

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