

Bathory's Sainthood

BoySetsFire

Do you feel alive now
Now that you own the dead
Preying on the corpses
Their hearts no longer fed

Your sainthood is obvious on every starving face
Your deception gives us
A way to separate
The poor from the hate
The rich from the stone

Genuflect away the sins that we've known
Sure one percent rules, but heaven's made of gold
Chalk it up to folly and consequences alone

Do we really want do we really need
A bastard messiah
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean
White washed desire

And every time the real war's defined
The trenches are filled to hide battle lines
Torches to bridges and bridges to torture
Headlines distort what we see as our borders
What gives us the right to feel with remorse
For a god they created
A god for the poor

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For bathory
We're bleeding out
The devil hides in angelic shrouds
Blasphemy
As speaking out
We've asked for it

For more of the same sad scheme
Of ghettos created by the power elite
For our minds and souls
Burning no longer for freedom invoked

More of the same

Do we really want do we really need
Bastard messiahs
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean
White washed desire

Your sainthood is obvious on every starving face
Your deception's given us a way to separate
Do you feel alive now
Now that you own the dead

More of the same...