

Children Of God

Andrew Jackson Jihad

In came the being-born police
To take the newly undeceased
I was the softened gaze upon a child of God

And the sky was full of teeth
Anticipating that sweet release
I was the little engine that could
I was a courtroom bomb-sniffing dog

And the blood collector collected blood
And the cannibals all sang
Tra-lala-lala-lala-la-lang

They found a weird calling card
In a puddle of body parts
Inside a bowl of angel hearts
That the children were eating

I was a vampire hunter
I was a pregnant mother
I was the tears shed for the ones that die believing

And the blood collector collected blood
And the cannibals all sang
Tra-lala-lala-lala-la-lang

Thunderdome, broken home
Everybody dies alone
I wanna give a shout-out to the innocent bystanding

And out the corner of my eye
Coming out from the teeth-filled sky
With eyes as red as a dog's asshole when you see it shitting

I saw the Children of God
As they walked on slovenly by
The USB ports in their arms were bleeding

And the blood collector collected blood
And the cannibals all sang
I think I can (4x)
Tra-lala-lala-lala-la-lang