

God is an Automaton

Sybreed

We were blind and we couldnt conceive the color of blood
This crimson flood soaking the ground
We stare in shock as the world unveils
It's true features to us
You then exclaim where is God now

You ask me why do we forever feast on pain
And act like mindless fiends programmed for boundless rage?
The carnage never cease, the poison is never drained
For this, should we blame our Maker

The virtuous dies as well as the sinful one
Death strikes all life, blind in it's random ways

In essence, we contradict the conception
Of a watchful shaper
And still we consider being observed and judged for our sins

Primitive we remain
We were devised to enjoy trials
The choice has never been ours
We are inclined to violence