

# Blessings

The Armed

Bow  
To its will  
A presence in your mind  
You take the pill  
No conscience  
Mind's ill  
No favor  
Or goodwill

They built a house of lies  
Upon this hill  
Reigning on down from high  
This soulless shill

No conscience  
Mind's ill  
No patience  
Or free will  
Lies

Peace of mind  
Free of sin  
Denier, denier, denier

Abide to every rule  
That they wrote for themselves

Now  
Uproot this hill  
Undo their subterfuge  
Deny their will

Our longing  
Their hate  
Our victory  
Their shame  
Ride

There's no need for guilt and  
There's no need for shame  
Take the blame off of yourself  
And throw it away

It's everyone else  
They're holding you back  
Or maybe you're really scum  
I'd bet