

Art Of War

Qwel

Let's count the Christians and cry
It's past mathematical how religions divide
Now lets act practical
Please use fractions in rational means
And use your heart
Instead of dwelling on the felon you knew who threw the darts
Because you miss drew a part
Through the tower of gravel
Tryin' to reach the gates
Preaching' hate on the tower of Babylon
So babble on but yo nobody listening
And the well that you're wishing in is the one the hellons are pissing in
Position to let the snakes set the bait at heaven's gates
Mastered by pastors snatching collection plates from section eight
The apples from Adam, but you had 'em stuck in your throat
Facts and wisdom killed the catacism entrusting' the pope
So once we stop the rock throwing
We'll stop growing apart
Not knowing the art, and stop throwing the darts
But it seems like there's a target market for the art of war
Started for the so-called martyrs to barter more
For starters honestly ask yourself, "Is god a reverend?"
Probably not, but you thought so when you bought your spot in heaven
God's a 7 - 8 - 9 take time and find the devil's a priest
Lower the levels and feast on fire hire the rebels to preach
And teach the masses reaching' breach the classes
So dodge your ?? before they drop the bombs and release the gases

I can't drag you to the virus, but I can die trying
Calling the truth science born with two eyes on mount Zion
Outside the chimes of thunder claps, glass and bomb sirens
To unite us under government lies, class and cop tyrants
Find time for god, the odds if I'm a die rhyiming
Demolishing islands of thoughts
Fought for Salomon's diamonds
Sought god for guidance
Osiris out the catacombs
Lost in a violent mindstate
Snakes hide the path home
Shatter bones behold nuclear winter
Blankets of ash, thank the cash in the bank
Mow the snakes in the grass
I see a glass plate powder
Cowards bleeding for life
Dust in one hour relieving the power of zebra stripes
Thief in the night creeping to defeat the beast lose the fire
Crucified who? The truth is it's time to choose a side
See I'd rather die then loss my soul to foolish pride
Mornings of armegeddons settling arguments but who am I?
You decide to use the bi, directed by
You divide the crucifix school supplies amongst the deaf and blind
I don't worship them serpents surfacing with perfect weaponry
Certain the recipes start with the breath
The word is destiny
Let it be known, from hear on you stand warned
One last chance to transform your rough drafts to sandstorms