

Christ Punchers

The Flatliners

Will someone help him down
Take those stakes out and lose the crown
Give it up, know that no one here believes you
You haven't got a clue
How long your tricks will stick around
This swimming conclusion and all your people now

Well I believe, I believe in reality
Yeah I believe, I believe we're all addicted in the end
To vulnerability

Sunday bells are ringing out
Dress up in your best dependency
Now point your finger at the world's hilarity

These stories [that's imagined bore?
Are absolutely nothing more
Than ink on paper truth be told

Well I believe, I believe in reality
Yeah I believe, I believe
Dear Mother I am sorry!

Well I believe, I believe in reality
Yeah I believe, I believe that this is
All just a history cum forgery

Let's resurrect our faith
In the air we breathe!
And not a man in the sky oh please...

This is a celebration of our belief in reality
Life can be quite simple
Why don't you pull up a chair and see?
Turning water into wine in ancient times just doesn't
Do holy to me I'm sorry
I'll waste my time otherwise on Sunday