The Killing Fields

Ultimatum

The sanctity of life is only sacred when it fits into the description, the description that I give it.
I play a little game, a game it's called GOD.
I'm a merciless killer in a doctor's facade.
Read a Holy Book, just the other day.
Said God breathed life into, into this little babe.
If but for the Rolls and the mortgage payment,
this life would not have to be, to be brutally ended.
Chorus:
Killing Field in a land of corruption.
This land will be judged because of abortion.
Help us to see the blood on our hands, bring down conviction upon our land.
Conscious is seared by the almighty dollar.
Now only the mother will have to live with this terror.
If only she knew what, what her baby died for,
she would not have allowed this life to be torn.
Our land is filled with moral distortion;
our babies are dying from this evil corruption.
Hear the cry of our children to thee,
Lord forgive us for these, for these sins we plea.
(Chorus)
(Job 10:8-12, 31:15, Proverbs 17:6, 31:8, Psalms 127:3-5, 139:3-16 Jeremiah 1:5, 2 Chronicles 7:14)

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