

# 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