

Deicide, Bury The Cross... With Your Christ

Bad luck and superstition, all part of God religion
You can't come in unless you're saved
It's in his name we suffer, one death after another
And die to live another day

Buried in contradiction decaying crucifixions
The cross of Christ is in its grave

There was no premise in Jesus' death
No use in wondering why
Suffering souls left to bleed in distress
Distance themselves from his lie
Trampled and torn in this living abyss, losing its grip over time
Turning away from the meaning of it
Bury the cross with your Christ

Deny the unforgiven, reverse what god has written
The light of Christ has lost its way
A sign of revelation, diminished congregation
No one believes a word you say

Heaven unknown in a world of mistrust
Arrogance living a lie
Out of control in the midst of disgust
Standing alone in the light
Never reborn to the vile of sin
Reverence echoes and die
Lost and forgotten and failed to exist
Bury the cross with your Christ

The sword of indecision, entombed in symbolism
A memory of something said
Descend unto damnation, emphatic contemplation
Eternally and left for dead

Withering penance and no reason why
Bleeding from both of its eyes
Pleading for mercy and begging for death
Screaming at God for a sign
Fatal discretion, just simply unseen
Crawl through the darkness and die
Done with religion and calling it quits
Bury the cross with your Christ