

Otep, God Is A Gun

Eternal salvation suffers from inflation

Say what you need to save your soul
But don't f**k with me
I'm losin' control
I'm so tired of this, so sick of you
My tongue is battered and bruised
From all these attitudes

Teach me the magic of your sacred poems
Conjuring a voice of signs and omens
Prophecies, got debris
The syllables, symbols breath

And then as we climb devine
To sacrifce our wounded minds
This awkward chance to seek insanity
I can't save you 'cause I hate me

The lord is my weapon
And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
God is a gun
Everyone you knew
Everythign you've ever done
Suffer for your freedom
Or die by the Law!!

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Say what you need to save your soul
But leave your religion at the door
Smoking all, of Krishna's weed
I'm sick of these weak anarchies
You see me, as a place to make a bruise
But in my reality, I'm a slate of the muse
F**k these hypocrits
Together we'll fight
Tyranny of squares, squiggles unite!

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And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
God is a fraud
Everyone you knew
Everythign you've ever done
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All you sinners
Blasphemers!
Burn in the, pit!

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Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me!

Survey says!