

Puritan

Widowspeak

Bastard cries
Feed the fire
The burning desire
To rob human lifeIn this world full of fear of the unknown
Twisting the perception of the weak
Lying to progress
Only achieving greed, yeahSeated behind the sun
Myths bleed into one
Searching for a savior to lead us
Through this life where our sanity is undoneKilling against our will
Killing for the bastard maker
The fairy tale
The non existent creatorSalvation so bittersweet
The taste brought fear to our tongues
Preying on the weak
Fatherless creationEncased in the depths
Of humanity
They continue to rape
And call it purityI will not bow down
Because of our pastI see now mankind
Was not meant to lastKilling against our will
Killing for the bastard maker
The fairy tale
The non existent creatorSalvation so bittersweet
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Was not meant to last

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