Drown

Power Trip

It's my belief that your reality is too fucking weak.
The infantile cries of a lesser deity.
Jealousy and envy: emotions cast upon the meek.
You worship at the altar of a shepherd not worthy of his sheep.

Shadow's dance across the mind but the flame is what burns,
Leave scars behind.
The light, diseased.
The power in deceit.
In darkness your visions turn to reality.

A god so small thirsting for your thoughts.
Delusions, built over time.
The human flaw defined.

The light, diseased.
The power in deceit.
One child's cry and millions die,
Is this what salvation mean?

Not in my world.
I refuse to burn.
Snub the spirit out.
In faith you must drown.

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