

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