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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