

Religion in society's what I'm getting inspired from  
My head is saying write this song, but be prepared, it might be long  
It'll take seconds to get the type of clock or kind of watch with a timer on  
It doesn't matter; it's still a fucking timeless song  
Is there life beyond? Or is science wrong?  
Fuck what the Bible wants; I'm knowing what's right and wrong  
I'm like the God's son went ahead and died for us  
We just need to find a cross, the same type the Christ was on  
And I'll get on; so only one life is lost  
I will sacrifice the lot and only want a kind response  
So don't worship me, go and get a hearse for me  
Don't write a verse for me, just saying out the words I speak  
Cause personally, I see they burnt Jesus to the third degree  
I got the idea, you twist what I say and bring out the worst in me  
Plus the hearse is the only time you'll dig up dirt on me  
And that's the end so close the motherfucking curtains, please

It's all about to end; it's all about to end  
We could start it up again  
But it's all about to end, all about to end

Yeah, it's so repetitive; you need to stop the negatives  
From entering our heads again, it enters in, just exit it  
How long you gonna be consumed with this pathetic shit?  
Heaven won't let 'em in 'cause of what their sexual preference is  
I ain't perfect, I ain't saying I'm heaven sent  
The first thing they need to change is that fucking judgmental shit  
Hear what I'm saying and don't be taking offence to this  
You obviously don't see the positivity in these messages  
They've already had like two fucking testaments  
They needed a third one now; I wonder what the new message is  
We believe it's like a presence with no evidence  
Looking at the sky with no real knowledge of where our heaven is  
They're really more concerned with debt and where their credit lives  
And benefits, you wanna be an angel? Go and get some wings  
'Cause humans made up angels, they made up everything  
We made up Christmas, different religions, we made up wedding rings  
So don't censor it, try and make some sense of it  
Jesus knows you's got cash, can you go and spend a bit  
And pay big dollars for your God to go repent your sins  
L. Ron Hubbard wants to buy some expensive shit  
If Christ is asking you for money, that's offensive, shit  
I didn't know they had any currency up where heaven is  
And there's a devilish smile on my devil's lips  
The exorcist, taking every kid and giving sense to them

Too many wars won, but something that needs gone  
Simply together, speaking the lie, speak of a better time  
Oh, there were too many lives lost, but something we needs gone  
We're living the lie, always together now, sing together now

It's all about to end; it's all about to end  
We could start it up again  
But it's all about to end, all about to end

I understand if they wanted to go all make believe  
But God didn't write the Bible, it is make believe

They going to hell, they caught the gay disease  
Take your ego out, cause everyone of them is the same as me  
You need a change some things, change the way your brain perceives  
How other people live their life, whatever person they're made to be  
I'm seeing everything that Satan's seen  
And that still doesn't come close to when he faces me  
It's getting cold so rapidly oh my brain will freeze  
Put your hands together, I don't mean clap, pray for me  
I see these motherfuckers chasing me, chasing me  
I'll be waiting at the end patiently, patiently  
Dig deep to the soul to know a human's worth  
God is really a metaphor for the universe  
Why hate homosexuals? What? They're too absurd?  
Why abuse someone's choices when they weren't there to choose them first?  
This is too superb, which life do you prefer?  
Lucifer? Why's the sky the limit when the moon was first?  
When your times up, will you still believe in your faith?  
Believe what you want, he works in mysterious ways

Too many wars won, but something that needs gone  
Simply together, speaking the lie, speak of a better time  
Oh, there were too many lives lost, but something we needs gone  
We're living the lie, always together now, sing together now

It's all about to end; it's all about to end  
We could start it up again  
But it's all about to end, all about to end