

## Coroner

### "9.12"

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Blessed are the peacemakers,  
For they shall inherit the label of non-patriot,  
And be condemned by the profiteers of war...  
No, no, no delight,  
In seeing fading light  
Inside the thinking minds  
For fear of condemnation  
Know what it means to be right  
And say all the things you believe in  
Know, that the truth that you see  
When you speak can be the end of you.  
No, no paradise  
For those who sacrifice  
For a God who's made of lies  
And murders non-believers.  
Know what it means to be right  
And say all the things you believe in  
Know, that the truth that you see  
When you speak can be the end of you.  
The idea that an omnipresent creator  
Would ordain free will on the created,  
Sending them into darkness  
Then reveal the truth about his nature  
To a select few supposedly ordained  
To distribute throughout the world  
An unveiling of the nature  
Of an insecure, violent, sometimes kind, child killing  
God,  
Sounds more like the musings of some kind of  
heavenly  
Crack addict  
Than anything we should worship or model ourselves  
After...  
No, no guiding light  
For those who kill for Christ  
A worthless sacrifice for feeble minds of hatred.  
Know what it means to be right  
And say all the things you believe in  
Know, that the truth that you see  
When you speak can be the end of you.

I won't fear that which put me here.

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