

A Primer of Holy Words

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A Prayer to God - *originally by Shellac*

To the one true god above, here is my prayer. Not the first you've heard, but the first I ever wrote. [Not the first but the others were a long time ago.] There are two people here, and I want you to kill them. Her, she can go quietly by

disease or a blow to the base of her neck wear her necklaces close, where her garments come together, where I used to lay my face. That's where you ought to kill her, in that particular place. Him, just fucking kill him. I don't care if it hurts. Yes, I do. I want it to. Fucking kill him, but first make him cry like a women [no particular women]. Make hold out, hope that someone or other might. Then fucking kill him, fucking kill him kill him already, kill him. Fucking kill him, fucking kill him, kill him already, kill him. Fucking kill him, fucking kill him, kill him already, kill him. Just fucking kill him! Fucking kill him, fucking kill him already, kill him. Ah Fucking kill him, fucking kill him, kill him already, kill him. Kill him already, kill him already. Kill him, fucking kill him. Just fucking kill him, fuckin kill him, kill him already, kill him. Fuckin kill him, kill him, fucking kill him already, kill him. Kill him, fucking kill him, kill him, just fucking kill him. Kill them already, kill them already, kill him. Amen.

Spin the Black Circle - originally by Pearl Jam

See this needle. See my hand drop, drop, dropping it down, oh, so gently. Well here it comes. I touch the plane. Turn me up. Won't turn you away. Spin, spin. Spin the black circle. Pull it out a paper sleeve. Oh, my joy! Only you deserve conceit. I'm so big, a-my whole world. I'd rather you, rather you than her. Spin, spin. Spin the black circle. You're so warm. Oh, the ritual when I lay down your crooked arm. Spin, spin. Spin the black circle.

No Excuses - originally by Alice in Chains

It's alright. There comes a time. Got no patience to search for peace for mind. Laying low, want to take it slow. No more hiding or disguising truths I've sold. Everyday something hits me all so cold. You find me sitting by myself, no excuses then I know. It's ok. Had a bad day. Hands are bruised from breaking rocks all day. Drained and blue, I bleed for you. You think it's funny, well, you're drowning in it too. Everyday something hits me all so cold. You find me sitting by myself, no excuses then I know. Yeah, it's fine. I'll walk down the line. Leave our rain, a cold trade for warm sunshine. You my friend, I will defend. And if we change, well, I'll love you anyway. Everyday something hits me all so cold. You find me sitting by myself, no excuses then I know.

Fourth of July - originally by Soundgarden

Shower in the dark day. Clean sparks driving down. Cool in the waterway where the baptized drowned. Naked in the cold sun, breathing life like fire. Thought I was the only one, but that was just a lie. Cause I heard it in the wind, and I saw it in the sky, and I thought it was the end. I thought it was the Fourth of July. Pale in the flare light, the scared light cracks and disappears and leads the scorched ones here. And everywhere, no one cares. The fire is spreading. No one wants to speak about it. Down in the hole, Jesus tries to crack a smile. Now I'm in control. Now I'm in the fallout. Once asleep, but now I stand. And I still remember your sweet everything. Light a Roman candle, and hold it in your hands.

Maps — originally by The Yeah Yeah Yeahs

Pack up. I'm straight enough. Oh say, say, say. Wait, they don't love you like I love you. Wait, they don't love you like I love you. Maps. Wait, they don't love you like I love you. Made off. Don't stray. Well, my kind's your kind. I'll stay the same. Pack up. Don't stray. Oh say, say, say. Oh say, say, say. Wait, they don't love you like I love you.

Well Fed Fuck - originally by Born Against

Are you a good team player? Remember the boss is your best friend. Kill your head.

Screaming at a Wall - originally by Minor Threat

I'm gonna knock it down any way that I can. I'm gonna scream. I'm gonna yell. But I don't want to have to use my hands. It's like screaming at a wall. Someday it's gonna fall. You've built this wall up around you. And now you can't see out. And you can't hear my words no matter how hard I shout. It's like screaming at a wall. Someday it's gonna fall. You're safe inside, and you know it because I can't get to you. And you know I resent it. And my anger grows. You better reinforce those walls until you don't have room to stand. Because someday those walls are gonna fall. Someday I'm gonna use my hands.

Anarchy's Stupid — *originally by Ginger Quail*

Your values, your politics are stolen from shitty bands. You echo every word; don't try to understand. You think you have it figured out? Bullshit. You don't know what the fuck you're talking about. Hey, mister punk rock putting patches on your clothes, just preaching bullshit and confusion at your shows. Listen to your anthem full of lies: you're full of shit. Step back, and use your mind, you have to realize...

Tremor Christ — *originally by Pearl Jam*

Winded is the sailor, drifting by the storm. Wounded is the organ he left all bloodied on the shore. Gorgeous was his savior; sees her drowning in his wake. A daily taste the salt of her tears, but a chance blamed fate. Little secrets, tremors, turned to quake. The smallest oceans still get big big waves. Ransom paid the devil. He whispers pleasing words. Triumphant are the angels if they can get there first. I'll decide. Take the dive. Take my time. Not my life. Wait for signs. Believe in lies to get by. It's divine. Oh, you know what it's like. Turns the bow back, tows, and drops the line. Puts his faith and love in tremor christ.

