

# Apocrypha

## Bad Llama

Cold  
If Kane was Abel  
Who'd turn the tables?  
To Kill at all  
Stones throw away from you  
Words condescending  
Books neverending  
So where's the proof?

Broken trust scorned with sorrow  
This faith, worth the trouble?  
Bitter pill to swallow  
Devil at my door  
The consequences  
Fairytale of lies and words unkind  
Biased words have left us with the blind leading the blind

Sold  
Half cocked believer  
Father deceived her  
A stable home  
A storm away from you  
Adamant eve could  
As A & E would  
But protect the few

Broken trust scorned with sorrow  
This faith, worth the trouble?  
Bitter pill to swallow  
Devil at my door  
The consequences  
Fairytale of lies and words unkind  
Biased words have left us with the blind leading the blind

Your God has come undone

Broken trust scorned with sorrow  
This faith, worth the trouble?  
Bitter pill to swallow  
The hell you preaching for?

The hell you preaching for?

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