

God-slave America

Nasum

In the land of the free, home of the brave, something is sick
A nation deceived, a nation of slaves, who all got so tricked
Learning to live, the life of the pure, from large roadside signs
Always something to give, for the magic cures, but it's fucking
up your
minds

God-slave America so fall down on your knees and pray for a better life
God-slave America, you'll never be free - it's an everlasting strife

Always a price, for fast soul-
redemption, to relieve you from the pain
But even your Christ, fell into temptation, so there's nothing
left to gain...

Only power, false hope and corruption - Your God's a fake
Pointless, obsessive devotion - Your God's a fake

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