Antithesis

Helena Paparizou

Idle chatter sounds much better to the absent mind. Govern me, kill thy master. You will not enslave me. The root is bitter but the fruit is sweet but not exempt from criticism. Small pox friendship, you die I take. You are the new slave. Don't call me God because I don't have a disease. What is cold to you is love to me. Savior seething rolling you in. Cherub in red said there's nothing to see here. Hallowed be who art in heaven. I refuse to call that fucker by name.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/