

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 you
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 they
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...