

Clawfinger, God Is Dead

There's no god for you to worship, no master to obey
There's not a soul that you can blame for all the stupid things you say
There's nowhere you can turn yo, no words to justify
Cos' no currency is valid for the faith you want to buy
No more excuses, no need for blind belief
There's no one to accuse to break yourself a bigger piece
No books to follow, no quotes to twist around
There'll be no more bending over just to reach for higher ground

GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A VOICE INSIDE YOUR HEAD
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A MONSTER UNDER YOUR BED
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A VOICE INSIDE YOUR HEAD
GOD IS DEAD, HE'S JUST A GHOST UNDER YOUR BED

There's no need for false confessions, no more feeling guilt
No powerlords to kneel before, no crosses being built
There are no rules for you too live by, no other cheek to turn
Stop begging for forgiveness, there's no lesson you must learn
No future conflicts no opinions that collide
There's not a trace of blood on your hands you don't have to choose a side
No pointless killing and no more feeling shame
No sacrifices being made in someone elses name

Chorus

It's all make believe it's all conceived in your own dreams
You're painting pictures of imaginary scenes
It seems like you're looking for some kind of confirmation
But you're in desperate need of a different revelation

Chorus