

## Body Of Christ

Nausea

since the sun first shot it's rays across the sky  
a darkness crept into mankind's wretched soul  
in fear the weak first spawned the sanctimonious lie  
that grew within their hearts demanding to control  
from the void within their minds arose a fearsome god  
cowering upon their knees they began a reign of guilt  
jealously they coveted the freedom they once knew  
but could not cast off the chains of servitude they'd built  
for two thousand years or maybe more  
the sacrificial blood has been shed  
to appease the so-called Saviour  
they pile high the corpses of the dead  
their holy water cannot wash away  
the price of freedom stained upon their hands  
and the fear of their Judgement Day  
it spread across the distant lands  
our father, who art in heaven, hallowed be thy shame  
thy kingdom come, the blood will run, enslaved on earth as in h  
eaven  
heal the blind so they will see  
that their salvation is not for free...sinner!  
the depth of their intolerance none can ever tell  
thus began the inquisition  
and the non-believers freedom they call the heathen's hell  
the foundations of religious persecution  
and those who seek, will surely find  
and prey upon, those left behind.