

## Art Of War

Qwel

Let's count the Christians and cry  
It's past mathematical how religions divide  
Now lets act practical  
Please use fractions in rational means  
And use your heart  
Instead of dwelling on the felon you knew who threw the darts  
Because you miss drew a part  
Through the tower of gravel  
Tryin' to reach the gates  
Preaching' hate on the tower of Babylon  
So babble on but yo nobody listening  
And the well that you're wishing in is the one the hellons are pissing in  
Position to let the snakes set the bait at heaven's gates  
Mastered by pastors snatching collection plates from section eight  
The apples from Adam, but you had 'em stuck in your throat  
Facts and wisdom killed the catacism entrusting' the pope  
So once we stop the rock throwing  
We'll stop growing apart  
Not knowing the art, and stop throwing the darts  
But it seems like there's a target market for the art of war  
Started for the so-called martyrs to barter more  
For starters honestly ask yourself, "Is god a reverend?"  
Probably not, but you thought so when you bought your spot in heaven  
God's a 7 - 8 - 9 take time and find the devil's a priest  
Lower the levels and feast on fire hire the rebels to preach  
And teach the masses reaching' breach the classes  
So dodge your ?? before they drop the bombs and release the gases

I can't drag you to the virus, but I can die trying  
Calling the truth science born with two eyes on mount Zion  
Outside the chimes of thunder claps, glass and bomb sirens  
To unite us under government lies, class and cop tyrants  
Find time for god, the odds if I'm a die rhyiming  
Demolishing islands of thoughts  
Fought for Salomon's diamonds  
Sought god for guidance  
Osiris out the catacombs  
Lost in a violent mindstate  
Snakes hide the path home  
Shatter bones behold nuclear winter  
Blankets of ash, thank the cash in the bank  
Mow the snakes in the grass  
I see a glass plate powder  
Cowards bleeding for life  
Dust in one hour relieving the power of zebra stripes  
Thief in the night creeping to defeat the beast lose the fire  
Crucified who? The truth is it's time to choose a side  
See I'd rather die then loss my soul to foolish pride  
Mornings of armegeddons settling arguments but who am I?  
You decide to use the bi, directed by  
You divide the crucifix school supplies amongst the deaf and blind  
I don't worship them serpents surfacing with perfect weaponry  
Certain the recipes start with the breath  
The word is destiny  
Let it be known, from hear on you stand warned  
One last chance to transform your rough drafts to sandstorms