

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