

Strain At The Leash

Coldworker

Music: A. Alvinzi

Lyrics: O. Pålsson

To reach divine perfection
They fill us with fear
Demanding sick restrictions
The end draws near

Strain at the leash
Salvation for us all to reach
Deceitful speech
Blindly obey, aching, trapped in dismay
Disciples of hate
Serving to make your lies justified
Pre-controlled faith
Evolution denied, chaos spreading worldwide

Deceive the weak, profit on defeat

Punish their disbelief
And make them hurt
No sympathizing grief
For the inert

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Their manipulation has fed my disgust
Corrode their belief till it all turns to rust
Get rid of this plague all over the nation
The world will suffer religious starvation
Torn down from the top of the hierarchy
Wake up and smell the hypocrisy

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