Slaughtered

Tirant Sin

One's own Kingman, Christ person, Woman God.
At battle with a mass astringent. The bond
That blends the weak to the wise.
It's a safe assumption that you'd want
to save me now. But I'll never face castration.
For your sacred sow is left slaughtered.
Brainwashed by me. Myself influence I. Bird brained
World saver. A fake god rests dead inside you.
It's a safe assumption that you'd want to save me now.
But I'll never face castration. For your sacred sow is left

Slaughtered.

System destroyed. Exposed and unemployed. The fruit
Of intention cry for their dead, but turning their head to
Ignore reality's claw. Knife to your wrist, syringe in your
Arm is your ounce of prevention. Give what you made,
And under your name on your grave, is salvation. A big
Fucking joke.

Slaughter the pig, the self-righteous king for your own
Restoration. For your God is in your chest, and faith kills
What is precious, for death is unanswered.

Do sin.

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