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Fred Jay ''False/Lost''

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Organized religion is false And anyone that follows it is lost (yeah, I said it) X2

Fuck Catholicism, I'll save you all from this prison Christianity only exists within insanity As I purch in a Saturday stance Eliminating the Church of Latter Day Saints Episcopalian, and I'm a distant alien And listen as I whisk you away again I'm determined to put an end to your sermon Permanently burning all the vermin These Institutes love to prostitute all of the destitutes And that's the truth A wafer doesn't make me feel safer Jerry Falwell is a scary tall tale Tell Reggie White I'm feeling edgy and uptight Legendarily, sacrilegiously I'll write All bibles should be liable And thus tie-able to the tribal Reading psalms is not like feeding throngs It's like kneeding tongs over bleeding palms I hope you don't take this strong I love you, but you're wrong

Organized religion is false And anyone that follows it is lost (yeah, I said it) X2

God, you know that I'm your passenger Eliminate the masquerading messengers All these apostles are not colossal Lost and hostile Pentecostals I'm not saying that your faith is an impostor You've been bossed into the wrong roster Matthew and Luke are just people's names Feeble veins versus old deep gains There's no way in the world that the bible is the manual for life Annually handing humanity the knife Watch'em be hung on the neck by a rope They're brainwashing the brand new pope

Organized religion is false And anyone that follows it is lost (yeah, I said it)

Our slaughter who parts the heavens Don't follow the insane Thy will get done by the Sungodsuns Take your worth to the so-called heaven

God, I'm waiting... tampering with greatness I am pampering your lateness Camper me from the hateness Completely damp and yet weightless Add another watercolor to the watercooler Add another mother daughter to the father sooner Watch the faithful balance A hundred different ways all at once in silence As I time travel, my mind is a blind gavel For your --?-- gravel This is an excercize in sacrilegious babble For your unconscious to unravel Religion was born to be material We have been torn from our imperial Destiny, brought to you in stereo Excommunication is a miracle

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