

My Will Be Done

Madder Mortem

Save us from the cold disease
Of those who worship on their knees
Who waste their lives, abased and small
Praying to a token on the wall

Let me live with open eyes
And accept my end when the time arrives

Reject the tenets they embrace
The mad ideas of sin and grace
The shameful gimmicks that exploit the weak and poor
Religion sanctifies untruth
Tells wanton, rancid lies to soothe
To keep the underdogs from stirring in their chains
My will be done

Let our world find relief
From the shackles of belief
Let no thought be sacred ground
Let no fable hold us down

No god above, no god below
By our own hand, or by none, we evolve and grow

What they preach is full of bile
What they teach is old and vile
The hate and fear so poorly hid beneath sweet words
The sickness spreads in humankind
And the infected have gone blind
Drowning reason in the noisome blood of faith
And the righteous, rigid grins
Mask the depravity within
Dark transgressions pardoned in an idol's name
I make my own morality
You shall not curb my mind for me
On my own shoulders lies the weight of right and wrong