

# Chemical Christ

## Thy Art Is Murder

Do you know your demons  
Do you yearn for pain  
Do your lethal addictions  
To self-prescriptions  
Numb the ache of the darkest days

Why do you blame the world  
For the ghost you have become  
When you should blame no one but yourself  
For your self destruction

Sword swallows  
The pills have a way  
Of making us hollower  
Addiction to emptiness  
Begging for opioid utopia  
Grovel at the feet of your father

Chemical Christ  
Heaven is a nihilist paradise

A loaded gun with no trigger  
An itchy hand with no fingers  
Claw out the eyes that cry for relief  
God is gone  
He left his broken creatures  
Solemn victims of self-defeat

Chemical Christ  
Offer your souls to sacrifice  
Chemical Christ  
Heaven is a nihilist paradise

Grovel at the feet of your father

Sword swallows  
Make us hollower

Why do you blame the world  
For the ghost you have become  
When you should blame no one but yourself  
For your self destruction

Sword swallows  
The lord has a way of finding his followers  
Obsidian fever dreams of endless purgatory  
Grovel at the feet of your father

Chemical Christ  
Offer your souls to sacrifice  
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Heaven is a nihilist paradise

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