The Death of Faith and Reason

[Redemption](#)

Wipe out all the wonder from creation
Replace it all with fractals
And synthesize the beauty and design
Pulling wings off spiritual flies
So smug and oh so certain
That yours is the enlightened state of mind
Your soul will contemplate its emptiness
Mired in the figures and equations in your head
Embrace the black
Turn away from civilized society
Wrap yourself in ignorance
And force us to accept on pain of death
Marry myths with superstitious nonsense
And damn the nonbelievers
Salvation's yours, to hell with all the rest
No absolutes are so self-evident
Twisted by your hate, the very word of God
And instrument of death
And who can say which to path to take?
Or bind another's fate?
A billion-fold extremists' point of view create or hell
Each must be entitled to the conscience of the King
There's nothing left to wait but for the tolling of the bell
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.