

## **Born Against "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 blagga  
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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