

Hostage to Heaven

Exumer

Treachery with a smile, etched upon its face
A face of red, but a heart of stone cold black
Servants of two masters, the congregation splits
Serving sexuals rituals, true back biters
Pirates in pinstripe, admired by the many in their hour of weakness
All ways stand, with their backs to the sun
Religious fanatics, muttering righteousness on sacred ground
The armor of religion like foil across a bed of nails

Conscience, burning, lives held,
Hostage to heaven

Symbolic bullshit, hung around the necks, of the weak
Silver and gold, just trinkets of deception
One man's faith, becomes another man's evil
Don't deny the power of inner strength, right