

True Believers

The Black Angels

In the middle of the holding out,
Nobody will be dropped out
Except fake gods whose faux pas
Are offsetting bets
Well who knows yeah who knows
Which birds will be left,
To sing and sing and sing for me?
Well who knows which birds
Will be left for me?

Hare came to me
In the month of August
Mary loves Sally the most
Maybe Buddha is the true
Son of God's kiss
Maybe you'll never know

"Woohoo," they sang
As they crossed the river
"Woohoo," they said
As they prayed to Jesus
Woohoo, the walls fell on Jericho

Well who knows,
Yeah who knows
Which birds will be left,
To sing and sing
And sing for me?
Yeah who knows which birds
Will be left for me?
Well no one knows

"Woohoo," they yelled
When they came to Mecca
Beat them as they go
"Woohoo," they said
As they read the Vedas
Leave them, let them go

Spinning Sufis on their heads
Are hearing tones of wisdom
Devilish women warning
Men of their actions,
Now bring them
To you and me