

The Comfort Of Cowards

Immolation

The words of fools
Echo in your head
Reverberating... endlessly
Beliefs are thicker than blood
Tearing us all apart
Too many lives, too many dead

Solutions of fantasy
In an age of truth
Abundant yet... impotent
Taken as gospel
To comfort the cowards
And silence the followers

No intelligence in your design,
Watch your faith start to decline
I accept all, but you won't
I see clearly, but you don't

In a world of flesh and fear
Men are dying for their Gods
People killing for their Gods
The world is crying for your Gods

A blindness is upon you
One of the unshakable potency
Though the sun burns your skin
You deny it's power and heat

Fight free of your possession
Or die alone in darkness
Will you reach out with final desperation
For the soothing lies and comfort of cowards