

Debating the Axiom

Cool Hand Luke

the breath of God is gone
the breath of God is gone
feel the iron hand closing in
the screams are swallowed by the darkness of
the womb swearing to a deity in whom they don't believe
their lifted voices are the pictures of the past
so the choice is made
to strip away a pulse and a chance to love
they said that she'd be fine
the memories are still the splinters in her heart
they're trying to forget
and wipe away her regret
God forgave them but they won't forgive themselves
the breath of God is gone
the breath of God is gone
try to take control
of the lack of self control
try to take control
but you can't kill a soul
we won't forget
so drop the line
we've swallowed lies
but murder is not a choice
when will this end?
when will this end?

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