

# Crucified, The Insult Circus

from the very moment I heard your deceit and subtle lies  
from the moment you shocked me silent I burned to question: why?  
why? why do you insist, you persist in blasphemy of my Lord and God?  
take your opinions and empty accusations home and rot  
your world is so perverted  
nausea grips my stomach...I think I'm gonna vomit  
and to think I once took part in the narrowmindedness of a hardened heart  
why?

why the insults to my Lord?  
there is no point without support  
blaming God for faults of men  
you don't even understand  
some feeble point or shock effect  
who do you benefit?  
you profit off another's pain  
and bite the hand that seeks to aid lies  
motive: ego...knowledge: who knows?  
solution: zero...your goal: oh so vague

and the band "millions of dead";  
whoever you are mumbling and grumbling about today  
your music's fast and you're outspoken  
but you have little or nothing to say  
and the boys from south of heaven  
who knock t.v. preachers with every other word  
you come off so concerned and charge \$20+ for a t-shirt  
hypocrisy your breath holds  
deception reeks thick and bold  
you don't care about anyone but yourself  
you couldn't care less if I rot in hell  
me or anyone else.  
why?

and the band named after the cow disease  
so proud if you're without sin then go ahead  
cast your two cents in and half the bands in the  
berkeley mag on the bandwagon of the insult circus  
of all the wrongs you slag the rights and lose us to your purpose  
if you're so wise then solve my troubles  
instead you ask more (and more, and more, and...)  
needless questions and my troubles double  
give us something we can use  
you serve only to confuse  
why?

this song is meant to refer directly  
to those who speak of God  
though they know so little of him