

It's All About To End

360

Religion in society's what I'm getting inspired from
My head is saying write this song, but be prepared, it might be long
It'll take seconds to get the type of clock or kind of watch with a timer on
It doesn't matter; it's still a fucking timeless song
Is there life beyond? Or is science wrong?
Fuck what the Bible wants; I'm knowing what's right and wrong
I'm like the God's son went ahead and died for us
We just need to find a cross, the same type the Christ was on
And I'll get on; so only one life is lost
I will sacrifice the lot and only want a kind response
So don't worship me, go and get a hearse for me
Don't write a verse for me, just saying out the words I speak
Cause personally, I see they burnt Jesus to the third degree
I got the idea, you twist what I say and bring out the worst in me
Plus the hearse is the only time you'll dig up dirt on me
And that's the end so close the motherfucking curtains, please

It's all about to end; it's all about to end
We could start it up again
But it's all about to end, all about to end

Yeah, it's so repetitive; you need to stop the negatives
From entering our heads again, it enters in, just exit it
How long you gonna be consumed with this pathetic shit?
Heaven won't let 'em in 'cause of what their sexual preference is
I ain't perfect, I ain't saying I'm heaven sent
The first thing they need to change is that fucking judgmental shit
Hear what I'm saying and don't be taking offence to this
You obviously don't see the positivity in these messages
They've already had like two fucking testaments
They needed a third one now; I wonder what the new message is
We believe it's like a presence with no evidence
Looking at the sky with no real knowledge of where our heaven is
They're really more concerned with debt and where their credit lives
And benefits, you wanna be an angel? Go and get some wings
'Cause humans made up angels, they made up everything
We made up Christmas, different religions, we made up wedding rings
So don't censor it, try and make some sense of it
Jesus knows you's got cash, can you go and spend a bit
And pay big dollars for your God to go repent your sins
L. Ron Hubbard wants to buy some expensive shit
If Christ is asking you for money, that's offensive, shit
I didn't know they had any currency up where heaven is
And there's a devilish smile on my devil's lips
The exorcist, taking every kid and giving sense to them

Too many wars won, but something that needs gone
Simply together, speaking the lie, speak of a better time
Oh, there were too many lives lost, but something we needs gone
We're living the lie, always together now, sing together now

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I understand if they wanted to go all make believe
But God didn't write the Bible, it is make believe

They going to hell, they caught the gay disease
Take your ego out, cause everyone of them is the same as me
You need a change some things, change the way your brain perceives
How other people live their life, whatever person they're made to be
I'm seeing everything that Satan's seen
And that still doesn't come close to when he faces me
It's getting cold so rapidly oh my brain will freeze
Put your hands together, I don't mean clap, pray for me
I see these motherfuckers chasing me, chasing me
I'll be waiting at the end patiently, patiently
Dig deep to the soul to know a human's worth
God is really a metaphor for the universe
Why hate homosexuals? What? They're too absurd?
Why abuse someone's choices when they weren't there to choose them first?
This is too superb, which life do you prefer?
Lucifer? Why's the sky the limit when the moon was first?
When your times up, will you still believe in your faith?
Believe what you want, he works in mysterious ways

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