

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