

## Suffer the Children

### Napalm Death

Your unflappable conceptions  
Moralistic views  
Never open to criticism  
Your overpowering ruse

Promises of sanctuary  
In eternal bliss  
With starry eyes and cash in hand  
Pledge to all the master plan

Just face the truth or fund the farce

At one with your god  
your sole intent  
Your treasured place assured  
For a substantial rent

Global lunacy  
Death threats for supposed blasphemy  
No room for free thought  
All non believers pushed to the floor

Aggressive tyrants  
Supposed saints for the cause  
Judgement through force  
Faith a fuel for pointless wars

When all is done  
Who shall benefit? Who is the one?  
Not to those who pass on  
But those dictators divine waving their deceitful wands.