

## Torment in Salvation

Pathology

Consumed by self-righteousness,  
Questioning our morality.  
Ripping away the idea of our existence,  
Like Christ was ripped from the womb.  
Prayer is a f\*\*king crutch,  
A safety net for the weak.  
Close-minded and blinded,  
By the ideals we keep.  
The perverse and twisted concepts,  
Ingrained in our minds,  
Eating away at us like a cancer.  
Disgorging words from aeons ago,  
There is no hope in their words,  
No answers can be found.  
Their saviour is a tyrant,  
A ruler of the peons he enslaves,  
There is only everlasting  
Torment in finding salvation