

The Divine Infection

Motionless in White

You don't need a disclaimer
You're not really famous
So get your fucking chin out of the sky
I will never stop 'til I'm on top, create a new diversion
Virgins begging for a hit with original style

I don't need a disclaimer to get into heaven
I know I've made mistakes
I don't need to be saved
Holiness is fucking televised
Fakers profiteering
Pioneer a new "religion", stealing money "for God"

1, 2, 3, 4!
Crossed out, wrists bound
Everybody get down
Come on and get me!
Come on and get me!
Blacked out; Ghost Town
Light it up and burn it down
You wanna blame me?
You never MET me!
On your knees...
Just a slave to a God of NOTHING! (Hey! Hey!)
Try and judge me...
(I'll) tie that rope around your neck and kick your throne out!
Fuck you!

You don't need a disclaimer
You're not really famous
So get your fucking nose out of my life
Unprotected sex confession
Sharing needles at the altar
Father, fucking little kids, makes you holier than thou
Fuck you!

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Almost every major issue I see that faces opposition in the world today
Is a product of religious bigotry or criminal intent in the name of God
Who the fuck are you to tell me what I can and can't do or say?
No thanks, fuck you
It's my life, my body and my love to give
Dear Ignorance, I'll see you in hell!

(There is no cure for divine infection [x2])
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FUCK YOU!