

I hate every single of one you
Who staff the choir and fill the pews
And sing those songs
'Bout rights and wrongs
And not letting women choose

You're so tough, prepared for battle
When you bastards saber-rattle
Against the gays
Who died from AIDS
Not lions, you're less than cattle

You love sin but hate the sinner
In opposition, you're a winner
You're rather loathe
The poor than clothe
The homeless, give them dinner

It's like you can't imagine caring
For others without sharing
Uncolored skin
And wealthy kin
How's your savior's love now faring?

Yet over process you have towered
And our benevolence you've devoured
You dominate
With rage and hate
You pathetic fucking cowards

You think you're so damn great
With some God-appointed fate
But if you're served
With what's deserved
You would see no Pearly Gate