

Amebix, The Church Is for Sinners

The pulpits standing empty, the congregations left

Because to qualify for piety they had to pass a test

(Q:) How much "roughly" is your god worth to you?

(Q:) And if he said "lay down your life for me" could you give that too?

(Chorus:)

And will they never understand

That the future is in man

The priests, when told of starving kids, look on in mock dismay

While thinking of new ways by which to make religion pay

Money from mass misery? There's nothing wrong with that

The church holds out a bloodstained hand to pass around the hat

"By the pricking in my thumbs

Something wicked this way comes" (Shakespeare)