.
Morons who cut in line,
Three-bean salad and parking fines.
And when we win this war on society,
I hope your blind eyes will be opened and you'll see.

The arrogance it takes to walk around in the world the way you
do--
It turns my brain to jelly every time.
The rage and fear I'm feeling have begun to make me sick,
And I think that I might be about to commit a crime.

And you tell me that
Jesus, he hates homos, son.
We told you that when you were young.
Or pretty much anything you want him to
Like coco puffs, red cars, and Jews.
Postal clerks who waste your time.
Weight loss shakes and the local news.
And when we win the war on society
I hope your blind eyes will be opened and you'll see.

'Cause Jesus--
He hates faggots, son.
We told you that when you were young.
Or pretty much anyone you want him to
Like niggers, spics, redskins, and kikes.
Men who cannot tame their wives.
Weaklings, cowards and bull dykes.
And when we win the war on society,
I hope your blind eyes will be opened and you'll see.