

## Widow Sunday "Dust Angel"

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To live is to renounce whatever strives to deceive  
Your lies are proof of deception whispered in my  
dreams  
Who decides what thought to betray and who becomes  
a god?  
I won't fall onto my knees and declare undying love  
Seraphim fear to be cast out for beliefs they call their  
own  
If I am already condemned then what's the point of  
absolution?

Face the day with a new found sense of what's to come  
I won't be a servant to your serpent god  
Your mistake was choking lies to let them break you  
I am not your dust angel nor will I ever be

How much did it cost to build your throne?  
A pious life lived in luxury  
Dedication inspires wrath  
All forgiving hope casts us down  
Cast us down

Face the day with a new found sense of what's to come  
I won't be a servant to your serpent god  
Your mistake was choking lies to let them break you  
I am not your dust angel nor will I ever be

When the rapture comes I won't cry for peace  
Won't regret for a second what I chose to be  
Am I now a traitor for my indifference to the light?  
Not a captive to the rhetoric spewed from your  
tarnished heights  
Genocide will choose the path the weak will wear  
through  
My strength will deny your words from ever taking hold  
again  
My strength will deny your word from ever taking hold  
again

How much did it cost to build your throne?  
A pious life lived in luxury  
Dedication inspires wrath

All forgiving hope casts us down

Never gonna see  
Won't live like the ones I despise  
Never gonna feel  
A bullet in my hand  
The bullet feeds the gun  
A bullet through my head  
Your dust angel falls

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