Servitude

blessedbethyname

Who, who do you serve?
For whose empire and for whose whims?
Is your honor judged by men?
Will you lie?
Will you lie if they say it's their will?
Will you die or continue to kill?
Until the generals all have their fillCraven cowards
Armchair warriors
You will serve them wellWhat, what will you write?
For whose pleasure, for whose delight?
Will your readers see your light?
Will you say that the singer can't blow you away?
That we hate people just 'cause theyre gay
Women and children all stay awayTo whom, whom do you pray?
Do dollars wash your sins away?
Does God love cold hard cash?
Do you say, if we all just continue to pay
All our ailments will go away
And our souls will be savedGod's not with you
Holy roller
Your heart dwells in hellWhy, why do you run?
Our awareness has spoiled your fun
Our eyes see you too clear
Will you hide
From the joy of expressing our pride
For the leaders and people who've died
While combating your genocideChains are breaking
Minds are waking
Soon we'll serve no more

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