Seventh Sin: Hatred

Besatt

Wherever I gaze, I see christian crosses
I still hear truisms about mercy and forgiveness
I'm surrounded by plenty of blind sheeps
I can feel their fear of my hell

Hate is all I feel
I fuck it all

Let it burn
Poor figures
Let it rot
Old wooden cross
Let it fall
Chains of fear
Delightful hate
Gives relief today

Ravens in black cassocs preach their sermons
Prayers given to the maiden and her son
Altars stuck by vanity and golden insignia
Hands folded in prayer and fear of demons

When I see church
I feel hate
When I hear psalms
I feel hate
When I smell incense
I feel hate
When I touch the bible
I feel fucking hate!!!

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