

## **The Black Angels "True Believers"**

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In the middle of the holding out  
Nobody will be dropped out  
Except fake gods whose faux pas  
Are offsetting bets

Well, who knows, yeah who knows  
Which birds will be left  
To sing and sing and sing for me?  
Well, who knows which birds  
Will be left for me?

Hare came to me  
In the month of August  
Mary loves Sally the most  
Maybe Buddha is the true  
Son of God's kiss  
Maybe, you'll never know

"Woo hoo," they sang  
As they crossed the river  
"Woo hoo," they said  
As they prayed to Jesus  
Woo hoo, the walls fell on Jericho

Well, who knows, yeah who knows  
Which birds will be left  
To sing and sing and sing for me?  
Yeah, who knows which birds  
Will be left for me? Well, no one knows

"Woo hoo," they yelled  
When they came to Mecca  
Beat them as they go  
"Woo hoo," they said  
As they read the Vedas  
Leave them, let them go

Spinning Sufi's on their heads  
Are hearing tones of wisdom  
Devilish women warning  
Men of their actions  
Now bring them to you and me

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