

Drown The Witness

"The Ignorant Boar"

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Burdened and held securely with my curse of epitome
Formed and fitted to be the perfect child
Unaware of reality and truth
Stereotype of perfect qualities
With jade and unclear eyes
I can't see past the lies
Their deception is our proof

Forged by authority and slight propaganda
Modifying young minds to be your angelic models
Viewpoint of a saint with good intent assured
This congregation (it's segregation) has judging eyes
Which triggers my negation

It's not your way so it's not right
Your ignorance is calloused
But my resistance to conform has left me alone and as
your disgrace

It's a fight between blasphemies and the simple
minded
So they turn off the lights and start attacking the
blinded
Now all is lost, and we are one
And lead astray, now we are lost

Is it madness or religion that is so overwhelming?
I thought this was my freedom
I thought we lived in freedom
This is a turning point and my letter
Another turning point and my letter of discretion

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