

# No Gods, No War

Lord Of The Lost

There's precious little time  
Before the death knell chimes

We need to escape to  
A planet that's safer  
A place where there's  
Still goodwill  
I fear the preacher  
More than the reaper  
With prophecies fulfilled  
If my words offend thee  
Hell, just forgive me  
Before any blood gets spilt  
Don't trust the teacher  
Whose lessons beseech you  
To suffer from hatred and guilt

Wherever you come from  
Wherever you go to  
No war is holy  
Whatever they tell you  
So join me for lift off  
4321 Go!

The winds never change  
Where the weapons are aimed  
No Gods, no war!  
The killed and the maimed  
Can be 'sinners' or 'saints'  
The end is the same  
No Gods, no war!

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Is there sanctuary  
Deep in this galaxy  
Where life is an  
Act of will  
I fear the preacher  
More than the reaper  
It's sectarian overkill

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