

Razorblades

American Steel

You know Jesus the magician
Statistician
God bless your superstition
Walked on water
Turned it into wine
Hated faggots
Complained about them all the time
The world is lousy with religion
Of course yours is the true one
Your faith can't make our decisions
Aren't they our decisions
Anyways?

They're only words
They can't draw blood
Is that a dose of Jesus' love
Left 'em bleeding
You were screaming
Razorblades
Razorblades
Your words are so sharp with hate
Left 'em bleeding
You were screaming
Razorblades

Who'd believe us
Without statisticians
Mounting death tolls
God bless your superstition
It there's no atheists
In the trenches

I think that maybe they came to their senses
The world is lousy with religion
Of course yours is a peaceful one
Your faith can't make our decisions
Aren't they our decisions
Anyways?

They're only words
They can't draw blood
Is that a dose of Jesus' love
Left 'em bleeding
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Your words are so sharp with hate
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