

# Horns And Feathers

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In the aftermath of another escape from reality  
Exhausted you lay, circled by nothingness  
You sank so deep... lacking the strength to surface again

Miracles and revelations, or just hallucinations?  
God tends to speak only at the moments of weakness  
As ruins are easier to conquer

Guilt batters with a killer's fist  
Forcing you to confess your supposed sins  
Hoping for heaven, afraid of hell  
You sealed your decay with a shallow prayer

How real can this revival be  
When it's merely compensating your low self-esteem?  
Life-long submission seems to be the price of faith  
So, will the bleeding hearts give more than they take?

Drifting with the winds out at the sea of deceit  
The fear of god is all you have  
No sign of the promised salvation  
An addict to punishment and restrain  
Paints horns and feathers within the same frames

Helped up from the pit  
And thrown down into a deeper one