

Slurpymundae

"Sum Of Sin"

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Burning crosses on the steeple make non believers of
the people
Appoint the surrogate son to power then stir the dirt to
kill the flower
Tedious malignant games (snap) all your prayers go up
in flames
Searching for the sound of heaven the sum of sin adds
up to seven

Closedmindedness breeds ignorance
I'm living for the experience
Hate what I stand for not what I'll be
The rotten apple never falls far from the tree

Open the doors and close the mind personal beliefs
undermined
Confession bootes and cheap wine a drunken clergy
man divine
Black mass white mass blinding faith crossword
crosses seal my fate
Poisoning the holy water with jihad tactic holy slaughter

On a throne I'm the king - on a throne made of apathy I
sing
The praises of the shunned and dead with poems
dancing in my head
In my dreams I'm the king except for all the things I've
seen
Shattered lives and broken dreams should make me
smile or at least it seems (that)

Here's your church - here's your steeple - open the
doors - but where's all of the people

Rotting crosses on the floor nothings left to pay the
whore
Can't you taste all the lore watching at the broken door
Watching as the windows break nothings left to block
the light
You cannot taste this lying tongue because the fucking
words are numb

Robbing crosses ebb the flow - bible studies i recall
All the crosses on their face - all the abscessed salivate
All the axes on the floor - on the altars dead people

(Praise him)

Laughing as your crosses burn

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