

Cowards, with your empty hearts  
And narrow minds...So bitter  
Your confusion is overwhelming  
So aimless and misguided  
Your search for a higher power  
Something better than yourselves  
In a perfect world, your perfect god  
Is a coward just like you

Watch them gather, they flock together  
For in numbers they feel strength  
Will you find your way to paradise,  
Through the darkness within your light  
To the children, they feed his body  
Peel his flesh from off the cross  
In his blood they'll wash away  
All the dirt from their souls

Obedient young, they'll join the flock  
With minds like clay and hearts so pure  
Fill them with his words and fears  
And feed them to the waiting beast

His open arms and splendid brilliance  
Devours those who can not see  
The dimming light from high above  
Vanquished by their higher coward

How can you glorify and praise  
One so weak, imperfect and insane  
The magnitude of his madness is so clear  
In the eyes of the herd that he keeps

Look what you have become  
Just another like all the rest