

# Kill II This, Brainwash

Blessed are the words 'Of my free will', The God given right to decide  
Yet I am the canvas for your design, Freedom of speech redefined

I am like a voice for all your words, A weapon for your empty hands  
I am like a vision yet you are blind, The prey for your serpentine  
You colour my creed, brainwashed belief, A puppet that's kept on a leash

Your weakness is my strength - Your hatred's my defence

I am the saviour for your battered faith, Sacred ground you violate  
A burning alter, a quest divine, Broken like the bread and the wine  
No prodigal son, your will will be done, An outcast til thy kingdom come

I am the victim, the hunted, the prey  
Strangled you're my tourniquet  
A born bloodsucker bleeding my mind  
Swallow the sight of the blind  
Embody all I detest, you'd steal my last breath  
Tongue-twisted til the bitter end