

Christ Copyright

Nothing More

Don't form thoughts, trust politicians
Forfeit soul, pursue religion
Lose free will to gain protection
Sink the ship with good intention

See our minds become conditioned
As we swear by these traditions
Lose our hearts and breed division
Oh my God, why can't we wake up?

They're selling heaven tonight
Sign the dotted line
They got your Christ on copyright

To think you know who goes to heaven
Is just one big misconception
Like God hates fags and communism
Create fear to feed the system

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We are not machines

If they scream loud
They might muscle the crowd
But we won't bow down
No, we won't bow down

They're selling heaven tonight
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