

Lux Occulta

"Tar"

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The purity of silk within a soul. But where's the fun in that?
Somewhere beneath all that spotless control, I smell a rat.
You say no thanks' I'll abstain,
As somewhere deeply you drool.
So ask yourself once again. Who exactly to you fool?

I don't keep your secrets, I won't tell your lies,
I won't close my, Mouth or my thighs,
I don't share your interests, I don't have your charms,
I prefer the less subtle, Causes for alarm.

Sleep soundly with every drop of your sick beliefs.
While I scream though the night and suck it's vast receipts.

So are you happy in your hole,
Where everyone needs your help?
So much time spent bringing aid to the weak,
You haven't strengthened yourself.
What I see within your actions.
Your misguided instructions,
Something rotting, a sad distraction,
And absolute destruction.

I don't keep your secrets, I won't tell your lies,
I won't close my, Mouth or my thighs,
I don't share your interests, I don't have your charms,
I prefer the less subtle, Causes for alarm.

No savior, no salvation, no excuses for me.
Every breath of life is precious,
No acceptance or surrender sacrifice for belief,
I have found life far too precious.

I don't keep your secrets, I won't tell your lies,
I won't close my, Mouth or my thighs,
I don't share your interests, I don't have your charms,
I prefer the less subtle, Causes for alarm.

If you are pure as driven snow, then I am happily tar.
If you are what your god intended, then I don't follow
his star.

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