

# Boysetsfire, Bathory's Sainthood

Do you feel alive now  
Now that you own the dead  
Preying on the corpses  
Their hearts no longer fed

Your sainthood is obvious on every starving face  
Your deception gives us  
A way to separate  
The poor from the hate  
The rich from the stone

Genuflect away the sins that we've known  
Sure one percent rules, but heaven's made of gold  
Chalk it up to folly and consequences alone

Do we really want do we really need  
A bastard messiah  
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean  
White washed desire

And every time the real war's defined  
The trenches are filled to hide battle lines  
Torches to bridges and bridges to torture  
Headlines distort what we see as our borders  
What gives us the right to feel with remorse  
For a god they created  
A god for the poor

Do we really want do we really need  
A bastard messiah  
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean  
White washed desire

For bathory  
We're bleeding out  
The devil hides in angelic shrouds  
Blasphemy  
As speaking out  
We've asked for it

For more of the same sad scheme  
Of ghettos created by the power elite  
For our minds and souls  
Burning no longer for freedom invoked

More of the same

Do we really want do we really need  
Bastard messiahs  
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean  
White washed desire

Your sainthood is obvious on every starving face  
Your deception's given us a way to separate  
Do you feel alive now  
Now that you own the dead

More of the same ...