

Boy Sets Fire "Bathory's Sainthood"

Visit "[Bathory's Sainthood](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

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

Visit [Boy Sets Fire](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.