

Poison The Well, Material Christ

Your so-called meager life is plagued with riches.

Born by the strong beliefs of your many victims

The task that they entrusted, within your powers.

Yet they remain unchanged.

Your god is non-existent.

You speak of your God, does he condemn your life?

You're nothing but a hypocrite.

Actions speak over words

The many sins you've lived.

The many lives you've told.

You're defaming yourself

Where's your conscience?

Do you think this is an excess of assets.

While they hope to eat your golden spoon.

Their hand to mouth after their final days.

Where will you go?

Your sins direct you, not your words.

Your God is nothing, your god is nothing.

Your God is non-existent, He's nothing.