

## **Viatrophy**

### **"Futile Prayers"**

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A life lived in fear of final judgement, end of days  
Grasping on to futile prayers  
This paranoia hanging over you  
It weeps from every pore  
You'll feel it in your every move  
Your every step watched over, unreachable freedom  
Your saviour yet to show his face  
Should he decide my fate?  
Conquering the world, a mission so vain  
The crisp air pounds my skin  
My eyes and senses open in defiance  
You're sedated by false promises offering hope  
This misery created by your belief  
The darkness of this world mists his perfect bliss,  
Pray for me.  
Lead the beast to rest, repent his sins  
Carry your filth to the heavens, while I cleanse in hell  
Conscience my only guidance, my only saviour  
Does it take a holy man to rest?  
Conscience my only guidance, my only saviour  
A thousand souls erased in your name  
Lead the beast to rest, repent his sins  
Carry your filth to the heavens, while I cleanse in hell

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