

Praise The Lord (Opium Of The Masses)

Dying Fetus

One by one, the young will fall, indoctrinating process growing

.

Some too weak to fight at all, who controls their future?

God above, or God below, questions no one can answer.

Live the truth, or die to know, it's my agnostic vision.

Jews killing Muslims, and Christians killing Jews.

The circle is unending, and all sides always lose.

If faith is blind devotion, then death is the result.

When history is rotten, the young young and pure grow dead and cold.

I don't need a book for saving, fellowship or days of praying.

Organizing means dilution, and results in persecution.

Through it all I keep a vision, understand what I believe in.

Truth is not the faith you follow, it's far more than you can ever know.

Religion, the burden we carry forth.

Mankind, addicted--the drug spreads on.

Paranoia eats all reason, driving their crusading mission.

Zealotry from Rome to Mecca, millions more become infected.

God cannot be mass-

projected, or beaten out through forced confessions.

It's for all of us to ponder, not for dogma's chains to hold us down.

Wake up, and put the past where it belongs.

Just beat them back till they are gone, 'cause their doctrines lead to misery.

They're prophets preaching fantasy, how can they hold themselves

above the rest?

From holy birth to martyr's death, the moral quest for life beyond.

It's just a pipe dream for the paranoid, the empty words of holy books

will mislead all those that read.

Buried in the lines of text are the myths that feed their needs

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Born from flesh, just like all earth down below,

which came from a life form we can never know (in our present context).

Pray for a world that only God above can save?

The church is the reason why they've lost their way.

Crusades and Inquisitions, holy wars, Jihad,

they are the willing victims of a grand facade.

Above it all, the lies are told. The masses follow without question.

First to die, or last to go, I know my convictions.

Flesh and blood, and spirit life, the trinity of my perception.

Dead awake, or sleeping dead, we will find out in the end.