

Queensryche, Heaven On Their Minds

My mind is clearer now
At last all too well
I can see where we all soon will be
If you strip away
The myth from the man
You will see where we all soon will be

Jesus! You've started to believe
The things they say of you
You really do believe
This talk of God is true
And all the good you've done
Will soon get swept away
You've begun to matter more
Than the things you say

Listen, Jesus I don't like what I see
All I ask is that you listen to me
And remember, I've been your right hand man all along
You have set them all on fire
They think they've found the new Messiah
And they'll hurt you when they find they're wrong

I remember when this whole thing began
No talk of God then, we called you a man
And believe me, my admiration for you hasn't died
But every word you say today
Gets twisted round some other way
And they'll hurt if they think you've lied

Nazareth's most famous son
Should have stayed a great unknown
Like his father carving wood
He'd have made good
Table chairs and oaken chests
Would have suited Jesus best
He'd have caused nobody harm, no one alarm

Listen Jesus, do you care for your race?
Don't you see? We must keep in our place
We are occupied, have you forgotten how put down we are?
I'm frightened by the croud
For we are getting much too loud
And they'll crush us if we go too far, if we go, go too far

Listen, Jesus to the warning I give
Please remember that I want us to live
But it's sad to see our chances weakening with every hour
All your followers are blind
Too much Heaven on their minds
It was beautiful but now it's sour
Yes, it's all, all gone sour

Listen, Jesus to the warning I give
Please remember that I want us to live
(C'mon, c'mon) He won't listen
(C'mon, c'mon) He won't listen
(C'mon, c'mon) Yeah, listen
(C'mon, c'mon) Please listen
(C'mon, c'mon) He won't listen, won't listen, won't listen
(C'mon, c'mon) ... won't listen, won't listen
(C'mon, c'mon)