

# 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