

The Religion

Slaine

Yeah my desolate days turning me obsessive and crazed
I'm trying to get rid of this anger, the petulance stays
The essence of my message, a mess of a maze
The breathlessness, all the sentences resentment and rage
Stays inside my face, lives in my chest like a cage
So I can't go to sleep, I ain't been resting for days
And the question remains, am I left with this pain?
Or do I need it all to fuel me in this treacherous game?
Fuck a necklace or chain, need no ring and no watch
Close the door inside the booth, I do my thing in this box
All's I need a microphone a beat that's knocking in my headphones
I'm a turn this motherfucking planet to a dead zone
Life is short I hear my heart the clock is ticking
I rose out of the bottom, I ain't had a pot to piss in
But now I'm coming up, it's like I'm speaking out of Uzis
Pushing SUVs and taking leaks inside jacuzzis
I roll city to city rocking stages keeping floozies
Picture in the paper, they seen me in the movies
Around the clock it was like I was destined to fail
I should have been dead in the streets or arrested and jailed
Instead I burned the nation with these lyrics and determination
And now it's like you see a spirit when you turn to face him
Lost in the cold glare, the rebel's on the rise
There's nothing left to stop me, the devil never dies