

Blood On Their Hands

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One time, the last rendition, too long I've sacrificed.
Dead stones in walls of freedom, built high with filth and vice

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So blind you walk into their chapels, morality enthroned.
What price this god of mass invention extracts to make you whole?

Your crimes defy your wisdom, no faith can set you free.
Unleashed through vile maxims, your doctrines bleed deceit.

Mental crucifixion, what flesh can serve your needs?
Unchained, I crawl to exit your shrine of rotting dreams.