

Turn it Down

A Plea for Purging

There is blood on our hands tonight.
So this is where the world lies behind the son of man, now go,
sell your soul,
for this world will offer nothing.
Well I have invented angels of my own.
They are false and untrue.
Crawling, cowering they still my shroud.
When I swear from the blazing son above,
uncovered, so shall I fall.
This is where my bones will rest,
in the desert of forsakeness.
Watch your back cause the sky is turning black.
Don't listen, for I will make you a liar.
Closed off by crossed arms,
there is no worship here.
So put your foot down,
so quick to eject and reject.