

All God's children would have cause
To think the devil now walks this realm
A place dispossessed of any sanity
Edification of a scene from hell

Manmade prophecies serve to vindicate
All sides who claim themselves
Worthy servants obedient to the same God
A God who commands them not to kill

These faithful in lines that number thousands
Bring perdition throughout the land
As though the angel of death himself had been unleashed
To exact a punishment on this world

Across this cursed place rage the fires
Where the innocent are burned on a thousand funeral pyres
In anguish parted from this world

Does the need for the belief in a devil
Serve to palliate, serve to forgive us our sins
In the abandonment of reason and our delivery into hell

Limitless are the ways of mankind in its virulent capacities
Ironical it may seem, for us a chance exists to see
In us also lies the capacity to transcend