

Barbara Dickson

"The Religion"

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Yeah my desolate days turning me obsessive and
crazed
I'm trying to get rid of this anger, the petulance stays
The essence of my message, a mess of a maze
The breathlessness, all the sentences resentment and
rage
Stays inside my face, lives in my chest like a cage
So I can't go to sleep, I ain't been resting for days
And the question remains, am I left with this pain?
Or do I need it all to fuel me in this treacherous game?
Fuck a necklace or chain, need no ring and no watch
Close the door inside the booth, I do my thing in this
box
All's I need a microphone a beat that's knocking in my
headphones
I'm a turn this motherfucking planet to a dead zone
Life is short I hear my heart the clock is ticking

I rose out of the bottom, I ain't had a pot to piss in
But now I'm coming up, it's like I'm speaking out of Uzis
Pushing SUVs and taking leaks inside jacuzzis
I roll city to city rocking stages keeping floozies
Picture in the paper, they seen me in the movies
Around the clock it was like I was destined to fail
I should have been dead in the streets or arrested and
jailed
Instead I burned the nation with these lyrics and
determination
And now it's like you see a spirit when you turn to face
him
Lost in the cold glare, the rebel's on the rise
There's nothing left to stop me, the devil never dies

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