I hope contempt for God as well
And his faux religion
We undersell
If I've reason to believe
To soul lies to itself
I'll show them mercy
But will I lie to myself?

And again you'll find A miracle in inches I know you will

I hold contempt for her majesty
She answers only to charity
Ready my head for disbelief
But superstitions help
I show them mercy but do I lie to myself?
I'll hold contempt for God as well
(Until he delivers by hand)

And again you'll find A miracle in inches I know you will