

Black Angels, The

"True Believers"

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In the middle of the holding out
Nobody will be dropped out
Except fake gods whose faux pas
Are offsetting bets

Well, who knows, yeah who knows
Which birds will be left
To sing and sing and sing for me?
Well, who knows which birds
Will be left for me?

Hare came to me
In the month of August
Mary loves Sally the most
Maybe Buddha is the true
Son of God's kiss
Maybe, you'll never know

"Woo hoo," they sang
As they crossed the river
"Woo hoo," they said
As they prayed to Jesus
Woo hoo, the walls fell on Jericho

Well, who knows, yeah who knows
Which birds will be left
To sing and sing and sing for me?
Yeah, who knows which birds
Will be left for me? Well, no one knows

"Woo hoo," they yelled
When they came to Mecca
Beat them as they go
"Woo hoo," they said
As they read the Vedas
Leave them, let them go

Spinning Sufi's on their heads
Are hearing tones of wisdom
Devilish women warning
Men of their actions

Now bring them to you and me

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