

Twelve Tribes, Post Replica

It's been said that progress...that progress is the promise of annihilation. Prayers will burn and war will be a sign of the end until no one is left to medicate humanity of the belief in the cure for the sickness which it taught. We are held hostage in the name of self denial consumed by the grace of your god. We are held hostage in the name - rise and awake. The perception of our hell is their sleight of hand. Misdirecting our love into worship keep your finger on the pulse 'cause the vein has been cut and the blood has become my religion I've replaced the walls of my defenses against the unaffected god infested portraits of fear and redemption rise and awake for this new offering of life. Rise for this new for prison for church and for saint for thief the opiate of our sacred city. Mass media armed to the teeth there is truth to burn and war in the streets.