

Body Of Christ

Slaine

You go to church (you go to church)
You listen to the priest and shit (our father)
Whatta they call it, the sermon? (Forgive me for my sins)
Here's my sermon (yeah)

Yo my mental capacity's like an infinite universe
Where worlds collide, and each thought's a star soon to burst
My temperament, a lust for temptation's a human curse
I'm losin my religion through ghosts of a ruined church
I pursue and search for a higher power to guard me
Fightin with every violent instinct that's inside me
Before I was ever born in this war-torn society
Grown inside a womb that was filled with anxiety
I grew up, drinkin bottles of booze 'til I threw up
Smokin bags of fuel before school I was a screw up
Priests tried to reach me and teach me, I wasn't listenin
Like a wild horse they never can break and who doesn't discipline
Mother bitchin and cryin, she's tryin to answer
Her own demons, my grandmother's dyin of cancer
She lights another cigarette, she's gonna be dead soon
She never weeps and sleeps with a cross in her bedroom

When I go to sleep my moms told me
If I prayed to God that he'd hold me (down)
When death and sinnin is a part of your life
Say a prayer for the Body of Christ, to the Body of Christ

Yo I've wanted to believe in good, even the reason I could
But they nailed Jesus up to two pieces of wood
And it's hard to find peace, keep belief that I should
In this dirty game where everybody's feet's in the mud
I've seen people drownin in pain in the streets of the hood
I've seen a young man who's now layin deceased where he stood
I've seen a government that's evil, bezerk people in fear
And every few blocks it's still a church steeple that's near
In this cold world of crack cocaine in cookin pots
Crime trickles down, corrupt politicians to crooked cops
To know what time it is you just gotta look and watch
So I loaded up a gun and took a shot
The American Dream, fueled by money, guns, hookers, and drugs
Where our legends are thieves and criminals who took it in blood
In God We Trust, so close your eyes when you look at the sun
Say a prayer for forgiveness, look at what you've become

We live inside a holy war and it's survival of the strong
Tribalism rivals scripture of the Bible and Qu'ran
Palestinians and Israelis - spill blood over holy land
And God when no one knows who he is really
We launch missiles, killin maimin civilians
Try to poison our water and fly planes into buildings
Got me feelin like religion's full of miserable feelings
While the Catholic priests is diddlin children
This is where I confess - I ponder the thought of a world that's Godless
'Til I saw my baby boy come out my girl, I'm hard-pressed
To ever think that again, look at this thing
Called life that we're livin and we'll never understand
I suffered tragedies and pain, I hurt people for personal gain

A stone thrower and a person to hang
Now I'm no longer a boy but I'm searchin a-gain
I guess that it's a personal thing, Jesus Christ~!
Dear God