

Pistol Grip, Crucifixion Politix

Tell me that I've gone astray
A laceration on society
Mommy never made me pray
You never got the chance to brainwash me

Genocidal killings justified
You turn your back and propagate a nation's cry
Communion given to a lame man
Another thousand men are sent to die

Gimme Gimme Gimme Gimme penance and pollution
Gimme Gimme Gimme holy rhetoric
Gimme Gimme Gimme Gimme godly retribution
Gimme Gimme Gimme crucifixion politix

Your opposition's gonna choke
While you stand back and watch the pistol smoke
Feed 5,000 on your lies
We'll never live until your doctrine dies

You lead the blind into the bloody sea
The children are the sheep to your deludity
Salvation is the key to heaven
It doesn't mean a fucking thing to me

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