

Cursed

Counterparts

We ache to be transparent.
We run from the "open" arms; the facade of something greater than ourselves.
And we're left to coexist with infestation.
Our history is cursed: Through the past, present and future.
If they're created in his image, then his image is disgusting... and even he can't wipe you clean.
How can someone see so far ahead, while they're spending every day on their knees?
Is the view from above really worth the judgement passed?
The fear, the lies, and the manipulation?
A doctrine bathed in ignorance, and written in the blood of the enslaved.
And I have never lost my faith, I just never had any to begin with.
I would sooner die for my sins, then pray for my forgiveness.
Sew my palms together, and crucify the thoughts in my mind.
Awaiting Armageddon.
Neglecting to exercise the demons in your head.
You're "born again," but you're better off dead.
Conversion or a casualty, renounce and save yourself.
Is the view from Heaven really worth all of the judgement passed?
The pestilence that you've inflicted, and the souls of all the loved one's we've lost?
We are the sheep that rose against the shepherd, we are the ones you led astray.
Embrace the light in your heart, not the one in the sky.
Saints and sinners rejoice, we will all rot together.

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