

Kill II This, Brainwash

Blessed are the words 'Of my free will', The God given right to decide
Yet I am the canvas for your design, Freedom of speech redefined

I am like a voice for all your words, A weapon for your empty hands
I am like a vision yet you are blind, The prey for your serpentine
You colour my creed, brainwashed belief, A puppet that's kept on a leash

Your weakness is my strength - Your hatred's my defence

I am the saviour for your battered faith, Sacred ground you violate
A burning alter, a quest divine, Broken like the bread and the wine
No prodigal son, your will will be done, An outcast til thy kingdom come

I am the victim, the hunted, the prey
Strangled you're my tourniquet
A born bloodsucker bleeding my mind
Swallow the sight of the blind
Embody all I detest, you'd steal my last breath
Tongue-twisted til the bitter end