

We ache to be transparent
We run from the "open" arms;
The facade of something greater than ourselves
And we're left to coexist with infestation

Our history is cursed
Through the past, present, and future
If they're created in his image
Then his image is disgusting...
And even he can't wipe you clean

How can someone see so far ahead
While they're spending every day on their knees?
Is the view from above really worth the judgement passed?
The fear, the lies, and the manipulation?
A doctrine bathed in ignorance
And written in the blood of the enslaved

And I have never lost my faith
I just never had any to begin with
I would sooner die for my sins
Than pray for my forgiveness
Sew my palms together
And crucify the thoughts in my mind

Awaiting Armageddon
Neglecting to exercise the demons in your head
You're "born again,"
But you're better off dead
Conversion or a casualty
Renounce and save yourself

Is the view from Heaven really worth all of the judgement passed?
The pestilence that you've inflicted
And the souls of all the loved ones we've lost?
We are the sheep that rose against the shepherd
We are the ones you led astray
Embrace the light in your heart
Not the one in the sky

Saints and sinners rejoice
We will all rot together