

Po' Girl, To The Angry Evangelist

Don't sing to me of saviours and sorrows
Don't sing to me of saviours and sin
Please, don't say there's a crown waiting just for me
Waiting and shining up there in heaven

Don't sing to me of turning my cheek
Don't sing to me of the virtues of meek
I'm sick of someday soon things will be better
That creed kept slaves, slaves of my ancestors
Faith it has beauty but not when it blinds us
Blinds us and folds us to crimes of excess
Never to lead and always to follow
Follow sad mad men to shame worse than death

Don't sing to me of joy on the other side
Don't sing to me of waiting to die
I want joy in this life, my joy loves company
Don't sing to me that war is our destiny
This is my gospel I hope you'll share it
Stand for each other don't let greed be our measure
Put down your gun and put down your bible
Hold out your hand, we'll build a new temple

Don't sing to me of saviours and sorrows
Don't sing to me of saviours and sin
Don't sing to me of damnation and bloodspill
'Cause I don't believe it, I never will
I don't believe it, I never will