

Twelve Tribes "Post Replica"

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It's been said that progress..
That is progress is the promise of annihilation
Prayers will burn and war will be a sign of the end
Until no one is left to medicate humanity of
The belief in the cure for the sickness which it taught
We are held hostage in the name of self denial
Consumed by the grace of God
We are held hostage in the name - rise and awake
The perception of our hell is their sleight of hand
Misdirecting our love into worship
Keep your finger on the pulse
'Cause the vein has been cut
And the blood has become my religion
I've replaced the walls of my defenses
Against the unaffected God infested portraits of fear
and redemption
Rise and awake for this new offering of life
Rise for this new
For prison for church for saint for thief
The opiate of our sacred city
Mass media armed to the teeth
There is truth to burn
And a war in the streets

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