

There are no ghosts
Watching through your walls
So put the cross down
And there are no angels
Reading your thoughts
Keep your feet on this ground

We getting scared yet?
The man in the blue suit's got God
Are we there yet?
The congregation's been sold off
They've been bought

What to do about tomorrow
Please let it come, just let it come
What you wanna do about today man?
It's right here staring you in the face

What a difference that would make
If we were finally awakej

We getting scared yet?
The man in the blue suit's got guns
Are we there yet?
The congregation's been killed off
We drop our bombs to lift them up

You've gotta be out of your head
Is it worth all the dead?
Do you like it?

Does the wife
Mind the touch
Of your reddened hand
Or the money on your breath?
Does your balance turn her on
Regardless of sin?

Blind your eyes watching sunbeams
You can't see this creeping pack of dogs
Blind your eyes watching sunbeams
The pure bread beasts wait licking their chops