

Twisted Into Form

Forbidden

Ideals pounded, what's wrong is right
Churches founded with heaven in sight
Do unto them as they tell you to
How can the children believe this is true?

Burn our thoughts, they can change our minds
Hear pathetic lies
Put to end all the empty cries
Now it's time for eye for I

Faith decided out of the womb
Slapped into life and then slapped in your tomb
When will it end? When will the lying stop?

Burn our thoughts, they can change our minds
Hear pathetic lies
Put to end all the empty cries
Now it's Eye for I

Hate churning your face consumed by fear
Unreal illusion of a perfect world
Twist into form, the true abyss
Crushed in the palm of fate's hands

Eyes stare with empty but evil glances
Children with nothing in mind but to breathe
Twist into form
Twisting to form
Twisted to form
Twist me to form then they

Burn my thoughts, then they change my mind
Tell pathetic lies
Put to end all my empty cries
Now it's eye for I

Hate churning your face consumed by fear
Unreal illusion of a perfect world
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