

Something Beautiful, Heresies & Blasphemies

witness ever changing tides that
span the glorious depths of time and
whisper softly to yourself that
you'll someday know what it felt like
hanging on a tree or burning
like a wicker effigy or
covered in the blackest pitch that
dries and hardens on your skin
softly though you go through life refusing
to see any likeness
though when held up side by side you
look just like the antichrist and
though you hunger for relief from
putrid animosity you
stand and stumble in despair while
odors rise up through the air reminding
you of your decay and
how you gave your life away to
sadness with a smiling face your
madness made you fall from grace while
terror, torment and bereavement
paints the social soul with fear and
dyes the tongue with words and thoughts that
satan spoke but we've forgotten
wickedness invades your soul and
rapes you of your self control injustice
takes a weary mind and
leaves its owner deaf and blinded
to the world around it burning
like a witch in Salem, turning
prophets into pounds of ash ideas
quelled and without passion
without reason uninspired committing
treason winding wires together
that would form the thread that
keeps the poor ones from their bread and
protect us from evil lies around
each corner evil eyes to
watch you live and watch you die like
cattle to the butcher's knife like
sheep led to the abattoir like
patriots to lines of fire we
give humanity away to
those who would lead us astray, now
do you call it blasphemy to
call out your idolatry and
will you charge us heresy
for taking out our eyes to see that
when you strip it to the bone and
dry it out so it alone portrays
itself as what it is betrays
the wolf in human skin we
creep away from shadows cast that
threaten from the recent past without
perhaps within as well we
find and shut the door to hell but
who am i to trust till then? should
each one decide and defend himself
to inquisition put his
mind on trial for treason? what if
time is out a second fall a
new curse given to us all and
hands that once would wipe away the
tears now bring them here to stay and

if the cross is what you see a
christian then i cannot be when
pulpits spew their bigotry they
hang the god back on the tree when
man can stand up and debate with
out the excommunicator
calling down hellfire and brimstone
then will we perform atonement
for the sins we bury deep beneath
the dust of history in
spite of fear in spite of pride
renew that which was once inside
call it madness call it grief but
never call it heresy and
call it anger sowing seed but
never call it blasphemy
Supplemental lyrics for Heresies and Blasphemies
Holiness and emptiness waken as the end begins. As we sin,
We fall away, without redemption falling
Far away from what we should have kept inside this place
Will we end as we begin?
Waken that which sleeps within!
Mother, Father, Sister, Brother,
All is lost, but not forgotten!