

The Mission, From One Jesus To Another

From one Jesus to another napalm can be a treat
Religion is only cold comfort 'cos Judas Iscariot was a cheat
Bullet holes in my mirror and a minefield across my floor
I don't want to be a soldier, don't want to fight someone else's war
I don't need no Hare Krishna
I don't need no primal scream
I don't need no mantra chant
I don't need no self esteem

I'll take to bed John the Walrus 'cause my Baudelaire has been pawned
Plagued by demons, deceived by angels
What little devils have we spawned?
And Buddha sits on my shelf shooting up Edgar Allan Poe
And I'll dream in 'Forbidden Colours' just like Vincent van Gogh
I don't need no suit of armour
I don't need no sword and shield
I don't need no immortality
I don't need no Elysian fields
I don't need no lollipops or rainbows
I don't need no hare of the hound
I don't want to be mummy or daddy
I don't need no duty bound

It's bedlam just like Walt Disney and Mickey Mouse causes a scandal
Kahil Gibran was a junkyard and Genghis Khan was a vandal
And I fell in love with Marilyn Monroe and
Then Kennedy told me she'd died
And anyway, if it came to a choice, I'd take Mata Hari for my bride
I don't need no religion or faith
I don't need no collusion
I don't need no spiritual healing
I don't need no selfdelusion
And Jesus walks on water
But does he ever walk on air?
I'm getting lost again, mummy, scared again, daddy
And the beauty of it all is I no longer care.