

# Exodus [Thrash Metal], Shroud of Urine

Christ on a cross  
Such a symbol of loss  
Since what seems like the dawn of time  
It's just an engine of grief  
Yeah, a bloody belief  
One that has no reason or rhyme  
You're cruci-fucked  
And you're out of luck  
If you put your faith in the flock  
Your only sin  
Is when you piss in the wind  
They've never had any key to the lock  
I believe in nothing  
Least of all in the word of shit  
So hide in your shroud of urine  
Because I can't take the smell of it  
God isn't great  
Just an icon of hate  
Intolerance and despise  
Believe in me  
And I will set you free  
I never heard a bigger pack of lies  
It's ludicrous  
That anyone of us  
Would want to be lead by the blind  
It's all in vain  
It'll be your bane  
If you're looking for the divine  
I believe in nothing  
Least of all in the word of shit  
So hide in your shroud of urine  
Because I can't take the smell of it  
Forgive and forget  
such an empty threat  
Religion at the end of the blade  
The insanity  
Of Christianity  
Is just a fucking masquerade  
You're cruci-fucked  
And you're out of luck  
If you put your faith in the flock  
Your only sin  
Is when you piss in the wind  
They've never had any key to the lock  
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