

# Bastardised Ink

Archive

All hailstorms in to die for my sins Why am I accursed and not believing  
Death to damnation both forced arrest  
Enforced interrogation duress fire question  
Pressure point temple brainwashed disciple  
Shooting at me with a holy water pistol  
I am not a heathen I'll give you the reason  
Ten commandments and ten counts of treason  
They can pass judgements while I plead  
Ignorance self defense dollars pounds and pence  
Because we live inside the age feelings hard to gauge  
I just open up the book and keep turning the page

While the all powerful throwback to miracle  
Whips up the storms and pestilent swarms  
Sacrifice to appease the deity  
Whilst heavens open up to seize the enemy  
Wiped out civilisations  
Desolate barren landscapes genocides  
Creation  
But mad scientists wildly experiment  
Drawing the conclusion down into the sediment  
To the dark hour seed is sown  
Now on there will be light via fire and brimstone  
Walls fall down but emerge from the grown as if to start over  
Rebuild the structure  
True to life adventure  
Even while your breathing lung puncture  
Nothing out there to protect you  
So they look into the skies the cries can be heard  
The word is obscene unwashed and unclean  
Wreaking havoc for the hell of it  
Whilst digging deep and developing a taste for it  
Bloodthirsty craves screams for mercy  
Highly unlikely  
Feel the almighty crash  
Alas hope all evaporates incinerate burns out and obliterates  
Keep the faith in more ways than one  
Or believe me and mark my words thy will be done

Praying not for the cynical quick stepping left right,  
Pick up as they march upon the pinnacle  
Clocking up the watch stop digital  
Trying to make peace while they'd rather make base and erase the place they  
found  
Lies written all over the face wonder why  
Feeling immortality fearing they're afraid to die  
Sly snakes sidewind and enter your mind  
Finding temptation insecurity and frustration  
Hating anger lusts after a fear as half the man dies whilst shedding the tea  
r  
A clear sign that it's way past the time  
To rebuild the bleeding heart that lies broken  
Well I must be mistaken but I more than feel that a chance is not taking con  
sideration for the non believer plagued by diseased why?  
Nothing but an open mind is what I try and maintain  
Hand on heart keep alive in dying art  
Pick it up dust it down make a start and bring it round

Pray to God blaspheme one can only dream  
Crucify and ask why either do or die