

# Utopia, God And Me

If the devil was a man  
Then he'd probably try to stand between  
God and me  
He would claim to have translation  
For the least communication between  
God and me  
He would scare my friends and neighbors  
Into thinking he was saviour but he  
Won't save me  
He would use his imposition  
To restore the Inquisition then he'd  
Come for me  
I never worry about him  
He'll never get between  
God and me  
He would crush me in his vise  
Singing hail to Jesus Christ but he  
Won't crush me  
With one hand he says brother  
There's an H-bomb in the other but he  
Can't fool me  
He imposes awful taste  
On the remnants of the race  
But he just missed me  
Then he mobilizes minions  
To burn out diverse opinions  
But he can't burn me  
It's nobody's business what goes on  
Inside my head  
Because it's my head