

Our Lady Of Perpetual Sorrow

The Acacia Strain

Your god has fallen from grace.
I wish he was real so I could spit in his face.
Dead three days and refuses to rise,
A failure in his fathers' eyes.
God's eyes lie in the devil's hands.
Humanity's downfall is a trust in a god that isn't there.
We are disease of the earth.
Scatter the ashes and shatter the bone as I reclaim my
rightful place upon his throne.
I don't have faith in him, but I believe in your
failures.
Your king on high is lower than low.