

2000 Years

Inter Arma

Lies, lies, lies, lies
Cast down from the disgusting tongues
Of men obsessed with the fiction
Printed on the pages of an archaic book
One prescribed to many as the answer, the cure

Wake from the fog of 2000 years
Rise above the tide of submission
Wake from the fog of puritan ideals
Rise above the gutless herd mentality
That plagues, that corrupts, that perverts
That demoralizes all

The driving force behind all evangelism
Is the lurid pursuit of a monetary gain
Instilling a fear of God
Secures wealth for the men of God

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I will always be the wolf
The free-thinker
The tormentor of the herd

I will never pray for anything
Not for life, not for death
Not for God, not for country
Not for peace, not for war
I will never pray