

Inversion

"The Butchering Of Relative Thinking"

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In place of influence
Invincible position
The lie you believe in
Awaiting a response, no one stands
When you attack my God
And His precious, precious truth

Fabricated truth spurts forth from your intellectual
wounds
Crushing hammers to the skull of rationality
Seeking to obliterate truth from the lips of the beautiful
Malignancy eats at your soul

Pride
All you have left
Ad hominem
Your last defense

Year in, year out
You seek out one to slaughter
To intellectually torture and dismember
Upon a table of philosophical butchery
Perverse
You desire to hear them cry out

Sick man you are
Believing your "truth" can save you
You and your 'hammers will lie gutted and severed
Not a threat, but a promise of your future

My heart takes over my body
I rise, you laugh

You draw your hammer, try to break my skull of
objective distinctions
All eyes are fixed, for we are in the battlefield of ideas
You desire my parents' philosophy to be my weapon
I choose the chainsaw, objective truth never hurt like
this
Such power, so much force, your arguments lie bloody
and severed
Beneath a mangled heap of subjective thinking

Pride
All you have left
Ad hominem
Your last defense

The final blow
My chainsaw rips the lies from your heart
But eternal truth can stitch the incision and wipe away
the tears
Yourself enslaved, yet you have a choice
Eyes fixed on your broken corpse, you realize your
fault

I hate you not
God hates you not
You need fear not
Truth just killed you

I hate you not
God hates you not
You need fear not
Truth wil revive you

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