

Born (The Retribution Of Spiritual Sickness)

Nevermore

Religion changed the face of man, thou shalt not kill, we all are gone
The seed of ignorance is born thou shalt not think, thou shalt conform
The pigs order us to follow orders and
obey
The flies drink the decaying nectar of their tortured effigy
Cling to wasted beliefs and visions and bathe in
apathy again
No solution, the retribution of spiritual sickness begins
The legacy of suffering is through, the guilt we bear shall
not tear us in two
Born we are the same, within the silence, indifference be thy name
Torn we walk alone, we sleep in silent shades
The grandeur fades, the meaning never known
If nothing in the world can change our children will inherit
nothing
Born we are the same, within the silence, indifference be thy name
Torn we walk alone, we sleep in silent shades
The grandeur fades, the meaning never known
The pigs call for pure submission and fall into the fray
The lonely hunter beats his shallow drum, the soundtrack of world disarray
Cling to wasted beliefs and visions
and bathe in apathy again
No solution, the retribution of spiritual sickness begins
Born we are the same, within the silence, indifference be
thy name
Torn we walk alone, we sleep in silent shades
The grandeur fades, the meaning never known
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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