

# Martyr A.d., The Serpent And The Flower

We've seen your moral fabric  
Come apart at the seams  
We've seen your faceless children  
Sleeping with unanswered dreams  
We've seen the aftermath  
Of wars fought in the name of god  
Rise up and name your fate  
The time has come to burn you down  
Blessed be the union  
Of the goat and the human  
Blessed be the hour  
Of serpent and the flower  
Blessed be the day  
When your strength is torn away  
You've named your saint and sinners  
With your unseeing biased eyes  
Your children hold uncaring hands  
Just before they die  
Self righteousness, eternal greed  
Between these hallowed walls  
This forced attrition, down the throat  
Inside the sacred hall  
Your strength is torn away