

Phlebotomized "Preach Eternal Gospels"

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Lethargically we drag our feet to the confessional
Poor minds encased with the guilt,
no reversion as sins are committed
Believing by confessing the sins,
thy problems be resolved?
Nothing is more idiotic & naive,
than to preach eternal gospels

Just because a man is dressed in black clothing,
is he a so-called saint?
Just because a man is appointed to this position,
is he untouchable for us?

Make a contribution to what's called Christianity
Bying oneself out once move, absurd insanity
Be humble & generous, donate thy money & care
Repeatedly believed, blindly they'll preach eternal
gospels

Sense the solving emptiness, drown away into
deadened air
These souls shall not recede, depressed glances we
absorb

Isolated from the enlightened world,
we prowl round this disowned fortress

The view is wearisome, therefore
we convent to cold, dreary beings

Sense the solving emptiness, drown away into
deadened air
These souls shall not recede, depressed glances we
absorb

Engraved... are disapproving reflections...
pale... bittered faces...
Indication of... a mournful atmosphere...
a futile purpose... without an end...

Normally we stroll to the confessional
Minds no longer filled with the guilt,

reversion as no sins are committed
No more confessing our sins,
the problems are resolved!
Nothing is more idiotic & naive,
than to continue to preach eternal gospels

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is he a so-called saint?
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