

# 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