

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.