

Anihilated

"The Burning Of The Southern Cross"

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God curses all beneath the cross
The symbol ever-changing, same ethos
See the southern sky, it is burning
And tell me now, God, are we learning?

A different dogma or belief
Should never be a reason for grief
Murder is murder, hate is hate
Tell me now, what will you create?

Eugenic supremacist fanatics
Would have you believe that it fits
A single race ruling all others
And hold the whip of death over their brothers

A different dogma or belief
Should never be a reason for grief
Murder is murder, hate is hate
Tell me now, what will you create?

Words call the zealot here
Written in an age of fear
Heresy is cast on blasphemers
A crusade against non-believers

A different dogma or belief
Should never be a reason for grief
Murder is murder, hate is hate
Tell me now, what will you create?

What will you create?

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