

Same Old Nails for a New Messiah

Disarmonia Mundi

Fed up with bullshit mind castrating lies the more you
preach and the less
I wanna hear 'coz you're one of a kind, how can you
relate with yourself
Sleep well with the sickness that you are
Yeah, it's you driving me mad so take your life miles
away from mine
(Miles away from mine, now come on)

Weak and frustrated you all look like
A swarming mass of pathetic sick pigs wallowing in lies
Still repressing your instincts 'till the day you will
finally collapse
I don't care, but don't try to fool me for I know the
sick bastards that you are

We don't need no saviour on a cross no more
I can see what religion brings when preachers sleep
with kids
We ain't craving for a second coming at all
I will not uniform I'd rather slash my throat

I see right through your shell deep down where demons
dwell
Despite your lack of sin you look like shit within
There ain't no saviour that can save you from yourself
No matter what you'll never be free from the beast
within
Ages flow lies perpetuate breeding on and on
And the worst part of all this bullshit has yet to come

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The ravage of war dwells inside the hearts of men
Faith ain't but an excuse to justify the need to kill
Destiny, falling off the pieces - Terminal, the state
of your disease
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