

Absolution

The Mission

God, God is a bullet
And religion is a loaded gun
Prod, poke, push and pull it
Every zealot loco is some mother's son

It's coming down, coming down
It's coming down again

Burns their blood soaked Bibles
And she tears the halos from their saints
Turn to love for survival
Escape her traps and restraints

It's coming down, it's coming down
It's coming down again

Reach out and touch me
And give me Absolution
Reach out and touch me with your love

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Reach out and touch me with your love

Sends her sons to war
Behind a bloody flag and a filthy lie
Defends her greed for more
And watches as she lets her children die

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Coming down again

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