

Asylum Soul

"Religiavision"

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Nail myself way up high and I'm gonna die for you

The mother offers up the child to the preaching of
channel two

The empires rise and the babies cry, when is the lesson
to be learned

And all I hear is the commercials and now the crosses
are gonna burn

Now I ain't gonna be the cure to wash away your sins

Why so the children have to pay for the poor planning
that you did

No matter how loud you scream and cry you're gonna
be sentenced to suffer

You married your life and you married you wife and
now you're gonna have to

learn to love her

But can you love her?

I like to watch religious TV, what you get is not what you
see. Religiovision

Save me my dear goddamned Lord, won't you please
take me hand

Lead me to your sweet salvation in McDonald's land

I was born a wild beautiful baby but you tried to tell me
what to be

Can you love your children knowing you must set them
free

