

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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