

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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