

I'm an Unbeliever

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You call me unbeliever, yes, you say it must be true.
I don't believe in anything, I don't have faith like you.
I bow at no god's shrine and I am never known to pray,
So I believe in nothing, or at least that's what you say.

You call me unbeliever, unbeliever I must be.
I don't believe in miracles like parting of the sea.
I don't think that the universe was made in seven days,
So I'm an unbeliever and I sing no deity's praise.

You say I am amoral, since I don't think good and ill
Are learned from ancient tablets someone brought down from a hill.
I don't like executions based on so-called holy laws,
So I must be amoral, and I think I have good cause.

You say I stand for nothing, since I love no holy aim.
I won't demand that wrong believers bow to any name.
I don't like Inquisitions and the causes they stand for,
So I must stand for nothing, since I can't stand holy war.

You claim I have no vision, since I don't suppose that we
Can see by revelation what our reason cannot see.
By thought and observation I assess the facts I find,
So is it lack of vision that I trust in my own mind?

You think my life lacks purpose, since I think it's up to me
To grow in understanding and find out what I should be.
I don't believe some outside force can teach us what to do;
For that you call me faithless and I guess it must be true.

So call me unbeliever, if you think it is a flaw
That I don't trust authority that hands down sacred law,
That I think human beings can distinguish right from wrong.
I'll celebrate my faithlessness in music and in song.

I celebrate the power to discover and to find,
I celebrate creation by the striving human mind.
So call me what you want if that's your judgment and your choice,
But as an unbeliever I will stand up and rejoice.