

# Blinded Colony, Thorned & Weak

Humanity feast again upon the bittersweet agony  
Blameful souls made to serve the perseverance  
Carving out the innocence bit by bit  
See the unpure flesh burn

My morphine is your disbelief  
Your lack of knowledge, your fear of pain, your human weakness.  
An endless search for peace of mind, never resting.  
My morphine is your disbelief  
An idol nailed upon the cross misleading thousands  
Your belief in divinity, your weakness is your fear of God.

This is the modest modern Messiah  
Serving all the blinded all the mislead  
This is the modest modern Messiah  
Thorned and weak

Religion, your weak excuse for living  
Denying a lying world you're blinded  
You follow treason till the end  
But your son of nothing fades

My morphine is your disbelief  
An idol nailed upon the cross misleading thousands  
Your belief in divinity, your weakness is your fear of God.

This is the modest modern Messiah...  
Cant you see him for the lie that he really is?  
An illusion of past cravings  
No longer required in this dying world  
Your sins did not die with him