

Flooded Lungs

God Complex

Scorn and hatred grows on you

The wound shall fester
The rot grows darker still
(Bad dreams)
Come nightly blood spills
For the failures of man

Eat the forbidden fruit
Moral truth does not exist for you

You left us out to dry

Overfed children of the profiteers of pain
Your blood will be washed away
By the acid rain
You suck the lifeblood from the vein
That you claim to maintain
You will be purged in the purest flame
And the devil will know you by name

The blood is on your hands...