

## Worship Syndrome

**This Is Hell**

In this world of smoke and mirrors, we're all the same, snakes  
and sinners.  
Get off your knees and open your eyes, don't let the blind lead  
the blind or play you part in this charade.  
Line us up in the deceivers parade.  
Celebrate false kings and queens and their paper dreams.  
Everyone wants to be holy, I'd rather be loved.  
All your greatest fears fall from the sky.  
For you heaven is promised, but I don't know why.  
Everyone wants to be holy, I'd rather be loved.  
All our greatest fears crash through the floor.  
For us, hell is promised, and that's why I believe no more.  
I sit with my head in my hands and wonder why this is how it ha  
s be.  
Life goes on for everyone while I'm fucking grieving.  
This is a dedication, not an empty celebration of kings and que  
ens, paper dreams.  
This false love and worship is the real tragedy.