

Under Eden "Zealot"

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Zealot, extreme believer,
That your cause is just.
Reading between the lines
On weapons of distrust.
Spoken words are ammunition
For the martyr heart.
Twist the meaning,
Righteous seeming,
Shape your endless war.

Soldier, you choose your targets,
Judge them through your sights.
Murder the murderer,
Two wrongs will make a right.
Follow the whispered order
Deep inside your brain.
Vengeance for stillborn souls
Unable to be saved.

Believe in a dream,
See what you want to see,
Preach an ageless hate.
Tears that you bleed
Through a mask of false sympathy
Fulfill your empty fate.

Healer, both life and death
Shaped by your slight of hand.
Feeding the notion that
You are more god than man.
Gamble your fame and fortune
A bullet's game of chance.
Profit from poisoned veins
And thrive on violence.

Sustained by pain and bitterness
Is no way to live.
Drowned in the spin of ignorance,
Nothing left to give.

The victors write the history,
Then kill the messenger.

Instead of bettering their lives,
They fight to make ours worse.

Martyr, you've been deceived,
A pawn in this crusade.
Patriot fatality,
A grave without a name.

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