

Boy Meets Girl

"Bathory's Sainthood"

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Do you feel alive now that you own the dead
Praying on their corpses, their hearts no longer feel
Your sainthood is obvious on every starving face
Your deception's given us a way to separate
The poor from their hate, the rich from the stone
Genuflect away the sins that we've known
Sure one percent rules, but heaven's made of gold
So chalk it up to folly and consequence alone
Do we really want what we really need a bastard
messiah
Wrapped up in the dream of patriotic clean white
washed desire
And every time the real war's defined, the trenches are
filled to hide battle lines
Torches to bridges and bridges to torture
Headlines distort what we see as our borders
And what gives us the right to feed with remorse for a
God they created
A God for the poor, for bathory we're bleeding out the
devil hicks in angelic shrouds
Blasphemy as speaking out we've asked for it for more
of the same
Sad scheme of ghettos created by the power elite, for
our minds and souls burning
No longer for freedom invoked just more of the same.

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