

The Crucified "The Insult Circus"

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From the very moment I heard your deceit and subtle
lies
From the moment you shocked me silent I burned to
question: why?
Why? why do you insist, you persist in blasphemy of my
Lord and God?
Take your opinions and empty accusations home and
rot
Your world is so perverted
Nausea grips my stomach...I think I'm gonna vomit
And to think I once took part in the narrowmindedness
of a hardened heart
Why?

Why the insults to my Lord?
There is no point without support
Blaming God for faults of men
You don't even understand
Some feeble point or shock effect
Who do you benefit?
You profit off another's pain
And bite the hand that seeks to aid lies
Motive: ego...knowledge: who knows?
Solution: zero...your goal: oh so vague

And the band "millions of dead"
Whoever you are mumbling and grumbling about today
Your music's fast and you're outspoken
But you have little or nothing to say
And the boys from south of heaven
Who knock t.v. preachers with every other word
You come off so concerned and charge \$20+ for a t-
shirt
Hypocrisy your breath holds
Deception reeks thick and bold
You don't care about anyone but yourself
You couldn't care less if I rot in hell
Me or anyone else.
Why?

And the band named after the cow disease
So proud if you're without sin then go ahead

Cast your two cents in and half the bands in the
Berkley mag on the bandwagon of the insult circus
Of all the wrongs you slag the rights and lose us to
your purpose
If you're so wise then solve my troubles
Instead you ask more (and more, and more, and...)
Needless questions and my troubles double
Give us something we can use
You serve only to confuse
Why?

This song is meant to refer directly
To those who speak of God
Though they know so little of him

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