

Dead Milkmen, Gods Kid Brother

Are we not the living proof of the idiot God who placed us here
Are we not His dirty children, His unwashed sons who He holds dear

Are we not the proof that there may've been another creator
If this is the ultimate truth, it had to come out sooner or later

I've looked for the reason why we're here
I've kept on searching until it was clear
I've looked for excuses - can't find no other
We must be the product of God's kid brother

Their ivy halls are closed to us
We scrape to survive and we taste the dust
The things that we weren't meant to know
Are spoke of in places where we can't go
So don't tell me you still find it hard to believe
That we were made by a different God

Are we not the proof that there may've been another creator
Let's run to the volcano and toss a virgin in the crater

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I've kept on searching until it was clear
I've looked for excuses - can't find no other
We must be the product of God's kid brother

Their ivy halls are closed to us
We scrape to survive and do what we must
The things that we weren't meant to know
Are spoke of in places where we can't go
So don't tell me you still find it hard to believe
That we were made by a different God

Maybe there are two Gods
A perfect God who made all those perfect people
And another God who made the rest of us
And maybe, just maybe, somewhere there's a Heavenly choir
That sings off key

Are we not the proof that there may've been another creator
We'll dodge our way through life and hope for something greater

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