

Black, Electric Church

Who needs something that's inside you
We all need false idols the ones that can't reach you
Each religion you hide it in laughing
Who sees yourself and others also laughing
Don't want to live in a world with doubters
Don't want to join the electric church
Who sees the future no place for profits
Flashing lights in the electric churches alter
Pure our sermons whisky and wine communion
The world looks bleak from my room
Don't want to live in a world where even water
Is used for torture
Your god is beating at your insides
Fails to cry and tries again
The choose is yours but you can't take it
Conscience is a truth than outside the
Outside the big sign
Your conscience needs you, be good to yourself
Be good to yourself take hold of your conscience
With both hands, it's a chalis you drank from
Don't dream of me or a better son
Don't want to live in a world where even water
Is used for torture don't want to live in a world where even water
Is used for torture