

Sage Francis "Jesus In A Bowl Of Germs"

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Jesus In a Bowl of Germs

Pictures of fields without fences...
Shangri La...
and Jesus, Jesus in a bowl of germs

(don't get scared dad...)

after all god loves this whole of worms, but hates
common black sheep who refuse to follow the
shepherd. Who heard little lambs into slaughter?-
LISTEN - to the silence of the man's-LIFE-is a serial killer
far

too complex to expose any logical pattern, below
saturn and mars there are stars dominating the tunnel
vision of cast obstruction and jesus might have been a
biological weapon of mass destruction,/

specifically designed to wipe out millions with vanity
and pride, lab engineered and born, advanced
chemistry in a bowl of germs like hybrid corn, complete
with hidden agenda beneath the surface lurking and
smirking under a crown of thorns./

The crucifixion was a hoax, a cruel joke shop poison
rose bud, emanating smoke screen and only begotten
son soap suds,

ÃfÂçâ, ÑÃ... "Come and Wash Your Sins
Away!ÃfÂçâ, ÑÃ,Â□, said the spider to the flying rows
of holy roman hope bugs./

Let's see if we can give noah's old flood a run for it's
money with the first drop of cold blood from the cross
began a damned birth. the contamination spread
without aids hospital orderly's or cancer sticks, and
stone moving angels, but no bones for artifacts or
relics, just a vacant hole on easter sunday and a note
about his rising soul,/ sounds pretty fishy; stand atop
the mount and feed me loaves of bullshit our last meal
was a feast at a table headed by a lupine figure hiding
in fleece./

no one ever thought to check jesus for the sign of the
beast, no one ever lifted his hair and looked beneath, it
was there on his neck, no one cared, or was even

looking for proof./
what, you didn't expect joe and mare' to volunteer the
truth, and judas did not hang from his own noose,/
it was just made to look that way, Jesus Christ! he was a
planned device, schizophrenic double edge sword;
prophet and antichrist;/
good but ultimately evil, with multiple people within
shouting orders. leading the flock over the border and
through the woods into the land of honey milk and
slaughter,/
selling water for wine in between black out gorges on
swine, eventually leading up to crusaders with torches
in line, all the way to Jerusalem from north of the
Rhine,/
infected by motives that were all but divine, and the
same virus has still got the sons and daughters of time
on life support waiting for orders to die./
they struggle to stay afloat while their saviour keeps
walking on by, on top of the water kicking salt in their
eyes./
it's all in the mind state, they're all still alive but
planning their own wake, waiting for the wave of an
apocalypse that already came to break;
FUCK ARMEGEDDON, life is heaven and hell, the only
fate is what we make/ the only fate is what we make
fate is what we make, fate is what we make, we make
fate.

your essence was conceived and born to breathe in
pictures of fields without fences, it remains relatively
unconcerned with this non existent god forsaken whole
of worms; natural selection has you headed for
shangri-la, don't settle for jesus in a bowl of germs,
don't settle for allah, amon-ra, vishnu, or abraham in a
bowl of germs. don't settle for anything less than
universal respect for every living creature that has
breath in it's lungs and chest regardless of race, sex,
preference, or whatever the fuck it says in ancient text.

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