

Pastafarian (Heckeler/Benko)

Some gods taste like watery wine and stale bread
Some demand hours kneeling and bowing your head
Others like big temples, shiny ribbons, and dancing
And after death they come back as creepy crawly things

CH:

Although my god requires preparation
It brings to my soul great salivation
And when I cook a pot of sauce
I talka' straight to my boss

With a mere touch of their noodly appendage
My god makes me an offer I cannot refuse
Five to ten minutes, a trip through the strainer
Flushed of holy waters not to be reused
Can I get a R'amen!?
R'amen!

CH:

Although my god requires preparation
It brings to my soul great salivation
And when I roll the meata balls
I talka' straight to my boss

I find my savior in aisle three
Between the rice pilaf and teriyaki
Our noodliness comes in many shapes and forms
And they taste best when served fresh and warm

You have Capellini, Fettuccine, Manicotti
Penne, Rigatoni, Ziti, Macaroni
Rotini, Cannelloni, Pierogi, Ravioli
Tortellini, Lasagna, Vermicelli, and of course Spaghetti

CH:

Although my god requires preparation
It brings to my soul great salivation
And when I use'a the dental floss
I talka' straight to my boss

A billion virgins from my hand cannot take the plate
Of his monstrous holiness of which I ate