

Atheist Anthem

Leftöver Crack

From high up on yer crucifix
You preach about my triple 6
You spit about my this and that
And yank away yer welcome mat
With a coupon jesus christ will save
So don't you christians misbehave
'cuz santa makes the list himself
And he's rotting on the warehouse shelf

* And all the boys in the straight-edge scene
are in the basement huffing gasoline
Dead, dead, dead, dead
Yer god is dead to me!
And when the laws of God just make ya pissed
You better become an atheist
Dead, dead, dead, dead
Yer god is dead to me!

When the greed of man is not appeased
All will rot sick and diseased
Once again the fallen towers
The Tortured death of every hour
And at the toll of the final bell
You lead the righteous down to hell
When all the world is dead by dawn
All I ask is bring me along!

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Nuclear Apox spells your doom
like the t.v. in yer living room
each bomb kills a million dead
it melts your skin and implodes yer head
And now you get yer judgement day
You think you'll float up then away
But yer guilty just like everyone
You turn to ash when the burning's done

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There's a hunger within you
a tapeworm deep inside
or maybe it's just cancer
the doctors can't decide
but yer stomach keeps on growing
as yer body wastes away
and yer getting ill & weaker
every single fucking day

we are alone
we are alone