

Deep Eynde "Christfuck"

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He's not my god
He's a liar in disguise
And he's coming for you
With tears in his eyes
To rape your life
With bullshit lies

He's not my god
Sittting on his god dam cross
It's been a parade
To celebrate
His massacres
As his blood flag waves

Scream the murders
In my ears of massacres
Of native skin
And witch burning
He killed our gods
And our children

Aint life so grand
In your stolen land
Built on bones

Of murdered men
Drowned with blood
And white urine

CHORUS

There's no passion
There's no passion
There's no passion
There's no passion

In god you trust
To deliver you from evil deeds
And history
Of murdering
Our sacred land for your god damn scam

Fuck your streets of gold
Your preaching greed
Has grown old
With prejudice
And ignorance
Your streets of gold
Are streets of shit

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