

Chews the fat with his creator  
Over breakfast in the sunlight  
Though when he says grace, when he says grace  
He feels enveloped like a shadow  
But there are evenings  
There are evenings when this decimated world of movement, colour and form  
Gets thin, and getting thinner  
When lights are dim, and getting dimmer  
When nights are grim and they're only getting, only getting grimmer

As they barter their boulders,  
and martyr their soldiers,  
teach a man to tear her fucking head from her goddamn shoulders

Held into the sun, by the threads of her hair  
By the threads of her hair  
By the threads of her hair  
They impart a secret hatred from their fathers to their heirs.

In a silence left unbroken, Oh  
On a bed bound and gagged, bound, bound and gagged  
with culture, language, myth and law  
Our goddess gave birth, our goddess gave birth to your god.

On a bed bound and gagged with culture, language, myth and law  
from a wounded womb where flesh is scarred and raw  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god  
Our goddess gave birth to your god. Goddamn!

Culture, language, myth and law  
(Our goddess! Gave birth!)  
Culture, language, myth and law  
(Our goddess! Gave birth you your god!)

You wanna see the galaxy?