

Abney Park, Stigmata Martyr

A heroine, A deity
On Heroin, or vanity
To jack their personality
Beyond normal humanity.

A crowd of massed humanity,
Bows and worships diligently.
He's built a loyal following
And they steer him thoroughly.

But jealous man plots from the pews,
No need for valid righteousness.
One slightly truthful word set free,
Will turn the tides quite easily.

Our accusations need not be,
What would bury mortal man.
The sins of our own deity,
are tiny, but on these we stand.

We don't cry for the gods that die by our hands.
We throw stones if our gods take a stand.
We create and destroy our Stigmata Martyrs.

So once upon the podium,
A crucifix we then erect,
And nail our hero heartily,
hands and feet, and bind his neck.

The reasons for our worship fades,
Our Idol drenched in his own blood,
Forgotten are the virtues that we,
Valued beyond royalty.

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We create and destroy our Stigmata Martyrs.

With joy we dig his shallow grave,
Anticipating pains to come.
We watch the wriggling dance of death,
And laugh light hearted at deaths fun.

We pounded out the joyous light.
Our saviors buried now for years.
A legend now of time gone by,
A martyr of forgotten tears.

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