

## In Your Eyes

Darkside

Fat priests become the purulent flux of the church  
Disfigured, desecrated, spitten upon the cross  
We hate this god before whom the pauper kneel  
Steel our heart, steel our soul in ardent desire for death

Not even born in the womb restrained to their death  
Sick of his face on graves and remains  
Illusions of deliverance and your hail  
Burn your church, burn the book, with lies about life

In your eyes  
Pushing us towards tragedy  
We're dying  
In your minds  
Filled with war death and pain  
We're sinners  
In our hearts  
Saints and sinners are all the same  
There's blasphemy  
From your church  
Dictating weird democracy  
We're leaving

In your eyes  
Pushing us towards tragedy  
We're dying  
In your minds  
Filled with war death and pain  
We're sinners  
In our hearts  
Our hate has condemned you  
Is nothing but blasphemy  
Of your church  
Black plates of carcery  
We're stealing

Masturbating in bloody hypocrisy  
Lying about interruption of pregnancy  
Run away from your own ideology  
Castigated in bloody monasteries  
Tragedy of failing and heresy  
Pouring fire over your sacristies  
Creed after carnal passion and luxury  
Your god is dead and will be