

Call Upon Your Gods

Dark Lotus

I think it's funny how...the toughest criminals and thugs and whatever...
when they're on their death bed...
you know like the day before they fry in the electric chair...
all of a sudden they want to get religious.
I heard that 9 out of 10 inmates on death row are all ultra religious.
That's because they know they're about to die.
That they are about the meet whatever's after death.
It's funny...nobody wants to turn to god till it's too late.
Till it's time for you to fuckin' die

Baggin me
Pain
Suffering
Bang Bang
Chains
Devices
Torture things
Is this hell?
Might as well be
It's what's next and shit
I live life filthy
We sexed every bitch in the gutter
Then we rob or mudda
Find a shutta
And shoot fo or fo each otha
I blame it all on the people around me
It's because of them god never found me
Right?? (wrong)

Before I hit the ground
When I got three in the chest
I should've guessed my time was over
Should've worn the fucking vest
But I wasn't thinking straight
Caught up in the thug life
Was the king on the streets
Now I'm asking god to take my life
To the pearly gates
So I can rest peacefully
But he wasn't helping me
Why has he forsaken me?
To eternity in hell
Left to rot in the grave
And if it wasn't for the Lotus
I'd still be there today

Call upon your gods
Beg for them to help you
Call upon your gods
Religion has left you
Got a final hour
Cross the final line
Life will end
But there is no end to time
Call upon your gods
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Call upon your gods

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Skin seperates from bone
Seperates from bone
One hot flash of metal
Now your on this earth alone
Laying face down in you're own blood
With nowhere to turn
Everything from your finger tips to toes burn
Heat sets skin deep
Open up your eyes
The cold clutch of death's hand
He could care less about your life
As Hell's Chariots come to carry you away
You finally realize
It's to late to pray

Help me out
I can't understand the way you think
Or what you're talking about
I see you sitting
Perfect circles
With disciples of Satan
I got my shotgun cocked
Newspapers and revelations
Every bullet is a story
They keep it glorified
The media's the target
And now they gots to die
Son of Sam
Sam of son
Buck you with my shotgun
Wicked work will be done
Fuck it catch a hot one

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There ain't no end in time
You hear me hethan bitch boy?
Bite your devil tongue
Before I stab you with this pitch fork
All that shit you talk about
"My God is ashamed"
Crying in pain

Calling his name
Your such a hypocrite
Low down inconsiderate
Piece of shit
And you ain't worth an ounce of spit
Blasphemous
Dissing my lord
And clocked out
Where's the tough guy
That told my God to go and fuck himself?

I called upon my god
He told me which path to take
I just hope it's not another mistake
Confused by the things that I'm feeling
Guns that I carry, hoes that I'm drilling
Tell me is this just another fucked situation
Calling on my God cause he's the cause of all creation
Never was told things would be like this
Always visioned that my life would be filled with happiness
What

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