

Art Of Chaos

"Maker Maker"

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Maker, Maker I'm sorrier than ever
For killing your land in search of all my treasure
For I have trucked and trekked all over all these flowers
For I have spat and stepped on this ground with my
powers
And I've not lent my greedy hands
To helping my fellow man!
Piercing cries all around me and I can't feel a thing
Begging bells surround me and I don't hear them ring
My people are bleeding from my stabs to the heart
And my apathy is tearing my people apart

Maker, Maker I'm sorrier than ever
For treating the heavy like it was a feather
For I have trespassed and trampled all over these
angels
For I have suaded and sexed them as short-term-ables
And I've not opened my heart to the less than perfect
Pulled them along and deemed them unworthy-it

Endless affection all around me and I can't feel a thing
I'm blinded by the cons and I turn them into flings
My people are bleeding from my stabs to the heart
And my apathy is tearing my people apart

Maker, Maker I'm sorrier than ever
For abusing myself in feeding all my pleasure
I've twisted over these noises
I've sedated them with these poisons
And I've not given conscience chance to fight them
Only consumed substances to hide them

Oblivion all around me and I can't feel a thing
Taking my mind away so that I don't feel the sting
My people are bleeding from my stabs to the heart
And my apathy is tearing my people apart

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