

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

Judas' heart
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