

Martyr Ad

"Statement Of Being Followed By Followers"

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How you came from the wall
Feeding me handfuls of anonymity
A perfect mask can hide a shallow smile
A muted voice comprised of chicanery
A prophet to the disassembled
A bleeding heart for a dying cause
Prays in tongues and kneels in dirt
Hollowed without your face shows sickened ways
A filter of reality shows you in a league with a god
With a leper's hand you reach with hate
The first stone is cast a masochistic game
Tear the jester's heart from its chest
This cycle never ends
How the killers always come with a grin
There is no need for you here
You're worth your weight in shit
So play the sage in the eyes of another bastard
And fulfill your place in life
Again having played the fool once
All too often in the past everything has an end
And everything dies
And when your word becomes as indestructable
As the frequency of your lies
Then we'll discuss promises
I wish you increments of hell
At one million a day

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