

After Death

Trauma

There is the underworld once tangled in chaos
Created in suffering of stars
The blast of energy called "God the creator"
Burnt prophecies found on the pages of filth

Children are branded as worms of messiah
They are the "good ones" and lambs of God
In stench of religious slavery
World drowned in the brutal lies

Degrees of deity are measured in millions of souls
Progress in abnormality will show our blindness
Like on the ship of fools in catastrophic storm
They are the bastards possessed by fear

Where is your rule of love?
Where is our free will?
The mighty conductor has died
But show must go on
The work must be done
After death