

Crucified "Getting A Grip On Things"

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hatred is the perfect word
for everything I think of you
you were conquered by my God
you, prince of darkness
the arrogant fool
if given the chance, and the strength
to do all that I wish to you
I'd shout with glee (!) show no mercy
and rip the filthy life from you

getting a grip on things
tightening our grip on things
satan has been beat
focus less on his power
and more on his defeat

I'd start by stabbing seven times
for every single lie you've said
for lust of eyes I'd pluck out yours
for lust of flesh I'd split your head
for loneliness I'd seal your ears
for bitterness I'd burn you
for capitol punishment of unborn innocents
I'd take the sword and run you through

for bigotry I'd paint you black
yellow, white, and red
for oppression of my bretheren
I'd tie a noose around your neck

the verse, you know and heed
the words of God:
"vengeance is mine"
your time will come

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