

Holy Hardcore

Screeching Weasel

Holy hardcore, Jesus Christ
Knocking our religious life
Live by Crass, die by the sword
We're punk rock servants of the Lord
You say that all you want is peace
The Bible preaches anarchy
You say that God does not exist
You stupid punker, look at the mess you're in

It's holy hardcore

Moshing to the hardcore hymns
The altar boys are in the pit
The deacon's skanking in the pews
I got a Bible and I don't need you
Our hair is spiked, we're on our knees
Combat boots are our feet
Open the Bible, turn the page
The Reverend Spike is diving off the stage

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In