

Caged into Falsehood

Hour of Penance

Prophets of an undisplayed faith
Put crowns of thorns on the heads of the feeble
Enclosures for rational thought

The unique hope
To deny the deceivers

Blessed shall be by concreteness the
Wicked minds
As it'll be blown away all
Distortions by a wind of right
Fed shall be with knowledges
The human kind
Till it'll be shown, to every one it's empiric life
Slaves on fabrications
Survive in the gloom of
Lie aiming a false salvation
All that you believe is what they created
To give the last hope of infinity and you
Waste your existence
In a useless redemption
There's no heaven for the dead
Chaining your forces they live a
Condition of idleness and earthly
Paradise
While you are dependent on what they invented,
A puppet moved by falsely sacred wires

Truth mystification
Shrouded on the human
Sight hiding their low corruption

Victims of a unjustified fear
Spread in the minds
With their insidious methods
Obscuring all the ways of truth
The unique god, to adore
To believe in

Dry as the desert sand is the mind of the ones
That forever serve
Where the knowledge stream
Has drained away by the hypnotic warmth of
Ignorance that stuns the men,
Lost among the dunes sentenced to the bitter end..

Dead before the decease
Controlled robbed of your
Will reduced to a silent servant

All that you believe is what they
Created to give the last hope of infinity and
To waste your existence
In a useless redemption
There's no heaven for the dead
Chaining your forces they live
A condition of idleness

And earthly paradise while you are
Dependent on what they invented,
A puppet moved by falsely sacred wires

Sick of unknown disease
Hold by the tentacles of the
Dread condemned
To a slavish-existence

Blessed shall be by concreteness
The wicked minds
As it'll be blown away all distortions
By a wind of right
Fed shall be with knowledges the human kind
Till it'll be shown, to everyone it's empiric life