

The Influnse Of False Pretense

Cry Of The Afflicted

While passing judgment reigns
And this face is not your own.
The evidence is on display
And I fear it's treason now.
Betrayed by these teachers revered now.
Who claim to love us, yes love us the most.

Guilty by association.
Can I lay this down, go underground?
Please show me the destination.
Where deception falls
And truth still calls by name.

Ascended to a throne.
They've raised on empty vows.
Held against the smallest debt
And this tainted glory found.
Can't wash all the blood
From their hands now.
This blood they've hidden
Will soon be revealed.

Now we stand accused, we stand accused.
We face the hate, the scorn of those
Who've been betrayed.
But our hope is justice for the crime they
Commit in Your name.