

# Deicide, Bury The Cross... With Your Christ

Bad luck and superstition, all part of God religion  
You can't come in unless you're saved  
It's in his name we suffer, one death after another  
And die to live another day

Buried in contradiction decaying crucifixions  
The cross of Christ is in its grave

There was no premise in Jesus' death  
No use in wondering why  
Suffering souls left to bleed in distress  
Distance themselves from his lie  
Trampled and torn in this living abyss, losing its grip over time  
Turning away from the meaning of it  
Bury the cross with your Christ

Deny the unforgiven, reverse what god has written  
The light of Christ has lost its way  
A sign of revelation, diminished congregation  
No one believes a word you say

Heaven unknown in a world of mistrust  
Arrogance living a lie  
Out of control in the midst of disgust  
Standing alone in the light  
Never reborn to the vile of sin  
Reverence echoes and die  
Lost and forgotten and failed to exist  
Bury the cross with your Christ

The sword of indecision, entombed in symbolism  
A memory of something said  
Descend unto damnation, emphatic contemplation  
Eternally and left for dead

Withering penance and no reason why  
Bleeding from both of its eyes  
Pleading for mercy and begging for death  
Screaming at God for a sign  
Fatal discretion, just simply unseen  
Crawl through the darkness and die  
Done with religion and calling it quits  
Bury the cross with your Christ