

My Own Grave "Heathen Divinity"

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The corroded society of hypocrites, where human
weakness is refined.

Carnal behavior rules supreme yet the beast remains
denied.

Dust to dust when will you crush the crumbling cross?
Wrap the rope tight and send them to their graves.

Wormtongue preachers, falsehood vows.
Lambs to slaughter, into your fold.

Another victim craved, raped by the light of Christ.
Another mind enslaved, another carcass for the flies.
Seems easy to escape the hell we live in every day.
Easy to be forgiven, by the grace of divine decay.

Your chain of faith grows weaker your minions fall prey.
To the punitive beasts of heathen divinity.

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