

# Dawkins Christ

Refused

The thought of love triggers lonely hearts  
Gladly reaching out just to be a part  
So we live to serve, made it into an art

How shallow the soul  
How deep the fear  
How grave the hunger  
To get out of here

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Fear and hate keeps us in line  
As we climb crosses of our own design  
Nails in our flesh, hammers in our minds

Feels like I've got Judas' heart  
Dawkins' head  
Praise the lord  
God is Dead

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Dawkins' head  
Praise the lord  
God is Dead

All the Brahmin masses they'll come back again  
They've got lord Krishna to guide their hand  
Gotama's flock they don't mind the chains  
They know nirvana will end their pain  
And the Avestan pupils, the forsakers of Druj  
They'll be one with the maker when they're one with the truth  
All of Luther's children gladly suffer now  
They'll get pie in the sky on the day they die

But what about me  
Got no soul to sell  
Refused salvation  
Did my time in hell

No absolution, no alibis  
Just belief and doubt and then we die  
We furnish the void with our attempts at lives

I got Judas' heart  
Nietzsche's soul  
Dawkins' cock  
In a god-shaped hole

How shallow the soul  
How deep the fear  
How shallow the soul  
How deep the fear

How shallow the soul

How deep the fear

How grave the need  
Just one way out of here