

## **Rumour Has It God Don't Love you Christians No More**

Foo-ool x 4  
You, you ain't real  
You ain't gonna work your way to Heaven  
with that swill  
You are a stranger  
You and we have history,  
Or don't you remember  
Signs, you saw them all  
And baby you screamed Hell is what you  
want!

Curse your soul, you've got a lie in your  
hand  
It makes a fool out of you  
And, boy, He's bringing you down  
He made your-- heart hard  
Made you cold to the core  
Now rumour has it, God don't love you  
Christians no more

***Rumour*** has it, rumour...

You, show God your rage  
Then you wonder why the raping priests  
have stayed  
God's hate, said you don't believe  
You've been telling people things you  
shouldn't be  
Like kids you've pimped out, with lies they  
are bound  
Haven't you heard the rumours?  
(*Curse your soul...*)  
Curse your soul, you've got a lie in your  
hand  
It makes a fool out of you,  
And, boy, He's bringing you down  
He made your – heart hard  
Made you cold to the core  
BUT Rumour has it it's not you Christ shed  
His blood for

***Rumour*** has it...

All your hard words, blaring in God's ear  
Tell a story of your proud sin – the angels all  
hear  
We know you said it  
And we know that you meant it  
Rebels say crazy things  
God said don't do it,  
And He really meant it  
We know that you heard it

Rumour has it...

But rumour has it you're the one that Hell  
was made for