Take your religious chains you don't own my soul you've tried to soak our brains to waste with holy water in a silver bowl beware of your godhood for soon they shall rebel you've stabbed us with your sacred cross and blessed us with this living hell lord, god, father and son your pious solve their problems with their guns lord, god, father and son why must I hang upon a cross for the sins I've never done beware of your godhood for soon they will rebel we'll break your chains I'll not burn in your living hell.