

# The Cult, Breathing Out

You have no potential as a human being

Intellectually you are green

There's a black beetle crawling in your brain

Spirituality, you have none

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby, baby, yea

There's no potential

Intellectually, you're not god, no

There's broken glass running around in your skull

Spirituality, you have none

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby, baby, yea

Heaven up high, to loosen your minds

They had their fun, it's their turn to run

You know how they lie, it's their turn to cry

They had it good, don't you think we should

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby

Breathing out slowly

Breathing out baby, baby, yea