

Profane Omen, God In A Bottle

...Murder...

Billions of you parasites always asking for more...

Blindly praying for your oh so precious lord.

Well you fucked up and you can't stand the fact that you're gone...

Can't you motherfuckers see, can't you feel what the fuck is going on.

I need, you need, they need: WAR! I need, you need, they need: WAR!

Where is your God? (I can show you mine)

It's more divine. (and I feel so fine)

...freed all the pressure away...all the hate to present...

"Here's the light, we're the guide",
you tell me with your shiny blue eyes.

I'm not interested, I'm so fucking bored with that same old line.

So why don't you go fuck yourself and just leave me alone?

I don't care, I don't wanna care, I'm a pagan to the bone..

..I need, you need they need: WAR! I need, you need they need: WAR!

Finding out to decide what is right, and wrong

(I can't see why you are so BLIND!!!)

Where is your God? (I can show you mine)

It's more divine. (and I feel so fine)

It's more divine and I can't see why you're so blind...

...freed all the pressure away...freed all the pressure away...