

Puppet Master

Thy Art Is Murder

We let the hell in our houses
Another man-made disaster
We'll tear the hearts from the pastors
Cut the strings, down with the puppet master

The end is near
Your god has disappeared
Like he always does when the shit gets thick

Your mind is filled with fear
The answers seem so clear
But you won't question the teachings
Of all this outdated preaching

Terror forever
You plea for peace on your knees
But you're barking up the wrong tree
Terror forever
We go from bad to worse
A false church is nothing more than a curse

We'll tear the hearts from the pastors
Cut the strings, down with the puppet master

We let the hell in our houses
Another man-made disaster
We'll tear the hearts from the pastors
Cut the strings, down with the puppet master

No I don't want your fucking handout
How can you judge me when you don't judge yourselves
Kid touchers, blasphemous motherfuckers
You can't police your own people, a bloodline of evil

Terror forever
You plea for peace on your knees
But you're barking up the wrong tree
Terror forever
We go from bad to worse
A false church is nothing more than a curse

Don't say a prayer for me
Don't fucking stare at me
I didn't ask for your help
No gods, no masters
Think for your fucking self

Think for your fucking self
Think for your fucking self

Don't say a prayer for me
Don't fucking stare at me
I didn't ask for your help
No gods, no masters
Think for your fucking self

We let the hell in our houses

Another man-made disaster
We'll tear the hearts from the pastors
Cut the strings, down with the puppet master

We let the hell in our houses
Another man-made disaster
We'll tear the hearts from the pastors
Cut the strings, down with the puppet master