12 Stones "The Lord Is My Weapon"

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eternal salvation suffers from invasion

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 womyn is the devil your god is a fraud everyone you knew everything you've ever done suffer for your freedom die by the law

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say what you need to save your soul but leave your religion at the door smokin all of christians weed i'm sick of these weak anarchys you see me as a place to make a bruise but in my reality i'm a slate of the muse fuck these hypocrites, and together will fight

tyrannist swears, as quick as your knife

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all you sinners blasphemers burn in the pit burn burn burn

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save me save me save me save me save me save

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