

Born Against "8 Organ Of Hope"

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The upturned ruptured palms the pleading eyes that
hide the spite that want to
forgive us wretched insects if only we'd learn how to
get in line there's
still room on the cross for the sheep of the flock there's
still space
available to join the angels at the trough & no one
knows how much you've
suffered Christ is king (deny him) Jesus is lord (deny
him) I'm not related
to the guilt flesh that repents I turn my back on the
burning heart that farts
obedience purity is shit evil is virtue gfffggft blaggga
bdhg & and no one's
suffered quite like you Christ is king (deny him) Jesus is
lord (deny him)
servant or slave the balance always works out the same
pray for me shepard me
because I won't die for your sins won't drink your blood
won't eat your flesh
won't share your victory over sin & death don't repent
the end has come and
gone.

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