

Centipede

Josh Garrels

Oh great mammon of form and function
Careless consumerist consumption
Dangerous dysfunction
Described as expensive taste
I'm a people disgraced
By what I claim I need
And what I want to waste
I take no account for nothing
If it's not mine
It's a misappropriation of funds
Protect my ninety percent with my guns
Whose side am I on?
Well who's winning?
My kingdom's built with the blood of slaves
Orphans, widows, and homeless graves
I sold their souls just to build my private mansion
Some people say that my time is coming
Kingdom come is the justice running
Down, down, down on me
I'm a poor child, I'm a lost son
I refuse to give my love to anyone,
Fight for the truth,
Or help the weaker ones
Because I love my Babylon
I am a slave, I was never free
I betrayed you for blood money
Oh I bought the world, all is vanity
Oh my Lord I'm your enemy
Come to me, and find your life

Children sing, Zion's in sight

I said don't trade your name for a serial number

Priceless lives were born from under graves

Where I found you

Say, my name ain't yours and yours is not mine

Mine is the Lord, and yours is my child

That's how it's always been

Time to make a change

Leave your home

Give to the poor all that you own

Lose your life, so that you could find it

First will be last when the true world comes

Livin' like a humble fool to overcome

The upside-down wisdom

Of a dying world

Zion's not built with hands

And in this place God will dwell with man

Sick be healed and cripples stand

Sing Allelu

My kingdom's built with the blood of my son

Selfless sacrifice for everyone

Faith, hope, love, and harmony

I said let this world know me by your love

By your love

Oh my child, daughters and sons

I made you in love to overcome

Free as a bird, my flowers in the sun

On your way to Mount Zion

All you slaves, be set free

Come on out child and come on home to me