

Skyclad, Earth Mother, The Sun And The Furious

He was just a lad of fifteen years
Who barely fit his breeches
A latter day Dick Whittington
Who dreamt of fame and riches
His teachers took him to one side
And promised him the earth
When all he really wanted
Was a taste of wine and mirth.

They said "Attend our university
Accept responsibility
Chant our mantra of morality
Until your throat is sore."
A feast of knowledge this contrite
Could not suppress his appetite
"Please sir I want some more and more..."

Christianity was apparent as a fallacy
The Devil take your Father, Son and Holy Ghost.
The ones who have the answers
Are they who pipe the dancers
Earth Mother, the Sun and the Furious Host.

I'll give the whole nation
A sound education
Welcome to the school of hard knocks
Where the ones who know the answers
Are they that take their chances

For a small fish cast into an ocean
Full of unknown terrors
There's nothing much to smile at
In his comedy of errors.
Where streets aren't really paved with gold
And rags don't turn to riches
In this catalogue of disasters
The models were all bitches.

A Christ on every corner
For a coin he'll save your soul
But it's hard to be enlightened
While you're queueing for your dole.
When I think of all those shallow lies
They fed me in the past
There's one thing I must admit they've taught me...
That is how to laugh
At Christianity (it's nothing but a fallacy)
The Devil take your Father, Son and Holy Ghost
The ones who have the answers
Are they who pipe the dancers
Earth Mother, the Sun and the Furious Host.

This one's for the teachers
Who want to be preachers
Will God keep you warm
When you're cold?
You'd put those wracked by malnutrition
Straight onto your diet of superstition.