

For all Gods

Gladiator

My eyes still see
the altar of pest and lie
to the illusory thing
with statue in the middle of the cross
crowds of a scared nations
pray for express of their sins
every nation to his altar
every nation to his statue

I don't want to cleanse the worlds
conscience talking with statue
I feel the pain so much

I worship you - infected heaven
I worship you - insensible dirt guns
I worship you - Gods on the statues
My heart is crushed to sandy pieces.

I don't ever see
the emptiness of heaven so high
I trample of real, feelings
I am not a God
but I see dying children
every day deformed
burnt like thin paper

Flames of my crying eyes
won't burn the hell
all Gods are deception
and the world is still bleeding