

We are beggars
We are so fucking weak
And once upon a time we had the world at our feet
Well, we're all dying to meet our maker
But all our Gods have abandoned us

All our Gods have abandoned us

This is the great esoteric depression
We sold our souls but couldn't buy salvation
We are all the shades of misery
The reigning champions of tragedy
They use their faith as a weapon
They count our sins by the seven
Blackwater at the gates of heaven

All hail the corporatocracy
The word of God written in binary
All hail our apostasy
The dying notes in an unholy symphony

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I found God clutching a razor blade
He said "Look at the fucking mess they've made
They'd trade their hearts if they were made of gold."

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I found God clutching a razor blade
He said "Look at the fucking mess they've made
They'd trade their hearts if they were made of gold
But they're as worthless as the souls they sold."