

Rebellious With A Cause "Last Holiday"

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I've finally lost my grip, so I'm killin god and prophets.
Your stupid ass beliefs of Christmas make me fucking
nauseous. I vomit in the mouth of God, and make him
chew it up. And like a snuff film, I do it while I'm writing
all my thoughts, yup. I keep it murderous, and on this
black holiday, your probly gonna read your bibles, but
ya never celebrate. Your exchanging gifts, but their
objects, and not a form of worship, but a way to fill your
prospects. See it's all shit, I dont give a fuck, so I'm
packing up to Bethlehem to let em know whats up, yup.
I'm getting fucked up, and droppin acid on the way.
Going after infants til their dead, so you can never
pray. Never say a god damn word, til he speaks. But
he'll never fucking speak, he's a product of the weak.
An invention of the mind, cause humanity is hopeless. I
never lost my focus, and your god is gonna choke,
bitch.

Fuck god, for this I say! (Merry Christmas
motherfuckers, its the last fuckin Holiday.)
You will never see the light of day! (Hallelujah, Hark
Herald, in the name of Hate)

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It's December 24th, in the middle of the night. Singing
carols to the sheppards, overcome with ghastly fright.
Cause they know the antichrist is coming closer to the
child of light. "I dont give a fuck about your saviour,
just die." (Just die). So I creep in slow. I can feel the
demons enter in and take over my soul. And no I dont
give a fuck about a fake, I keep it real. I Plunged a
blade into his chest and stabbed away with stainless
steel. Lookin into his eyes, he's asking why I had to
come, and so I let him know "Nobodys gonna know that
I approached. Aint nobody gonna know that your god
even exists, cause to me he's just a lie, an ornamental
crucifix" And I creep to the manger, I see the saviour.
The virgin Mary's gettin fucked while I strangle her.

And then I mangle her guts on the wall, movin down to
the level, killin god, kill em all.
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One for the baby, in a manger up in Bethlehem. Two for
the devil and the power of the left hand. Three for the
beast, watch your soul as it feasts. On that faggot
motherfucker, watch him bow on his knees. So he'll
take it real good, suck my dick like a nightstand. He's
nothin to me but a worm whos feeding off the holy
land. I gotta plan, to take his twiggy neck and watch it
crack. He's about to meet his maker in the form of wire
bats. It's just a lie to me, a faggot formed hypocirsy.
How the fuck could God have ever loved or fuckin
wanted me. I dont give a fuck about a Hell, but if I die,
I'm gonna visit. In this prison, killin Christ is like a drug,
and I'm addicted. So I say Fuck God, with a blow to his
head, seeing nothing but this triple 6 thats burned into
my hand. And on this night, I am taking everything
from your belief, to turn it upside down, and put your
saviour to sleep. Yeah.

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