

## **Bubblemath**

# **"Heavenly Scared So"**

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Pacing in front of your meek congregation  
Licking your lips in lofty oration  
You sharpen your claws, enforcing the laws  
And the lies of eternal salvation

To keep them in line while you do your deceiving  
You threaten the souls of the blind and believing  
The Lord will forgive, if, as long as they live  
They spend their days guilty and grieving

Silver crosses, your drying palm  
Tokens of the trade  
For giving them their sins, you calm  
Souls upon which you've preyed  
You swing across and hypnotize

To punctuate your spell  
With the cross you tease and dot their eyes  
And sentence them to hell

Obsessed with controlling how others should be  
You spread the disease of the Heavenly Three  
Your book is your blade in this selfish crusade  
And you're pointing it's pages at me

You make up the rules and happily brandish the list  
Forbidding your people the pleasures by which they  
exist  
Confessing the sins of their bodies' natural behavior  
They punish themselves in the name of your  
saccharine savior

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