

Acumen Nation, Holy Terror

Highwire
Trapeze
Blood on
Your knees
Never fixtures
Only passing gashes

You're praying for nothing
Cuz no one answers
I see right through your halo stained lies

Saintly wounded or an asthmatic cancer
Mostly rumors except for the tumors
The ones that the clergy couldn't deny
I'm the zealot
A stigmatic answer?

Looking back on my soldiers
Weapons raised and slash through the air
Trance of ignorance finally broken
We sacrifice many to save the few

And I believe
In above all things
Exposing christianity
It's wholly pathetic
hateful nasty lemmings
Disgusted with themselves

Spitting their lies
Through the bile of a hymn
We're surrounded by hate and denial and sin
And that's just the communion...

And if there is... something...
anything above
We'd surely be welcome home
Before any of you...