Reduced To Mere Filth

Job for a Cowboy

Over time in a world where religion has dispersed
Modern times have shown these connections to slowly deteriorate
With empires alleging their holy books to have absolutely no flaws
All accepting everything in its deceitful print
They pursue to interpret these pages
To gather aspiration and formulated belief
Their community now only falls from expanding socialism
A divided population disposed
One half putting their gods to rest
Now to only praise the antagonist against of what they once worshipped
His words cradle his followers
While the other half being sealed out of the world they once knew out of pure ignorance
Knowing their fate they relinquish themselves
Hundreds upon thousands take on religious suicide,
A religious populace reduced to mere filth.

Lyrics submitted by Reese.

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