

Harper Roy

"The Spirit Lives"

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Where once were men are now but sheep

-a fiction and far cry

From planet earth's proud animal

-who would be you and I.

Alas, our forebears drank the cup of poisoned alibi

And made excuses far and wide,

and made God in the sky.

This boogaloo's now round the world

-bad trips for everyone.

No more the man of paradise

or the Celt of Albion.

They queue like burning moths to spread the all-time
vicious lie.

You christians destroyed our tribe

-I'll fight you till I die.

And you can cut me down for what I said

But goodness lives where God is dead.

The history of religion is the history of the State

Incestuous exploiters of a catalogue of hate.

The man of peace was over-run by armies of the "Lord"

Who signed their names to any war

and sang to praise the sword.

The mission heads for outer space

the voices ring and swell

With aeons of self-righteousness

the senseless echoes knell

The words get much more meaningless

-even plainer to tell

That those who would pronounce this God

are those who make this hell.

And you can cut me down for what I said

But goodness lives where God is dead.

LOVE IS THE great triumph over christianity.

She made a fool of silly priests. She mocked authority.

She filled her bed with happiness. She gripped his loins
for joy

And felt ecstatic agonies and screamed the sweetest
cry.

Her children are the legacy of failure to be chained

An everlasting mutiny of flowers where it rained.

They rise out of oppression

They speak with one accord.

The fountains breath- the spirit lives-

The future rests assured.

And to say that God is dead presupposes that

he was at some time alive.

Ooooo what a young fool I am

