

The The, August And September

They're 5 miles high as the crow flies
leavin' vapour trails against a blood red sky
Movin' in from the East toward the West
with Balaclava helmets over their heads, yes!
But if you think that Jesus Christ is coming
Honey you've got another thing coming
If he ever finds out who's hi-jacked his name
He'll cut out his heart and turn in his grave
Islam is rising
The Christians mobilising
The world is on its elbows and knees
It's forgotten the message and worships the creeds
It's war, she cried, It's war, she cried, this is war
Drop your possessions, all you simple folk
You will fight them on the beaches in your underclothes
You will thank the good lord for raising the union jack
You'll watch the ships out of harbour
and the bodies come floating back
If the real Jesus Christ were to stand up today
He'd be gunned down by the C.I.A.
Oh, the lights that now burn brightest behind stained glass
Will cast the darkest shadows upon the human heart
But God didn't build himself that throne
God doesn't live in Israel or Rome
God belong to the yankee dollar
God doesn't plant the bombs for Hezbollah
God doesn't even go to church
And God won't send us down to Allah to burn
No, God will remind us what we already know
That the human race is about to reap what it's sown
The world is on its elbows and knees
It's forgotten the message and worships the creeds
Armageddon days are here again