

Immolation, I Feel Nothing

Your prayers,
I don't feel them in my heart
It is not hate
That I stare coldly at the son of god
I can not force the blood of Christ
To flow through me
God is love and his love is dead

Drown your sorrows in prayer
But your prayers will never change the world
I separate myself
From those who chase the spirit
I can't fall to my knees
And pretend like all the rest
This is a soul that doesn't need saving

Their paradise not mine; an illusion I will not believe
Divine presence of perfection, turns sour in my gaze
Why should I feel compassion for the suffering of your God
For all the pain he allows, I give him what he deserves

In the name of the Father,
In the name of the Son
Where is the Holy Spirit, I feel nothing
As I stare upon the crucifix, I feel nothing for a God I never knew
I refuse to embrace, and live by his word

I take not of his body
I take not of his blood
I don't need salvation
Or his forgiveness
I don't want his kingdom
My kingdom is here