

Higher Coward

Immolation

Cowards, with your empty hearts
And narrow minds...So bitter
our confusion is overwhelming
So aimless and misguided
Your search for a higher power
Something better than yourselves
In a perfect world, your perfect god
Is a coward just like you
Watch them gather, they flock together
For in numbers they feel strength
Will you find your way to paradise,
Through the darkness within your light
To the children, they feed his body
Peel his flesh from off the cross
In his blood they'll wash away
All the dirt from their souls
Obedient young, they'll join the flock
With minds like clay and hearts so pure
Fill them with his words and fears
And feed them to the waiting beast
His open arms and splendid brilliance
Devours those who can not see
The dimming light from high above
Vanquished by their higher coward
How can you glorify and praise
One so weak, imperfect and insane
The magnitude of his madness is so clear
In the eyes of the herd that he keeps
Look what you have become
Just another like all the rest

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