

A Plea For Purging "And Weep"

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Your god is dead.
Your hands are soaked in blood.
You liar.
You're charged with death.
Murder of what's pure.
Perverted God for a fallen youth.
They'll follow every single word you say.
You're charged with death.
Sell you soul, sell your god.
Hide from all, who are you.
The taste of gold, tastes just like blood.
You murderer.
Killed all my hope.
Murdered everything.
Innocence lost.
There's no turning back.
I question every single word you say.
Now you'll never be able.
To buy back what you've lost.
Has it ever been worth it.
Will it ever be worth it for you.
One, eight, seven.
Murder in the first degree.

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