

Godless

Nausea

Take your religious chains
you don't own my soul
you've tried to soak our brains to waste
with holy water in a silver bowl
beware of your godhood
for soon they shall rebel
you've stabbed us with your sacred cross
and blessed us with this living hell
lord, god, father and son
your pious solve their problems with their guns
lord, god, father and son
why must I hang upon a cross for the sins I've never done
beware of your godhood
for soon they will rebel
we'll break your chains
I'll not burn in your living hell.