

# Call Upon Your Gods

Dark Lotus

I think it's funny how...the toughest criminals and thugs and whatever...  
when they're on their death bed...  
you know like the day before they fry in the electric chair...  
all of a sudden they want to get religious.  
I heard that 9 out of 10 inmates on death row are all ultra religious.  
That's because they know they're about to die.  
That they are about the meet whatever's after death.  
It's funny...nobody wants to turn to god till it's too late.  
Till it's time for you to fuckin' die

Baggin me  
Pain  
Suffering  
Bang Bang  
Chains  
Devices  
Torture things  
Is this hell?  
Might as well be  
It's what's next and shit  
I live life filthy  
We sexed every bitch in the gutter  
Then we rob or mudda  
Find a shutta  
And shoot fo or fo each otha  
I blame it all on the people around me  
It's because of them god never found me  
Right?? (wrong)

Before I hit the ground  
When I got three in the chest  
I should've guessed my time was over  
Should've worn the fucking vest  
But I wasn't thinking straight  
Caught up in the thug life  
Was the king on the streets  
Now I'm asking god to take my life  
To the pearly gates  
So I can rest peacefully  
But he wasn't helping me  
Why has he forsaken me?  
To eternity in hell  
Left to rot in the grave  
And if it wasn't for the Lotus  
I'd still be there today

Call upon your gods  
Beg for them to help you  
Call upon your gods  
Religion has left you  
Got a final hour  
Cross the final line  
Life will end  
But there is no end to time  
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Skin seperates from bone  
Seperates from bone  
One hot flash of metal  
Now your on this earth alone  
Laying face down in you're own blood  
With nowhere to turn  
Everything from your finger tips to toes burn  
Heat sets skin deep  
Open up your eyes  
The cold clutch of death's hand  
He could care less about your life  
As Hell's Chariots come to carry you away  
You finally realize  
It's to late to pray

Help me out  
I can't understand the way you think  
Or what you're talking about  
I see you sitting  
Perfect circles  
With disciples of Satan  
I got my shotgun cocked  
Newspapers and revelations  
Every bullet is a story  
They keep it glorified  
The media's the target  
And now they gots to die  
Son of Sam  
Sam of son  
Buck you with my shotgun  
Wicked work will be done  
Fuck it catch a hot one

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There ain't no end in time  
You hear me hethan bitch boy?  
Bite your devil tongue  
Before I stab you with this pitch fork  
All that shit you talk about  
"My God is ashamed"  
Crying in pain

Calling his name  
Your such a hypocrite  
Low down inconsiderate  
Piece of shit  
And you ain't worth an ounce of spit  
Blasphemous  
Dissing my lord  
And clocked out  
Where's the tough guy  
That told my God to go and fuck himself?

I called upon my god  
He told me which path to take  
I just hope it's not another mistake  
Confused by the things that I'm feeling  
Guns that I carry, hoes that I'm drilling  
Tell me is this just another fucked situation  
Calling on my God cause he's the cause of all creation  
Never was told things would be like this  
Always visioned that my life would be filled with happiness  
What

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