

March of the Atheists

Piano Magic

Well I can accept that you have your faith
So you must accept that I have none
You chase your god into your grave
I'll die alone when my days are done
And all these fabulous beasts that you strike down
And all this beautiful land that you claim to command
And all these wars in the name of a book
There's god in your heart but there's blood on your hands

So where are your fires of Hell?
So where now your golden gates?
I see no angels, no heaven on high
I hear no marching of your saints
(Go placidly amidst the noise and haste)

Well, I know your churches are a sight to behold
I know your stories as good as any man
I know we all have our crosses to bear
But I'll waste none of my time in desperate prayer
I've rung the bells of the Mont-St-Michel
But me and the saviour were never that close
I've called into the night with no hope of reply
But I've seen the holes in the Holy Ghost

So where now, your peace to all men?
So where now, your undeniable proof?
Where is it written, in paper or stone:
An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth?