

Chemical Christ

Thy Art Is Murder

Do you know your demons
Do you yearn for pain
Do your lethal addictions
To self-prescriptions
Numb the ache of the darkest days

Why do you blame the world
For the ghost you have become
When you should blame no one but yourself
For your self destruction

Sword swallows
The pills have a way
Of making us hollower
Addiction to emptiness
Begging for opioid utopia
Grovel at the feet of your father

Chemical Christ
Heaven is a nihilist paradise

A loaded gun with no trigger
An itchy hand with no fingers
Claw out the eyes that cry for relief
God is gone
He left his broken creatures
Solemn victims of self-defeat

Chemical Christ
Offer your souls to sacrifice
Chemical Christ
Heaven is a nihilist paradise

Grovel at the feet of your father

Sword swallows
Make us hollower

Why do you blame the world
For the ghost you have become
When you should blame no one but yourself
For your self destruction

Sword swallows
The lord has a way of finding his followers
Obsidian fever dreams of endless purgatory
Grovel at the feet of your father

Chemical Christ
Offer your souls to sacrifice
Chemical Christ
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