

Days of Last

Fucked Up

The Essees still wait for the returned Elijah,
Pious devotion shackles them to their faith like a slave,
The Greek gods watch down from the heights of Mount Zion,
Joking that the worship of the literal doesn't fade with time. Let me re-introduce myself,
I am the son of man born, died, deified.
All this dogma is bound,
No effort to separate the myth from the facts,
Fairy tales saying that the end of days have come at last. Was it always this simple and obvious?
We were only held back by faith-based malaise,
The hubris of the fallacy that only God can judge me.
Was it only arrogance are were we simply that naive,
Oh so convinced that we are manipulated by a divine hand,
Oh so convinced that this is part of a divine plan? Anyone can touch us,
Everyone will judge us,
And the God above us,
He doesn't really love us.
You should know,
You've spent your whole life figuring it out,
So you should know.

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