

I will invoke
My ability to not exist
These riches are poison
Says the melody
Let your crooked parts embrace the earth
My retinas have been peeled open
To move forward you must look back

An empty corpse
An empty promise
The days stress this smoking gun bursts through my chest
The only beauty is none conformity
Fear leaders to silence - excess leads to death
Existence, is blinded by sound is deafened by bright lights
You point out all the ills within man, but never point within y
ourself
Your only concern is looking good on paper
Life is not a gift
It's a curse
I'll drink my soul to death, to purge this discontent
Before it kills me

I don't believe in religious idols
I've placed my faith in humanity
So pay your dues
And make amends
You owe us this in your blood
Or I will carve you up

Forfeit, pick up sin and golden calf
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