

A Perfect Murder, Crucified By Fear

You pray to a god that's dead.
You just want to keep the faith.
Fuck those things they're pieces of shit.
Now face reality.
You think you are the light of your actions.
But you're nothing more than a shadow in our souls.
You think you can save us from fear.
But fear has been putting you on the cross.
Stop lying motherfucker.
You are fucking dead.