

Tr-I

"Fascist christ 1.0"

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Founding fathers and mothers left us a mandate
We've got to separate the church and the state
So get your head straight before it's too late
And you drop it in the plate, you must appreciate

Jesus and money make a man speak in tongues
Scream out his lungs, roll in the dung
And when the song is sung, he moves up another rung
And the deaf and the dumb are the ones who get stung

Here comes the sex police, they're at your bedroom
door
Movin' in next door, searchin' from floor to floor
You know what they're lookin' for
Someone's always keepin' score every time you dip the
oar

Love isn't fun no more

Fascist christ, come to the rescue
Gimme that old time religion, here it comes

Let's get fundamental about this strange philosophy
In which god and man are enemies
In which there is no serenity unless you happen to
believe
Precisely what they want you to believe, and no
diversity

Come join the army and learn the noises
That drown out the others' voices and please the devil
Who rejoices when mankind has no choices
And power exploits us, and peace avoids us

Guess who to the rescue on a holy mission
To uphold the tradition of the Spanish Inquisition
And preempt your decision by forcing your confession
Now let that be a lesson

Who do you think you're messin' with?

Somebody took our god away

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