

Theocracy

Misery Index

Their pious iconography, seductive and sublime
Artifacts from allegoric myth
Crucifix, testaments - seemingly benign
What havoc have they wrought upon this earth

Stalking, these jackals never cease
Clawing at our gates
With nebulous beliefs, apocryphal
Born from the callow minds of men
Not resting till they have theocracy in hand
And Church molesting State

Their laughable liturgies
Intelligent design?
Mortify the blind faithful flock
Comedies canonical, this spectacle divine
Mesmerizing millions over naught

Slowly, they pander their disease
With secrecy enshrined
At the table of deceit, the faithful dine
Born from the callow minds of men
Not resting till they have theocracy in hand
And Church molesting State

To break the secular conduct
To rule with piety perverse
While the shit of the State fucking reeks
Only they could make it even worse

Yet they stand in fear,
Petrified in the face of science,
Where evidence stands to contradict,
And deny their faith of servility
Defined, by myth
It's a fable that should never burden man

And the church, with power replete,
Would sanction the very rule of myth over man
As insidious agents of faith,
Still lost in the ether (Amen)

So we sing the agnostic's song
In spirit and mind we govern ourselves
We need not their catechist codes
To live out our days, and make our tomorrows