

I run with the pack with every freedom
I am God, selfishness embodied
Strong enough to build this mountain
A barrier, you're cowardly to call by it's proper name
I am a man who screams aloud as for I am nothing
Humility exercised honest enough
To humble any man who seeks peace
And I call it by its name
Jealousy, it turns the kindest of men green
With rage and eats them from inside
I've climbed your mountain
And found it to be no more than a mole hill
Compared to the hate you harbor for Christ
I'd call it by it's name if it had one
Rebellion against faith based on it's failed followers
A rotting fool tied upon our necks
That carry the blood of the crusades
And the misunderstanding of homosexuality
Ammo, nothing but a different time
And a different language for a different people
Where morals were a foundation and not controversial
I am a man who's screamed for far too long
And near the end of his rope