## Wedding Present "Reverend Charisma"

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Do you believe every word, from my lying lips? I'll promise you heaven, from an apocalypse It's because of the skin, you're living in That makes you all so guilty of sin I'll quench the thirst, your soul desires Because I know, I'm the chosen Messiah If you drink the cup, inside of your hand You can follow me, to the promised land.

I've got guns, I've got dynamite CNN is my satellite You're better not, come inside Cos no one here is getting out... alive

What's your hurry, what's your rush?
It's easy enough, to be one of us.
The enemies, that I've made
Can say hello, to my hand grenade.
I'll never forget, the promise I made
Now have a taste of my famous kool aid.

I've got guns, I've got dynamite No one here is gonna mess with me tonight You'd better not, come inside 'Cos no one here, is coming out... alive...

My name is Jim Jones My name is Jim Jones My name is Jim Jones Who the hell are you? My name is Jim Jones My name is Jim Jones My name is Jim Jones Who the hell are you?

I will deliver
'Cos I'm your Reverend Charisma
And by amphetamine's end
We'll get to heaven
If you follow me, follow me
Get on your knees, and follow me

## If you follow me, follow me Get on your knees and follow me...

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