

Cult, The

"Breathing Out"

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You have no potential as a human being
Intellectually you are green
There's a black beetle crawling in your brain
Spirituality, you have none
Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby
Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby, baby, yea
There's no potential
Intellectually, you're not god, no
There's broken glass running around in your skull
Spirituality, you have none

Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby
Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby, baby, yea
Heaven up high, to loosen your minds
They had their fun, it's their turn to run
You know how they lie, it's their turn to cry
They had it good, don't you think we should
Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby
Breathing out slowly
Breathing out baby, baby, yea

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