

The Killing Gods

Misery Index

Pawn of the undead, tell me
What drives the herd to the altar?
To sing, his songs
To kill in the name of the father?
As subjects, seraphic, so mesmerized

Who speaks, from the air
Through words in text-bound fiction?
Aeon, epochs...
What binds the flock to these illusions?
Unquestioned, apocryphal, arcanum ...so obsolete

Penetrate the myth and artifice

Are we not still brothers, born from flesh alike?
Yet that burden's on your back, handed down through time
Its coils grip firm, its forked tongue spits
The written word is law, there's 'no god but god,' after all?

The names will change from one nation to the next
Yet one word joins them all - megalomaniacs
Minerva's owl is dead, the zealot's arrow struck
Spiral, spin, logic drifts, into the dusk

Breaking the bread, inquisitors arrive!
Anathema decreed
Duplicity, deceit
Off with their heads, they will say
Embodiment of faith
Riven in disgrace
Off with their heads, just the same
Merciful and kind
Holy and divine
Off with their heads, either way
Sanity and peace
Ever out of reach
Off with their heads, it's too late

No maps point back from this place
When damnation calls, the confessor leads the way
Messengers of god
Cut their throats and praise in rapture

Mental malcontents
Spewing forth fairly tales
History is spent
Carving up minds of men
Sleepwalk through life
To caskets waiting, open wide
Dead axioms
Binds the past through broken hymns