Who Is Left to Decide

Master

Existence of his precence is his goal
Flawless lessons strengthen his control
Illustrations rest upon the walls
Worship him but soon the devil callsPledge to the one, the one who wallows
Worship the son, son of sorrow
Pledge to the one, the one who follows
Worship the son, no tomorrowThe hopes and the dreams
Of the one who achieves
Pleasures of flesh
They'll be down on their knees
Father and daughters
The bond will erase
Tortures of fires
The smile on his faceThey threat no existence
Involves many forms
The thought of resistance
The power forewarnsEvil verses sorrow in our lives
Borrowing the souls left to decide
Afterlife a question no replies
A fallacy the preacher has no eyesPledge to the one, the one who wallows
Worship the son, son of sorrow
Pledge to the one, the one who follows
Worship the son, no tomorrowLook at the graves of the thousands who've died
No one remembers who is left to decide
The flowers have wilted the maggots arriveWho the hell cares where you go when you die
The church is in ruins the memories erased
The preacher will die and I spit in his face

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