

In Your Eyes

Darkside

Fat priests become the purulent flux of the church
Disfigured, desecrated, spitten upon the cross
We hate this god before whom the pauper kneel
Steel our heart, steel our soul in ardent desire for death

Not even born in the womb restrained to their death
Sick of his face on graves and remains
Illusions of deliverance and your hail
Burn your church, burn the book, with lies about life

In your eyes
Pushing us towards tragedy
We're dying
In your minds
Filled with war death and pain
We're sinners
In our hearts
Saints and sinners are all the same
There's blasphemy
From your church
Dictating weird democracy
We're leaving

In your eyes
Pushing us towards tragedy
We're dying
In your minds
Filled with war death and pain
We're sinners
In our hearts
Our hate has condemned you
Is nothing but blasphemy
Of your church
Black plates of carcery
We're stealing

Masturbating in bloody hypocrisy
Lying about interruption of pregnancy
Run away from your own ideology
Castigated in bloody monasteries
Tragedy of failing and heresy
Pouring fire over your sacristies
Creed after carnal passion and luxury
Your god is dead and will be