

your god

you say that i don't know how to pray how to praise god
but deep inside you know that your faith is lost (too)
the air that you breathe those things that you see are average not more
your strongest believe, your walls against grief are only empty forms

your god is dead yes gone and dead
your god is dead your spirit's gone
your god is dead just gone and dead
your god is dead settler without home

it's hard to face this as the truth it has to be a lie
cause church has been a home for you for your whole life
you claim that you visit every mess giving money every week
but all these customs mean less when there's no true belief

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you say that i'm just a kid without understanding
that i'm talking shit about things i don't know
it's time to look at yourself without pink glasses
you're lying to yerself praying like the masses
your brain is full of junk, you try to trick yourself
helpless like a drunk you try to bite yourself
now you've arrived at dead end here is no more straight way
can't stop to search for guidance as rules start to decay

your card house is breaking down thy holiness loses it's crown
you're trying to escape from this but you'll flow down this mind-abyss

your god is dead yes gone and dead
to you your god is dead.