

## Skin & Splinters

Distant

Disfigured legions of righteous projectors  
Exhibiting a shameless way of life  
Exhaustive rites of passage have made you numb  
Yet now you still yearn to drive the nail

Feasting maggots on a rotting carcass  
You writhe in viscera, glisten in your forfeiture  
I'm full of hate for your faith and the pain you make  
How do I protect them from all of this

Marching death gaze  
You really believe the words; a call to  
Burn at the stake  
The screams are your hymns for agony

Conned by a school of thought  
Pseudo nature bought  
Overwrought by the moral panic but you can't grasp the notion that yo  
u're led  
By a image of heaven disgraced  
Kill for a cancerous faith  
Hunting for innocent women that you designate as heretic  
Show hell to me  
No, no  
Ignite what you don't understand

Marching death gaze  
You really believe the words; a call to  
Burn at the stake  
The screams are your hymns for agony

Take your mother, take your fucking daughter  
And tell them that their god's hand is on your shoulder  
Apologise and sympathise as if it's out of your hands and hope that t  
hey understand  
You're a weak misogynist without a shred of independent ideology  
Absorb convenient rhetoric to control your moral destitution

Bind their skin against the blackened wood  
Deaf ears to their shrieks of grief

Searching for absent pain  
But too blind to vindicate  
Skin cells melted in vain  
Let the stench rise up to heaven's gate

A kingdom of cowards...