

## **Pik**

# **"The Rotten Fruit Of Mercy"**

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Sign from pulpit through the church  
Faces like silent crypt  
Hear to words of a greed priest  
And he lies even in prayer  
Drop of sweat on his temple  
Give away the derisive sin  
He's writhe between amused candles  
And talks to the crowd withered  
Nonsense  
Queue of faithful blind lambs  
Waiting for Messiah's body  
They lick the hands of clown  
Thanking with collection for blessing  
Queue of faithful blind lambs  
Waiting for Messiah's blood  
But it's only cheap red wine  
Not-send by heaven  
Let them burn at stake  
Rip their skins again  
Mentor of many names  
Now look at you with grief  
Pain, emptiness  
Bitter truth like carrion  
Pain of bloody tempels  
Nothing more around your faith  
Empty words to all the figures  
Rotten fruit of mercy

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