

Napalm Death, Suffer The Children

Your unflappable conceptions
Moralistic views
Never open to criticism
Your overpowering ruse

Promises of sanctuary
In eternal bliss
With starry eyes and cash in hand
Pledge to all the master plan

Just face the truth or fund the farce

At one with your god
Your sole intent
Your treasured place assured
For a substantial rent

Global lunacy
Death threats for supposed blasphemy
No room for free thought
All non believers pushed to the floor

Aggressive tyrants
Supposed saints for the cause
Judgement through force
Faith a fuel for pointless wars

When all is done
Who shall benefit? Who is the one?
Not to those who pass on
But those dictators divine waving their deceitful wands.