Faux King Christ

Atheist

The illness prolific, let the wordsmith begin.
Haste with reservation, neither chi or Zen
Could create quite the conflict.
All are not know and not seen.
Eclipsed in the credit of creation. A murky at best running stream
Of these men who claim contact, by pointing their limbs to the sky.
They were so special and chosen, to place all this fear in disguise of
Jesus Faux King Christ.
A martyr symbolic to this very day
A scapegoat for most I am sorry to say.
Hundreds of years, of serving up fire
Enough to manipulate, not to inspire
Jesus Faux King Christ!
Taxless and corporate in "Gambino" ways
A pleasant umbrella just do what he says.
Our evolution proved, that all else is fraud
The sun and the moon is what I call god.
The madness horrific, let your wordplay end.
You've got no reservation, all just earth on the mend
That's what creates your little conflict.
Your ticket to ride has expired.
Your owed no credit for creation, just blame for the shame you've conspired.
To be all these men who have contact.
You point all your hopes to the sky You are not special or chosen
Just fear in disguise of Jesus Faux King Christ!

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