

Atlas Losing Grip "All In A Days Work"

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They bring the word of almighty God.
Divine impositions are always paid in blood,
But what the hell can you expect
When you forbid contraceptives
And impose anti-abortion laws?

... And all of this in a days work.

Some girls get high, others get stone
For succumbing to a feeling such as lust, yes that
alone,
Can cost an arm or even a leg.
Or maybe both if you don't follow the rules
That men of God have set.

... And all of this in a days work.

Another job well done.

Give yourselves a round of applauds,
A pat on the back and carry on!

All your sons of Abraham.
You strike fear into their hearts,
Yet they look to you in the awe.
Hope someday they'll see through you and realize the
fraud.

"Do what thou wilt shall be the whole of the law."

Gods chosen people have claimed their land.
Won't even share it with their fellow man.
The sun goes down over the strip.
Soon once again missiles alight the night desert sky.

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