

God Is for the Dead

III Niño

We're damned.

I live so addicted just to you.
Underneath my damaged skin, it's true.

I don't want to hear the same opinion.
I don't want to heal the same condition.
I don't want to be like you, like you.
Cause I just want to be like me, like me.

God is only for the dead.
God is only in my head.
Is there anyone who cares to answer our prayers?
God is only for the damned.
God is only in my head.
Is there anyone who cares to answer our prayers?

My skins are encrypted, just like you.
But, underneath we're flesh and bone, it's true.

I don't want to hear the same opinion.
I don't want to heal the same condition.
I don't want to be like you, like you.
Cause I just want to be like me, like me.

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God is only in my head.
Is there anyone who cares to answer our prayers?
God is only for the damned.
God is only in my head.
Is there anyone who cares to answer our prayers?

Burning red right now, memories burning red.
Burning red, burns red.
Life is flashing red, burning red right now.

They say that God is for the dead.
But I won't let up to rest my head.
They say this world is for the damned.
Then let it go because we are them.
They say God is for the youth.
And they say that guns could cure the truth.
If God is only for the damned.
I'd never want to live again.