

## **Insision "By Habit"**

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[Pretext:

In the torn flesh, an abstract emerge... releasing its vile stench to make itself known.

A reminder of the outside, a human stench. A religious stench.

Its dogma, the cyst, infests your daily life. Their yoke and life so compromised.

A guilt so hereditary emphasized, and the cure so obvious. No belief no god.

Still you stand and stare, hiding behind that old mask of God.

Yes, you're part of the problem, accepting tradition.

Eyes wide shut as they congregate.

Christians, Muslims and Jews. They see the 'vehemence in those not of the norm', so you get in line... to swallow...]

Vehement, I am

The new law, new line

I transcend, transform, project the heretic

Your useless manifest, fable of a feeble god

(Do you) think you're free on your knees?

Behind that old mask of God

But we ride, vulgar and viral

And you cry, defeated again

If I kneel, I choose my own power

Satan is God, now dominate!

As slaves you are, traditions and habit

Suppressed, eyes wide shut

So compromised

Without even knowing

Hiding behind the face of tradition

Fixed on the new law I am

I dissent...

The faith is fed religious in doctrines

And every time you accept, you inherit the yoke

So compromised your life, your guilt

The guilt of your fathers

Absolute in my reality

Erect, stand tall, full of dignity

Absolute in my own prophecy

Chosen, I build my own identity  
To fall out of the norm  
They will gather  
Have a mind of your own  
They will congregate, REMEMBER!!!  
You are part of the problem  
Accepting traditions  
You will kneel by habit...  
In fear of what?!

By habit, you'll kneel down  
By habit

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