Paroled in '54 - *originally by Agents of Oblivion*

Summer blood for fighting dogs. Mardi Gras nineteen fifty-four. Oh no, he never liked Lincoln at all, my child. I always thought the sun was just some hole in the sky till now. As we float this corpse ashore. Paroled in '54. The four whores of the apocalypse laugh. Houses burning full of yellowed photographs. Of our children in fear disappearing from the ledge. Is god just an echo I hear in my head? As we float this corpse ashore. Paroled in '54. Summer blood for fighting dogs. I been everywhere on the same side of some road with you. The way that I remember being born was like waking from a dream. I bet your mother never ever heard you sing that song for me. Somewhere we can't see from here.

Don't Let It Bring You Down - *originally by Neil Young*

Old man lying by the side of the road with the lorries rolling by. Blue moon's sinking from the weight of the load, and the buildings scrape the sky. Cold wind nipping and the valley of dawn, and the morning paper flies. Dead man lying by the side of the road with the daylight in his eyes. Don't let it bring you down, it's only castles burning. Find someone who's turning, and you will come around. Blind man running through the light of the night with an insight in his hands. Come on down to the river of sight, and you can really understand. Red lights flashing through the window of your room. Can you hear the sirens moan? White kid lying in the gutter in the lane, and you're walking home alone. Don't let it bring you down, it's only castles burning. Find someone who's turning, and you will come around.

Sweet Leaf - *originally by Black Sabbath*

Alright now. Won't you listen? When I first met you, didn't realize. I can't forget you, for your surprise. You introduced me, to my mind, and left me wanting, you and your kind. I love you. Oh you know it. My life was empty, forever down. Until you took me, showed me around. My life is free now. My life is clear. I love you, sweet leaf, though you can't hear. Come on now, try it out. Straight people don't know, what you're about. They put you down and shut you out. You gave to me a new belief. And soon the world will love you, sweet leaf.

Into the Void - *originally by Black Sabbath*

Rocket engines burning fuel so fast, up into the night sky they blast. Through the universe the engines whine. Could it be the end of man and time? Back on earth the flame of life burns low. Everywhere is misery and woe. Pollution kills the air, the land and sea. Man prepares to meet his destiny. Rocket engines burning fuel so fast, up into the night sky so vast. Burning metal through the atmosphere. Earth remains in worry, hate and fear. With the hateful battles raging on, rockets flying to the glowing sun. Through the empires of eternal void, freedom from the final suicide. Freedom fighters sent out to the sun escape from brainwashed minds and pollution. Leave the earth to all its sin and hate and find another world where freedom waits. Past the stars in fields of ancient void, through the shields of darkness where they find love upon a land, a world unknown where the sons of freedom make their home.

Leave the earth to Satan and his slaves. Leave them to their future in the grave. Make a home where love is there to stay. Peace and happiness in every day.

Black Sabbath - originally by Black Sabbath

What is this that stands before me? Figure in black which points at me. Turn around quick, and start to run. Find out I'm the chosen one. Oh no. Big black shape with eyes of fire, telling people their desire. Satan's sitting there, he's smiling, watches those flames get higher and higher. Oh no, no, please, God help me. Is it the end, my friend? Satan's coming 'round the bend. People running 'cause they're scared. The people better go and beware. No, no, please, no.

Lord of This World - originally by Black Sabbath

You've searching for your mind don't know where to start. Can't find the key to fit the lock on your heart. You think you know but you are never quite sure. Your soul is ill but you will not find cure. Your world was made for you by someone above. But you choose evil ways instead of love. You made me master of the world where you exist. The soul I took from you was not even missed. Lord of this world: Evil possessor. Lord of this world: He's your confessor now. You think you're innocent you've nothing to fear. You don't know me, you say, but isn't it clear? You turn to me in all your worldly greed and pride. But will you turn to me when it's your turn to die?

Wheels of Confusion/The Straightener - originally by Black Sabbath

Long ago I wandered thru my mind. In the land of fairy tales and stories, lost in happiness I knew no fears. Innocence and love was all I knew. It was an illusion. Soon the days were passing into years. Happiness just didn't come so easy. Life was more than fairy tales and daydreams. Innocence was just another word. It was an illusion. Lost in the wheels of confusion, running through valleys of tears, eyes full of angry delusion, hiding in everyday fears. So I found that life is just a game, but you know there's never been a winner. Try your hardest, you'll still be a loser. The world will still be turning when you're gone. Yeah, when you're gone.

Supernaut - originally by Black Sabbath

I want to reach out and touch the sky. I want to touch the sun, but I don't need to fly. I'm gonna climb up every mountain of the moon and find the dish that ran away with the spoon. I've crossed the oceans, turned every bend. I found the plastic at the gold at rainbow's end. I've been through magic and through life's reality. I've lived a thousand years and it never bothered me. Got no religion, don't need no friends. Got all I want and I don't need to pretend. Don't try to reach me, 'cause I'll tear up your mind. I've seen the future and I've left it behind.