

God lives in the cathedral,
Or so the Archbishop states...
All fealty to the Church,
All power to the state!

Gold keys to the cathedral,
They go with the bishop's cowl;
He lives a spiritual life of material wealth.
Are things so very different now?

Oh yeah,
Oh now:
Save your prayers for the future.
Say your prayers for the future.

Oh, God's gone from the cathedral,
A different power now holds sway,
We can pack them up in the history books
But the Middle Ages won't go away.

The answer to our prayers is a Valium by the bedside,
Now we follow the pundits on TV,
Now we put our faith in Science and Progress
And only have sex on our knees.

And those who are strange are still locked in asylums
And a sterile Pope proscribes the Pill
And those who are rich are still getting richer
And those who are poor still foot the bill.

And God lives in underground silos,
Hanging on for Judgement Day;
If we don't open our eyes pretty soon
Then the Dark Ages'll be here to stay.