

The Plague

As I Lay Dying

Just like the spread of disease
Debt and guilt or guilt and decree,
the masters that we please.
Yet if we seek help for infirmities,
we are made twice the sons of hell as before.

Reach out your hand.
Reach out your hand, only to be plagued by disease.

While religion tries to blame what we cannot see,
I accept that part of the problem is me.
It was never a sacred mandate to accept conformity,
through select revelations that we choose to believe.

Another blind guide replacing divine eyes.

Familiarity is the great deception,
disguised by authority, sealing out subversion.

Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth,
for we unknowingly worship icons of ordinary life.

Reach out your hand to find forgiveness,
only to be plagued by disease.
The horrors of beliefs and customs,
camouflaged by commonality.

Reach out your hand,
reach out your hand. (2x)

I still believe that there is hope for us,
but I believe we must look outside
the sanctuaries of oppression
that have brought our world so much pain...

Another blind guide replacing divine eyes
Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth.

Reach out your hand to find forgiveness,
only to be plagued by disease

(Reach out your hand)
(Reach out your hand)