

# Lead Weight, Disangelist (Bad Religion)

Go to your home  
And light a candle  
Shut down your eyes  
And make a prayer  
And muddy stare  
And there's no soul  
And only fear...

Blood runs cold in veneration  
Black precipice of insane is close  
For punishment fear rise on your knees  
Glorification word exalt by lips...

Psychosis...  
Abulia...  
You're dying from someone's idea  
Idea of rescuing of the world

Your mother cries,  
But you are smiling  
You have refused  
From thy world!

Has taken in hands  
Insanity seeds  
For weak-willed minds  
Has prepared a lot!

... Years are passing,  
But there's no omen  
Idea - is terrible lie

There is a dull ache  
Grows in perception  
This is your rack -  
It's all your life

You can not suffer  
Such pain as truth  
And you've understood but late,  
That there is an exit:  
Death...