The Plague

Flesh Field

Just like the spread of disease
Debt and guilt or guilt and decree
The masters that we please
Yet if we seek for infirmities
We are made twice the sons of hell as before
Reach out your hand
Reach out your hand only to be plagued by disease
While religion tries to blame what we cannot see
I accept the part of the problem is me
It was never a scared mandate to accept conformity
Through select revelations that we chose to believe
Another blind guide replacing divine eyes
Familiarity is the great deception
Disguised by authority, sealing out subversion
Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth

for we unknowingly worship icons of ordinary life
Reach out your hand to find forgiveness
Only to be plagued by disease
The horrors of beliefs and customs
Camouflaged by commonality
Reach out your hand
Reach out your hand
I still believe that there is hope for us
But I believe we must look outside
The sanctuaries of oppression
That have brought our world so much pain
Another blind guide replacing divine eyes
Whitewashed tombs have hidden the truth
Reach out your hand to find forgiveness
Only to be plagued by disease

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