

# Born Against, 8 Organ Of Hope

The upturned ruptured palms the pleading eyes that hide the spite that want to forgive us wretched insects if only we'd learn how to get in line there's still room on the cross for the sheep of the flock there's still space available to join the angels at the trough & no one knows how much you've suffered Christ is king (deny him) Jesus is lord (deny him) I'm not related to the guilt flesh that repents I turn my back on the burning heart that farts obedience purity is shit evil is virtue gffggft blaggga bdhg & and no one's suffered quite like you Christ is king (deny him) Jesus is lord (deny him) servant or slave the balance always works out the same pray for me shepard me because I won't die for your sins won't drink your blood won't eat your flesh won't share your victory over sin & death don't repent the end has come and gone.