

## Crown Of Thorns

Johnny Hates Jazz

You were yesterday's hero  
An ordinary man of flesh and blood  
Took the World on your shoulders  
A hopeless crusade, and act of love

But it's a world obsessed with religion  
And now you wear the face of a god  
Like the words you said, you're as good as dead  
Just a work of art on the wall

And that's why nobody wears a crown of thorns  
Nobody cares  
Nobody wears a crown of thorns anymore

Holy men talk of hunger  
While standing beneath a cross of gold  
And there are preachers on the TV  
In their thousand dollar suits, who sell your soul

To think you died for what you believed in  
Only to be exploited and used  
Now you're supermen from the promised land  
Just a vision of Hollywood

...anymore

You showed me that there's hope for humanity  
But once more you're being betrayed

So many countries torn by their idols  
Too many prophets screaming for blood  
And they only hear what they want to hear  
When it comes to God up above