

Sick Silent America

A Plea for Purging

We are the new free-thinkers.
My father gave me a brain.
My mother taught me to use it.
So swallow back all the vomit that you're spewing.
They're all buying it, but I'm not buying it.
You can't fool me anymore.
You are the curse.
Your false prophecies darken my eyes and break my back.
The heaven is born and hell revives.
As I walked along the flames of hell.
It became known to me.
That you are nothing but a wolf in priest's clothing.
They're are buying it, but I'm not buying it.
They cry, "Lead us, oh chosen one."
This is the death of faith and all that is good.