

I Declare War

"Pale Skin"

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Five years,
Four years too long.
Living her life room to room,
Bed to bed.
She still prays.
Her family still prays.
Room to room,
Bed to bed.
She still prays.
Sickness still sweeps her.
Coughing and pale skin is what you see.

Cables wrap around her sick body.
She hopes it ends.
She still prays.
Her family still prays.
Every tunnel she drives through she still wishes she
will make it out alive.

Questioning why people worship a man that suffered
three short days on a cross,
While she lay for five long years.
Where is her book?
Where are her followers?
Dead and pale on the floor.
You ask yourself,
If there is a God,
Do you think he gives a sh*t?

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