Archive, Bastardised Ink

All hailstorms in to die for my sins,
Why am I accursed and not believing,
Death to damnation both forced arrest,
Enforced interrogation duress fire question,
Pressure point temple brainwashed disciple,
Shooting at me with a holy water pistol,
I am not a heathen I'll give you the reason,
Ten commandments and ten counts of treason,
They can pass judgements while I plead,
Ignorance self defense dollars pounds and pence,
Because we live inside the age feelings hard to gauge,
I just open up the book and keep turning the page,
While the all powerful throwback to miracle,
Whips up the storms and pestilent swarms,
Sacrifice to appease the deity,
Whilst heavens open up just to seize the enemy,
Wiped out civilisations,
Desolate barren landscapes genocides, creation,
But mad scientists wildly experiment,
Drawing the conclusion down into the sediment,
To the dark hour seed is sown,
Now on there will be light via fire and brimstone,
Walls fall down but emerge from the ground as if to start over,
Rebuild the structure,
True to life adventure,
Even while your breathing lung puncture,
Nothing out there to protect you,
So they look into the skies the cries can be heard,
The word is obscene unwashed and unclean,
Wreaking havoc for the hell of it,
Whilst digging deep and developing a taste for it,
Bloodthirsty craves screams for mercy,
Highly unlikely,
Feel the almighty crash,
Alas hope all evaporates incinerate burns out and obliterates,
Keep the faith in more ways than one,
Or believe me and mark my words thy will be done.
Praying not for the cynical quick stepping left right,
Pick up as they march upon the pinnacle,
Clocking up the watch stop digital,
Trying to make peace while they'd rather make base and erase the place they found,
Lies written all over the face wonder why,
Feeling immortality fearing they're afraid to die,
Sly snakes sidewind and enter your mind,
Finding temptation insecurity and frustration,
Hating anger lusts after fear as half the man dies whilst shedding the tear,
A clear sign that it's way past the time,
To rebuild the bleeding heart that lies broken,
Well I must be mistaken but I more than feel that a chance is not taking consideration for the non b
Nothing but an open mind is what I try and maintain,
Hand on heart keep alive in dying art, pick it up dust it down make a start and bring it round.
Pray to God blaspheme one can only dream,
Crucify and ask why either do or die.