

## Justicia

Byzantine

I fire my malice into the crowd  
Dispersing empty shells onto the ground  
Screaming as I sling my rosary  
Into the noose it has become to be

I cannot monitor I cannot mute the screams  
I cannot recall the day  
That I broke free from my arrows and slings

This power hungry nation of fools  
Applies fabric of war to line the pockets of greed  
We lean on the broken bones of their simplicity  
And taunt the Jihad as we spit in the face of God

Blasphemy I cannot mute the screams  
I cannot recall the day  
That I broke free from my arrows and slings

We fight for the right to inhale  
We fight for the right to abort  
We fight for the right just to pray  
And these rights they will never extort

I cannot monitor I cannot mute the screams  
I cannot recall the day  
That I broke free from my arrows and slings