

Epicure

"Written In Blood"

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On stolen land you stand
And rant of good and bad
Force feed your puritan lie
Convert those still alive
Who fled you genocide
And watch their bloodline drain and
Die

Pure and simple greed
Controls my destiny
Darkness is my light
Reeling now I fall
Reigning down on all
Consuming all in sight

The lies to the young we feed
Disguised as protective need
But over time it seeps
Into their conscience it bleeds
Vicious cycle unfolds
Faith set in stone
God's creation fades
Lost the innocent age

Broken the human image
Formed illusion is destroyed
Expanding time has spread
Exploding scale of conquered theft
Bloodstained our history
Ship stolen humans to slavery
Hallowed point ever growing
Expand and swell
With the progress of our minds

Illusion of the cage
Repress instinctive rage
To mask, to shield, disguise
Face of false compassion
Veil of gut instinct
To fear the violence held inside

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