Augury, Becoming God

[Music: Patrick]

Let there be the art Painful urge to create in all matter embodied Let there be the stars to sign the work For earthbound creation to worship when They'll start gazing upward

Let there be light, glowing from a far Like a blasting horn bellows forth our coming Divine architecture drawn onto the veil of existence

Your very existence, by sole will conceived Since the first cell divided itself Provided the canvas for the work to bloom Until the time came to make apes into men A sorry pinnacle drawn to regression

Creation, you self-predacious kind The canvas you stained in majestic idiocy For eons all was miscomprehended Offerings slain for heaven granted better harvests To vultures alone

To our image and resemblance

[Solo: Pat]

Animals we did disguise

[Solo: Mat]

Behind a mask of intelligence

[Solo: Pat, Mat]

The beast can be sensed

[Solo: Pat, Mat]

Creatures, so unfit for liberty
Always at war to force-feed a vision of divinity
Manipulating holiness
You see evil in all senses
Blindly guessing the why you've been

Arisen, given speech

[Solo: Pat]

Made into flesh and blood

[Solo: Mat]

Given a script and a play

[Solo: Pat, Mat]

Characters (for which) higher will is reason

[Solo: Pat, Mat]