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Judges

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Bang went the gun
that shot Lawrence King dead
A murderer made
Out of what he had read

The pews weren't silent
Nor grieving in prayer
The congregations of Christ
Just can't seem to care

That their message caused someone
To take someone's life
That millions more out there
Know nothing but strife

But you think it's a blessing,
A cleansing of blight,
Protecting yourself
Instead of doing what's right

You leaders right now
Only care for your purse,
Building your empires
On Rodemeyer's hearse

You preach what you want
About our loving Shepherd,
But couldn't give that love
To the late Matthew Shepard

Yet you want to control,
Every thought, every letter,
Tell folks what to do,
'Cause you think you know better,

Swing the vote to your party,
Take away all our rights,
No more speech, no discussion,
No concern for our plights,

Tell us who we ought to love,
And tell us who we can't,
Tell us who we ought to hate
With every rave and rant,

Proclaim a Christian nation,
And revive the old Crusades,
String up dissenting voices,
Put their corpses on parade,

Go to war with every nation,
Make them convert by the sword,
Justify each brutal murder
In the name of God our Lord,

Fill your coffers with the coffins
Of the boys that come back dead,
Line your pockets with the rockets
That bring children so much dread,

Let those children grow up hungry,
Make them fearful, deaf, and blind
So they'll go to Daddy's funeral
With your slogan on their sign,

Let them pass that hatred on
To their classmates and their friends,
Make sure they're quick to judge
The ones who can't defend

Themselves, they're all easy prey,
'Cause it's better to bully
Than teach how to pray,
And God forbid that they're gay--

Wrap the rope 'round their necks,
Teach them how to tie it tight
On the noose, not the bride,
God forbid they tie that knot,

Teach them how to fire a shot,
Teach them how to take those pills
Teach them how to slit their wrists
Teach them they're not on the list--

Of the Lamb's Book of Life.
Teach them that it's all a lie
Why Jesus was crucified,
That they won't be good enough,

No matter how hard they may try,
Tell them they're not really loved,
Tell them they deserve to die,
It plumps your wallets real nice.

Funny you can do all that,
And still think you have a right,
To take some other woman home
With you to spend the night;

And take the money from the poor
To pay your million-dollar whore
To get that new Mercedes-Bens,
Looking swag with your girlfriend

Riding in it at your side.
You say they'll be rich like you.
You promise God will make them prosper,
With each thirty-five dollar tribute.

And you think in the end
That you'll have it your way,
You've got it all planned,
You know just what to say

To make millions of people
Bow down on their knees,
Teach them 'bout
Your infallibility,

You want all the nations and riches as yours--
And when you have that you'll be wishing for more,
You make your profits off prophecies,
You crown yourself king,

You'll claim to be ruler over all living things,
You'll judge the unworthy,
Purge them from the earth,
Put your mark on every child from birth,

And think you own all there is in the world;
But even though all the world might applaud
The joke is on you,
'Cause you still don't have God.

Jesus taught us to love,
Not condemn in His name --
And you'll answer to Him,
If all you worship is Fame.

Like Joan of Arc said,
"I'm not going to hell --
If you think you're my judge,
then you'd best judge me well."