

Otep

"The Lord Is My Weapon"

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Eternal salvation suffers from inflation

Say what you need to, save your soul
But don't fuck with me,
I'm loosin' control
I'm so tired of this, so sick of you
My tongue is battered and bruised from all these
attitudes

Teach me the magic of your sacred poems
Conjuring a voice of signs and omens
Prophecies got debris
The syllables and symbols breath
And as we climb, divine
To sacrifice our wounded minds
This awkward chance to seek, insanity
I can't save you, 'cause I hate me

The lord is my weapon
And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
Your god is a fraud
Everyone you knew
Everything you've ever done
Suffer for your freedom
Die by the law

The lord is my weapon
And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
Your god is a fraud
Everyone you knew
Everything you've ever done
Suffer for your freedom
Die by the law
Say what you need to save your soul
But leave your religion at the door
Smoking all of Christians weed
I'm sick of these weak anarchies
You see me as a place to make a bruise
But in my reality I'm a slave to the muse
Fuck these hypocrites, and together will fight

Tyranny of squares, squiggles unite

The lord is my weapon
And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
Your god is a fraud
Everyone you knew
Everything you've ever done
Suffer for your freedom
Die by the law

All you sinners
Blasphemers
Burn in the pit
Burn
Burn
Burn

The lord is my weapon
And I see him shoot pawns
Woman is the devil
Your god is a fraud
Everyone you knew
Everything you've ever done
Suffer for your freedom
Die by the law

Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me
Save me

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