

Belie My Burial "Misery Architecture"

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Enslaved for so long, Simple chains on a complex system. Fluid fills their lungs, Victims of our backwards justice.

Human rights are cast aside by our wrongs,
History performs this tragic dance forever-long.
Years pour down onto cement,
Stripped of souls and flesh.
Human rights; cast aside by our own ways,
History performs this tragic dance forever.

"Here I am, your God,"
High time for reformation, but not to be,
We've watched you dig your children's graves.
Your cries for reformation, but not to be,
We've watched you dig your children's graves, our children's graves.

The streets in rubble but I can't help feeling so maladjusted.

This vestige of cancerous thought will stain our race forever,

Scant reform, your hideous ways preclude our human endeavor.

Scant reform, our children born dead.

Debt is all that's left of their gutter currency, pennies on the dollar,

And they're all too blind to see.

In their hearts; in the face of their wasted lives,

Eat their hearts out; from their chests,

I've watched them fall, making the dead rise, is it hard to breath?

Debris is hard to breath, we'll move them on.

We will betray our brothers, lynch them by their own ties,

We are blind to all we've become,

We slave to our own devices,

We are alone to buy our God,

With all of my trust in you I burn them alive,

With all of my trust in you I buried the lies.

We build the alters that will never seek praise, Our sermon speaks to the foul and depraved.

Enslaved for so long, Simple chains on a complex system. Fluid fills their lungs, Victims of our backwards justice.

I've seen his face but he will never be my savior, I've watched him die, I've watched him bleed, never, never, I've seen his face but he will never be my savior.

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