

Bad Meets Evil

"The Voracious March Of Godliness"

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Since the start of the 17th century
There's been the scent of unseasoned wood burning in
the air

And the conquest of nature meant nothing at all
While we betray exception we take all that is there
Motives are translucent in the reflection of shame
The actions ghostly remnants of our ancestral ways

And unwittingly, you just take your place in this parade
The voracious march of godliness makes us all the
same anyway

Since the dawn of our human family
There's been concentrated sepsis blowing in the
breeze

And we turned on each other with ferocity
Desperation, forced, without reprieve
But the missions were misguided and the trammeled
led astray
The air resounds with thunder as the victors seized the
day

And the haunting voice of history lives ignored but not
betrayed

The voracious march of godliness will get us close to
heaven one day

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