

# Falconer, Perjury And Sanctity

Hold the cross up high into the sky  
far above your head  
in sacred decadence.  
In pride and honour  
you wear the crucifix  
as a shield towards  
the bitter consequence.

Your sins are not redeemed  
by swearing perjury.  
Your sense of self-esteem  
has miles to go to sanctity.

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See the spiteful and widening cracks  
in the bricks of all their  
picture perfect walls.  
The hollow grins of their hypocrisy  
they rock the basis until,  
until it starts to fall.

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Step inside with your commandments,  
bring your holy book.  
Show me your divinity.  
To me you're just a sheep  
with zippers in the back.  
Your costume does not fool me

(Guitar Solo)

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