

Idols Of Ignorance

Believer

Dreamers, enticed to turn away
Kneeling, to gods born from clay
Praying, to images carved to stone
Bowling, though sins are not atoned

Hearing, only silence through your cries
Seeing, nothing with lifeless eyes
Worthless, are the objects idolized
Blinded, men fall to their demise

Unholy, lovers of themselves
Money, the lust of which compells
Brutal, without self control
Defying, the Redeemer of their soul

I am the first and the last
Yahweh, Creator of ages past
Ruler, Author of the Book of Life
Fortress, Saviour of impending strife

"I am the Lord
Apart of me
There is none
I form the light
Of this dark world
Bow to me or die!"