

Wolfgang Press

"Christianity"

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When the walls of Christianity begin to shake

When my life is in the balance, neither peace nor
moral's wake

Telling me my life is easy, debauched and thirdly
heaven sent

My heart was never theirs but this Christianity will
decide

I'm bruised and left alone, I get to feel so sad

People say that I was sad, people say that I was bad

People walking around with other feelings

They never want to contemplate

Reaching out for love but would never say

The churches have a network leading to the sect and to
the soul

They levitate their founder's faith up to a higher
ground

While we stay home

I am a wicked man

I will not be this unsound

I was a wretched man before I filled this hole

When Jesus was upon his cross he never was this alone

They're playing on our weaknesses and changing
every sound

Who could find the right solution when they're being

drowned

Har de har the vacant talk can make you see their ways

Now check your faith and sleep with love the modern
way

Now is that love, Christianity has nothing for me

This Jerusalemic holy ground is only fit for mealy
mouths

Whose contamination breeds subordination

I've said too many times but who leads that kind of life

When my time comes around who will plead my
innocence

And I resent that these things are true

And I resent that these things I do

And I resent that these things are true

And I resent that these things I do

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