

**411****"Are You Honest Christian"**Visit "[Are You Honest Christian](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

So like in you to mention  
What's written in the holy Book...  
Do you believe in that?  
D'ya know what's good or bad?

Self-proclaimed kings of the world  
Shitting in the name of God.  
Self-proclaimed kings of the world  
Shitting in the name of God.  
You spread your fucking antics worldwide  
So now you get the war.

The ones that never fit you  
The ones who walk another way...  
Why burn them down for that,  
Destroy or call them mad?

Stand back! I'm not of your race.  
Don't spit in my face  
With sickening debates  
'Bout holy popes fucking children.  
Your propaganda's a stealth creep I track.  
While you otter a word and a shit behind  
My back. I'm giving you grotesques,  
You're fucking my life to get rid of my protests.

Mega-minus,  
Fire-born virus:  
I'll be always straight out of line.  
You can hate me,  
Isolate me  
You're my prey, I bet you'll be mine.  
You can't buy me  
Nor deny me,  
I'm the one you can't cultivate.  
All you can do  
Is pretend to  
Hold the Cross and piss. Fuck! You're great.

I'm not the rotting kind,  
Not a fuck that can rock my mind.

Never ever tamed,  
Nor obtained, nor named.  
Talk about me,  
Speak about me:  
The talkative motherfuckers  
Think that they can judge and identify me.

I'm not the rotting kind,  
Not a fuck that can rock my mind.  
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Talk about me,  
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Hey! What's going on?  
Looks like a psychosomatic  
Attack. Cut the crap! Trap

A fool for lack of me!  
Fuck you goddamn saviours  
Doing me favours by blowing my brain away  
In order to mend me, to bend me  
To get me whole with my soul and fucking end me.  
And as I slide away  
From your blasphemy to walk my way,  
You'll follow me knives out to stab  
Me right in my back, no doubt.

Mega-minus,  
Fire-born virus:  
I'll be always straight out of line.  
You can hate me,  
Isolate me  
You're my prey, I bet you'll be mine.  
You can't buy me  
Nor deny me,  
I'm the one you can't cultivate.  
All you can do  
Is pretend to  
Hold the Cross and piss. Fuck! You're great.

Better stop now pushin' and pullin' me down:  
I'm on the top, you can't make it a bottom.  
Blood blackened by your damned fraud  
Choked any throat that inhales to spell the word God.

Better stop now pushin' and pullin' me down:  
I'm on the top, you can't make it a bottom.  
Blood blackened by your damned fraud

Choked any throat  
Spell God.

When Christ comes  
The same ones  
Will crucify him.  
Unless  
They once guess  
It's no way to take him.

When Christ comes  
You'll load and aim your guns  
(At him)  
When Christ comes  
You'll load and aim your guns  
(At him)

When Christ comes  
You'll load and aim your guns  
(At him)  
Are you honest, Christian?  
No, you'll kill him again and again.

That's how you deal with your god!  
That's how you deal with your god!  
That's how you deal with your god!  
That's how you deal with him!  
Kicking and killing your god!

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