

Cave-In "Crossbearer"

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Tear it from the cross, shake it to pieces, scream
demon wind into its ears.
I'm not getting an answer. How can you be so fucking
real?
Now I turn my back upon this crossbearer, the lesser to
me of a figment.
Never am I guided by its wisdom, gentleness, or
kindness.
Holy wars, killing in the name of god,
the right to be minimalized under the rule of the
unseen greatness.
I cannot bow my head or kneel my figure to a fake
symbol.
And yet I dream and walk this earth in free thought for
myself,
proving my existence without this form of worship.
So now let me spit upon the cross of your worship,
or kill me in the name of God.
I only understand its hate,
the skin beneath a mask of shallow actions
with a book of superstitions to live by, all living blind.

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