

## Casting Crowns

### "The Art Of Homicide"

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Can't you see that I am not a part  
Of your foul fucking love?  
Can't you realize that I do not live in dream  
And misanthropy is my spiritual infinity

I play on the strings of mankind  
But my symphony is requiem  
And the great number of concentration camps  
Cover the blood-coloured earth

War funeral march  
Is the play on my stage  
Holocaust of the races  
Is the act number one  
I am the artist who creating  
The art of homicide

I draw the future of mankind -  
Pits full of corpses, crematoriums  
Creating the abhorrent masterpiece -  
The world of the steelhearted ones

In my play you can't find the scenes of love  
They are buried in blood neath concentration camps  
On my drawings you can't find the bright colours  
Your future coloured in black and red

But I am the artist, the creator  
My drawings made of blood of mankind  
And in your eyes I'm the God who creating  
The art of homicide...

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