

Become The Cult

Psycroptic

Slithering unchecked between worlds
Such desperation, sickening to see
A serpent masquerading as a prophet
Blind, directionless, lost

We all came forth
Excited and enthralled

Fooled, one and all
Welcomed by the mass
We praised every word
Copied every act

Join us
Follow us
Become us
Spread our word

Hate them, control them
Despise them, change their word

Join the cult
Become the cult

A hunger for control
The thirst to convert
Hidden by our hope, buried by our dreams
We believed the spoken word

The rhetoric of the blind
Prophetic rants so insane
Gullible, we get what we deserve
Flame in hand, marching onwards
A self-made prophet setting the world alight

Our home in ruins, we are torn and tattered
Never graced by a backwards glance
Flame in hand, marching onwards