

You give me a lifetime so I can be saved  
I'd rather have some space to breathe  
You hand me a whistle to draw attention  
I'd rather have some ointment for my scars

They'll let me burn on the stake  
Pay for the mistakes I made  
But I ride a bike, and not a broom  
I don't cry at the moon  
Still I'll be damned

They repeat the pattern again and again  
Raise your voice and you're forgotten  
Will the world grow ripe enough  
To outsmart all that is rotten

I don't ridicule what's Holy and good  
I don't put frogs in my soups  
I want to be my own judge  
And if that's not enough  
Then I'll be damned

Don't want to feel as if I'm down in a burrow  
I'll live my life as if there's no tomorrow  
Don't pull the leash which you tied around my neck  
I'll still be the captain even if I clean the deck

Give me a lecture so I can learn  
Give me a book to read  
But don't hand me a knife to draw attention  
To what can't be said with words

My fellow-sinners are all around  
They won't destroy your holy ground  
I don't like to eat ripped-out hearts  
And I don't have warts  
Still I'll be damned