

A whipping word has become the flesh  
Waved around as if the world is tamed  
In muted tongues where the wisdom begs  
I'm done holding my breath

False faith disallows to create  
I sense them wolves at my doorstep  
Force fed and bound to resurrect  
God knows my name but won't address

Been covered here for a while  
Building up sorrows, sweeping under rugs  
But the spires are heavenly guarded

Great is the light  
That separates and carries out our commands  
Left with blood on our hands

Pour your lies into one  
Feed your bastard child  
Crown your wives before sons  
Sustain what they have begun