

AEHoF "Bible Of Errors"

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This 'Bible' of Errors,
Call the stretcher bearers.
Some people believed,
Their souls it has thieved.
Mocking them with it's laugh,
They're the sacrificial calf.
Their screams echo, echo,
This 'Bible' their biggest foe.

My Bible of Errors, take a look,
I wrote it coz I am a crook,
And I really couldn't give a fook,
If people scream, and cry,
And burn, and die.

This 'Bible' of Errors,
Worshipped by robe-wearers.
My teachers preach arrogance,

My people do their death-dance.
My church is awash with false idols,
I cannot feel their weak pulls.
Ceremony and pomp are my way,
Because it won't hold on Judgement Day.

My Bible of Errors, take a look,
I wrote it coz I am a crook,
And I really couldn't give a fook,
If people scream, and cry,
And burn, and die.

So burn, die, crash, cry,
Upon my false wings I'll fly,
To your soul wave goodbye,
You shall not defy!

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