

Sabbat, The Church Bizzare

The stage is set my friends for the play
that never ends -
this comedy we call the Church Bizzare,
once you enter you are bound to find
salvation by the pound,
assured the more you pay the nearer God
you are.

Your mouth so paralysed with fear you
dare not speak,
your eyes so blind and hypnotised you
cannot weep,
so blinkered to reality that you no
longer care,
that profit is the prophet of corruption
and despair.

Bring on the dancers -
bring on the clowns,
who invite you to ride on their
merry-go-rounds,
they make the money and they make the rules,
you 'Born-Again-Christians' are born again fools.

THE EVANGELIST PRAYER:

God of wealth and God of might guide me
to your paradise,

for many lives were bought and sold that
I may walk your streets of gold,
though my heart is cold and still I rest
in peace my pockets filled,
and bear the smile of one who knows
through God's Love my cup overflows.

A 'salvation salesman's dream -
guillible to the extreme,
easy pickings for the charm and 'savoir faire',
of these charlatans and thieves whose
delight is to deceive - all the fools who
still believe they really care.

And if all the Devil's minions were let
loose to do their will,
I think they'd be hard pressed to match
in diabolic skill,

the wickedness and treachery of this evangelic horde,
who shelter their corruption with the banner of their Lord.

(Repeat 3 & 4)

The curtain never falls on the show that has it all,
taken in you can't begin to see their lies,
for the people who are clapping are the ones who will be laughing
at your fate,
they just can't wait to bleed you dry.