The Anarchists Pogo Party "In God We Trust"

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Seeking the heirs to the rich Religion loosens the purse strings Her lies creep into your head You'll pay to be sanctified

She blames it all on a child Give her your demon spawn Lead them away in chains Treat them like slaves and whores

Locked in a cold dark room Beaten and left to starve All for a false confession What makes a baby a witch

Come like a thief in the night With all the Devil's deceptions The Reverend Helen Ukpabio So high on your fucking pedestal

You pray for deliverance your child is marked with a six All for saving your face experience God's grace You pay for hypocrisy salvation for you isn't free Burn your child at the stake where is the liberty

Take what you can from the world Selfishly gain from the poor Cheap hypnotic projections It's all a fucking disgrace

If I could expose your works Every yoke and bondage Your viscious network of lies Cut off your lizards head

This is for the lost this is for the oppression
This is for the affliction this is for the possession
This is for all the torment this is for all the ignorance
This is for all your children this is for all the innocent

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