

Common Dead "No Saint"

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Common Dead - No Saint

Damning bodies fleeting of souls
Follow brainless teachings of old
In hopes of owning masses
Spitting venom, calling it "faith"
For twisted, sick ideals
Their book becomes a crutch and a shield
Their theory in the role of a sword
How dare you point the finger
You got nothing on me, and you, sir,
Are no goddamn saint
You're no saint
The fallen always victims to tease
You hide with false security
Prepared for your deception
Some will never believe
The tricks you're crawling through
Again the fates have proven it wrong
Irony has finished the job
In my time or another
Your entire plan of control
Will only bring you hell
Through history it has always shown
Your time to own up
Is right fucking now
Captured, convinced as a child
That way, you never outgrow it
Demand your new birth in freedom
Their book becomes a crutch and a shield
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