

Kate Bush, The Disbelieving Angel

So much for all the prayers you've learned.
They are no help to basic needs.
And all the worlds they've shown you
Just make you even greedier.
So what about divinity?
I'm further away than before.
You're like two stars colliding,
And you're never going to hit the floor.
Why should I whisper in the church?
Because they say it's sacred ground?
Oh, my sacrilege would do you good.
You see, there's nothing here, I've found.
I feel so sorry for you,
Believing because they control.
And of all the guardian angels
They chose me to save your soul!
Oh, I'm just trying to explain,
I'm a disbelieving angel