

Follow the Crossed Line

The Agonist

Would there be a sign to save me from my sins?
Can you find the will to fake a bitter grin?
Eyes wide shut and I'm sinking in too deep,
Cause I'm stigmatized by all the lesser human beings.

Empty shells rising.
No disgrace - no remorse.
Absently intruding into thought, into mind.

Faith is the fuel for your survival.

You are condemned to their mockery.
Giving purpose to the deceased.
Forgiveness I shall grant.
In your your defense you must repent.

Follow the crossed line.
Follow when all senses will transform to logic.
Mass consumption of the thirst for power.
This illusionary key's my ticket.
To as simulated freedom.

A reflection greatly outlived.
Seek permission for desires within.
Blindly trailing towards the path prescribed.
Your free will equals misconception.

Bound in chains, never cease to deny.
Wicked presence alluringly divine.
Fall to make peace with your ill defeat.
Stank tall and claim for amnesty.

When all senses will transform to logic.
Mass consumption of the thirst for power.
This illusionary key's my ticket.
To a simulated freedom.

In the name of the temple, you rise and fall,
Burn the savior to honor the scribes.
Silence! Mass has begun.
Originality shunned by religion.

Faith is the fuel for your survival.