

This Is The Fall

Peter Hammill

All humans are siblings, this is a truth that I've assumed; all fighting over the legacy of a lifelong and timeless family feud in the name of I don't know what. I don't believe in God but if I did I'd surely say there is only one Power up above us, one face refracted in each different Faith. But for every holy confessor there's a priest of self-worth trading in the eternal for power on earth. Soaked, the blood of believers in the ground where prophets trod. How in God's name did religion get so far away from God? Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy now! Oh, mercy, mercy, mercy! I don't believe in God but, with all respect to those who do, surely no purpose could be served under heaven if there's no mercy in this place we're passing through? Oh, now for every sainted ascetic drawing heavenly breath there's a literal fanatic in love with death. Soaked, the blood in the pages pored with all-too-human pride... in what book of what religion is the blood-lust sanctified? In the name of creation, for whatever that is worth, why in God's name is religion bound so mortally to earth? Soaked, the blood of believers in the ground where prophets trod. How in God's name did religion fall so far away from God? This is the Fall from God.