Utopia, God & Me

If the devil was a man
Then he'd probably try to stand between
God and me
He would claim to have translation
For the least communication between
God and me
He would scare my friends and neighbors
Into thinking he was saviour but he
Won't save me
He would use his imposition
To restore the inquisition then he'd
Come for me
I never worry about him
He'll never get between
God and me
He would crush me in his vise

Singing hail to jesus christ but he
Won't crush me
With one hand he says brother
There's an h-bomb in the other but he
Can't fool me
He imposes awful taste
On the remnants of the race
But he just missed me
Then he mobilizes minions
To burn out diverse opinions
But he can't burn me

It's nobody's business what goes on
Inside my head
Because it's my head