

Catherine Corelli

"Are You Honest Christian"

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So like in you to mention
What's written in the holy Book...
Do you believe in that?
D'ya know what's good or bad?

Self-proclaimed kings of the world
Shitting in the name of God.
Self-proclaimed kings of the world
Shitting in the name of God.
You spread your fucking antics worldwide
So now you get the war.

The ones that never fit you
The ones who walk another way...
Why burn them down for that,
Destroy or call them mad?

Stand back! I'm not of your race.
Don't spit in my face
With sickening debates
'Bout holy popes fucking children.
Your propaganda's a stealth creep I track.
While you otter a word and a shit behind
My back. I'm giving you grotesques,
You're fucking my life to get rid of my protests.

Mega-minus,
Fire-born virus:
I'll be always straight out of line.
You can hate me,
Isolate me
You're my prey, I bet you'll be mine.
You can't buy me
Nor deny me,
I'm the one you can't cultivate.
All you can do
Is pretend to
Hold the Cross and piss. Fuck! You're great.

I'm not the rotting kind,
Not a fuck that can rock my mind.
Never ever tamed,

Nor obtained, nor named.
Talk about me,
Speak about me:
The talkative motherfuckers
Think that they can judge and identify me.

I'm not the rotting kind,
Not a fuck that can rock my mind.
Never ever tamed,
Nor obtained, nor named.
Talk about me,
Speak about me:
The talkative motherfuckers
Think that they can judge and identify me.

Hey! What's going on?
Looks like a psychosomatic
Attack. Cut the crap! Trap

A fool for lack of me!
Fuck you goddamn saviours
Doing me favours by blowing my brain away
In order to mend me, to bend me
To get me whole with my soul and fucking end me.
And as I slide away
From your blasphemy to walk my way,
You'll follow me knives out to stab
Me right in my back, no doubt.

Mega-minus,
Fire-born virus:
I'll be always straight out of line.
You can hate me,
Isolate me
You're my prey, I bet you'll be mine.
You can't buy me
Nor deny me,
I'm the one you can't cultivate.
All you can do
Is pretend to
Hold the Cross and piss. Fuck! You're great.

Better stop now pushin' and pullin' me down:
I'm on the top, you can't make it a bottom.
Blood blackened by your damned fraud
Choked any throat that inhales to spell the word God.

Better stop now pushin' and pullin' me down:
I'm on the top, you can't make it a bottom.
Blood blackened by your damned fraud
Choked any throat

Spell God.

When Christ comes
The same ones
Will crucify him.
Unless
They once guess
It's no way to take him.

When Christ comes
You'll load and aim your guns
(At him)
When Christ comes
You'll load and aim your guns
(At him)

When Christ comes
You'll load and aim your guns
(At him)
Are you honest, Christian?
No, you'll kill him again and again.

That's how you deal with your god!
That's how you deal with your god!
That's how you deal with your god!
That's how you deal with him!
Kicking and killing your god!

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