

Atreyu, At Least I Know I'm A Sinner

Lift up a stone and you will find him,
cherish the beauty in the world around us
Not in buildings or crosses made by man
Judge me, fuck you, stop playing god,
Your forked tongue prophecies,
carelessly caressing the wounds of the weak
People like you should be crucified,
then maybe just maybe you would have an idea
Of what you are talking about.
My only solace is that one day,
judgment will come for the wicked, then we will see who burns
Raise your heads, unclasp your hands,
your weakness makes me tremble
True strength comes from within
And we were given this life to live,
not exist under standards, set by some bullshit rule book
What prayers of yours, were ever answered, by degrading others
Spare me your biblical back peddling nonsense
For the people that you've hurt, and the being your dishonor,
Your fall from grace, will finally justify my means
Judge me and now you are me and what's worse
You are now a traitor to your god
Tell me Judas, how does it feel to be looked down upon
Sinners like you, should be stung up from the highest tree
you judged me and now you are me, stop playing god