

Some promise heaven to you
Give you something you can die for
Trust in god and he'll be true
Seems he needs you for his war
There's no virgins in the palace of the lord
A child-killing god would not deserve to fuck a whore
They say their jihad is holy
But it makes sense to them only
So we pay for their faith every day with our lives

Gay Muslims for Christ
It's that absurd to me
It's like a twisted kind of christinsaniamity
They kill for Allah live to die by the sword
What a fucked up way to praise your goddamned lord

I could move the earth for you
Give you something you can die for
Trust Allah and he'll be true
Seems he needs you for his war

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It's all that you weave, when you achieve your blanket of life
And it's all what you retrieve with your completeness and your light
Now it's the same old story, different glory
Kingdoms come and go, you know
Time for absolution, old solution
Here's the power watch it grow and grow and grow

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