

Fuck this, I'm done arguing  
Our fate is not bound to your cold foretelling  
And the doctrine that you serve does not serve this discussion  
Irrelevant nonsense disqualifies you

It's a sonnet  
There's no way to put a ribbon on it  
While you're leaving  
The rest of us will be here grieving  
Cradling our reason

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame  
Sing the words in line and prey  
Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame  
Walk, willfully in reins

Hurricanes are coming like empires  
Rising seas your willful God's damning lake of fire  
And your certainty dismisses solution  
The result of our behavior is the reason that you run

It's a sonnet  
There's no way to put a ribbon on it  
While you're leaving  
The rest of us will be here grieving  
Cradling our reason

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame  
Follow the party line and prey  
Hallowed be Thy Shame, Thy Name  
March willingly into...

Wars won't be named, won't be framed, won't be strange  
You and not just them will fight for land, hanging man,  
Will you still prey then?

I'm done arguing  
Our fate is bound to innovation, not theory or fiction  
That book you love but never read shouldn't leap into debate  
Especially when your faith absolves you of empathy  
Accountability

Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame  
Sing the words in time and prey  
Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Shame  
Fight for a home in the name  
In the name

We will be killing for it