

## Byzantine "Stick Figure"

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Welcome to the skin you wear again  
The weeping wound you try to mend  
Liar screaming hollow amens  
Your conscience disappears  
Each time you sin  
New life is a possibility  
No one is here to see you bow to me  
Throw up your hands to the skies  
And welcome the new lords

Of your demise  
On your fear we feed  
And this is the way we bleed

No love just hate my fist your face  
The tears they pave my indoctrination  
Your knees the pain it comes in waves  
You can't be save because I am the way

Lie to my face not my back  
I'm not a stick figure  
Three-dimensional figure  
On your fear we feed  
And this is the way we bleed

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