

Justicia

Byzantine

I fire my malice into the crowd
Dispersing empty shells onto the ground
Screaming as I sling my rosary
Into the noose it has become to be

I cannot monitor I cannot mute the screams
I cannot recall the day
That I broke free from my arrows and slings

This power hungry nation of fools
Applies fabric of war to line the pockets of greed
We lean on the broken bones of their simplicity
And taunt the Jihad as we spit in the face of God

Blasphemy I cannot mute the screams
I cannot recall the day
That I broke free from my arrows and slings

We fight for the right to inhale
We fight for the right to abort
We fight for the right just to pray
And these rights they will never extort

I cannot monitor I cannot mute the screams
I cannot recall the day
That I broke free from my arrows and slings