

The Eternal Female

A Plea for Purging

I am the reaper.
I will be the demise of your reign.
I am the dark shadow where you hide.
Self-righteous fascist, you chase the sun.
Glory belongs to no man.
Crooked church, you sell the Son.
Thieves deserve to have no hands.
Our Prisons were built with the stones of law.
Whore houses are built with the bricks of religion.
Oh man of God from which was your stone.
I've stayed quiet for far too long.
Cause I've typecast myself to censor what I can say.
I'm so sick of this, sick of what's going on.
Now I'm putting to an end of my silence.
Your god's not real.
This is the end of my silence.
The wolf provides for his own but God provides for the lion.
I am the lion, you are the wolf.
You can run but I will find you.
I am the reaper.