

# Body Of Christ

Slaine

You go to church (you go to church)  
You listen to the priest and shit (our father)  
Whatta they call it, the sermon? (Forgive me for my sins)  
Here's my sermon (yeah)

Yo my mental capacity's like an infinite universe  
Where worlds collide, and each thought's a star soon to burst  
My temperament, a lust for temptation's a human curse  
I'm losin my religion through ghosts of a ruined church  
I pursue and search for a higher power to guard me  
Fightin with every violent instinct that's inside me  
Before I was ever born in this war-torn society  
Grown inside a womb that was filled with anxiety  
I grew up, drinkin bottles of booze 'til I threw up  
Smokin bags of fuel before school I was a screw up  
Priests tried to reach me and teach me, I wasn't listenin  
Like a wild horse they never can break and who doesn't discipline  
Mother bitchin and cryin, she's tryin to answer  
Her own demons, my grandmother's dyin of cancer  
She lights another cigarette, she's gonna be dead soon  
She never weeps and sleeps with a cross in her bedroom

When I go to sleep my moms told me  
If I prayed to God that he'd hold me (down)  
When death and sinnin is a part of your life  
Say a prayer for the Body of Christ, to the Body of Christ

Yo I've wanted to believe in good, even the reason I could  
But they nailed Jesus up to two pieces of wood  
And it's hard to find peace, keep belief that I should  
In this dirty game where everybody's feet's in the mud  
I've seen people drownin in pain in the streets of the hood  
I've seen a young man who's now layin deceased where he stood  
I've seen a government that's evil, bezerk people in fear  
And every few blocks it's still a church steeple that's near  
In this cold world of crack cocaine in cookin pots  
Crime trickles down, corrupt politicians to crooked cops  
To know what time it is you just gotta look and watch  
So I loaded up a gun and took a shot  
The American Dream, fueled by money, guns, hookers, and drugs  
Where our legends are thieves and criminals who took it in blood  
In God We Trust, so close your eyes when you look at the sun  
Say a prayer for forgiveness, look at what you've become

We live inside a holy war and it's survival of the strong  
Tribalism rivals scripture of the Bible and Qu'ran  
Palestinians and Israelis - spill blood over holy land  
And God when no one knows who he is really  
We launch missiles, killin maimin civilians  
Try to poison our water and fly planes into buildings  
Got me feelin like religion's full of miserable feelings  
While the Catholic priests is diddlin children  
This is where I confess - I ponder the thought of a world that's Godless  
'Til I saw my baby boy come out my girl, I'm hard-pressed  
To ever think that again, look at this thing  
Called life that we're livin and we'll never understand  
I suffered tragedies and pain, I hurt people for personal gain

A stone thrower and a person to hang  
Now I'm no longer a boy but I'm searchin a-gain  
I guess that it's a personal thing, Jesus Christ~!  
Dear God