

Catalepsy

"Westboro"

Visit "[Westboro](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If gos existed you'd be the first one he'd hate.
Your religion is an infection of the weak-minded.
You're a herd of sheep
Fallen prey to the disease of fools.

So fucking pray.
Lighter fluid washes away your tears
As we burn your fucking family alive.

I look at you with a smile on my face
I flick the match as I walk away.
I flick the match as I walk away.

There is no washing my hands of this
So don't fucking pray for my forgiveness
I bow to no man
I regret nothing.
I repent nothing I'm a hollow shell of the man I used
to be.

This is not a fucking trend for me.
It's just what I believe.
I really meant it when I fucking said,
"Get on your fucking knees"

This is not a fucking trend for me.
It's just what I believe.
I really meant it when I fucking said,
"Get on your fucking knees"

You preached a corrupt sermon
Now your mass will be held in hell.
There will be no protesting this
We will burn down your institution.

We're here to emancipate your mind,
While we desecrate your shrine.
You can pray for your god to save you but right now
you're fucking mine.

We're here to emancipate your mind,

While we desecrate your shrine.
You can pray for your god to save you but right now
you're fucking mine.
You're fucking mine.

Kneel down and taste the pain
Choking on butane
You create this hell on Earth, you fuel the fire
Proof your god has a sense of humor.
Proof your god has a sense of humor.

Oh, man-made gas, wash the cancer of men off the
earth
again.

Visit [Catalepsy](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.