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Poison Idea "Material Christ"

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Your so called meager life Is plagued with riches Born by the strong beliefs Of your so many victims The task that they enthrusted Within your powers Yet they remain unchanged Your god is non existent You speak of your god Does he condemn your life? You're nothing but a hypocrite Actions speak over words The many sins you've lived The many lies you've told Your defaming existence Hidden by a power tie Where's your god? Who do you answer to? How do you live with yourself? Where's your conscience? Where's your conscience? Do you think? This is just such an excess of assets While they hope to eat Your golden spoon Their hand to mouth After your final days Where will you go? Your sins direct you Not your words Your god is nothing Your god is non existent

He's nothing

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