

The Righteous Lost

Cryptopsy

Open arms are eager to deceive you
I prey on the prayers of the meager
I strive to sow the weak, I yearn for their sorrow
These easy targets I seek, I plan to hollow
It's your painful stories that I adore
I absorb them all, and I still dig for more

Please place another dollar in the till
As I dig deeper through your pointless swill

Rotten soul
Rotten soul
Reaching for your tears for they fuel me through and through
Succulent tears

I suck at the teat of your beliefs
And scrape the bowels until you bleed
I am adored by all, yet scorned by more
This false prophet still yearns for more
The pathetic, blinded, faithful are pathetic simple people
These pathetic hopeful sinners are just sheep

I am a liar, I am a thief
I am a liar, the unholy profiteer

I am a liar, I am a thief
I am a liar the unholy profiteer

Revere me for my penitent rule
I'm nothing but an actor at heart
A man that knows how to light a spark
A guiding light leading you deeper down

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Through my words, I will control you
Once I have decided to bleed you dry
Till the day I can no longer use you
Then I will simply cast you aside