

## Tyrant

Thou

We're slaves to conditioning  
Hidden eyes judge us from the heavens  
Unseen fingers choking free will back down our throats  
You can never escape the foul presence of christianity  
And to ignore divine contradictions  
And to reject a fictitious morality  
And to scorn superstitions  
And to put your faith in logic  
This is the path to your damnation  
This is the path to your damnation

[?] seen before  
[?] asleep or dead  
[?] just to forget

[?] seen before  
[?] asleep or dead  
[?] just to forget

[?] seen before  
[?] asleep or dead

And you shall know them by the fruit they bear:  
Intolerance, manipulation, genocide  
All in the name of a God conjured  
In the imaginations and machinations of men  
How dejected and unfulfilled

Look to me in hate, pity, or indifference  
But don't expect longing or acceptance  
In these eyes, or in these words  
Not for your, not for your...

Pompous egotism  
Boisterous moral posturing  
Righteous indignation, or your resignation  
To constant suffering

I would rather burn in hell  
Than cling to man-made falsehoods  
I would rather live in doubt and fear  
Expecting an unfeeling abyss  
I would rather  
Than embrace false hope  
Or extravagant fairy tales  
Nothingness awaits