

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