

## Stick Figure

Byzantine

Welcome to the skin you wear again  
The weeping wounds you try to amend  
Liar screaming hollow amens  
Your conscience disappears each time you sin  
New life is a possibility  
No one is here to see you bow to me  
Throw up your hands to the skies  
And welcome the new lords of your demise

On your fear we feed  
And this is the way we bleed

No love just hate my fist your face  
The tears they pave my indoctrination  
Your knees the pain it comes in waves  
You can't be saved because I am the way  
You can't be saved because I am the way

Lie to my face not my back  
I'm not a stick figure  
Pray to my face on your back  
Three-Dimensional figure

On your fear we feed  
And this is the way we bleed