

Steelpreacher

"Slave To The Cross"

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I turn on the TV and your face just makes me sick
Your robe is branded with a cross
You keep on talking, self-pleased to the bone
On through the day

You're preaching poorness, richness is a sin
But you give a helping hand
So you're not greedy, you just save their souls
Slave to the cross

Hold on to your power - sanity's your loss

You're preaching war
You're teaching hate
Get you gone you lunatic
And leave us to our fate
No more rules
We don't need your lies
Narrow-minded maniac
Devil in disguise

Slave to the cross

Born to disperse mischief, holding back the truth
You rig the crowd skillful tongue
You make them willingly pay ransom to you
Under your spell

Keep them dumb and anxious threaten them with hell

Fraud, lies and hidebound to the core
Orders and commandments - won't take it anymore
But when you see us coming, living OUR ideal
You're the one to kneel and pray and die by bloody
steel

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