

Urge Overkill, My New Church

Without names without homes
A crowd of people walks alone
My new church the walls are bare
I'm alone too, but I live there
And I need no comfort there
I need not come up for air
Take my name but leave my chair
Why ask me why when I warned you where
In my church, there are many things to do (x4)
Harum Scarum, chicken shack
Bible bunk bed lyin' on its back
You think in words and all your thoughts are said
But your mouth is not your head
Some are blindfolded and led
Some are maimed by time wasted
Take my rap but leave my bed
My congregation believes you dead