

## **Slutbox**

### **"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 booties 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 abcessed salivate  
All the axes on the floor - on the altars dead people

(Praise him)

Laughing as your crosses burn

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