

Seems that we've lost our innocence
The pulpit the teachers
Have warned us

Blindly accepting
Their words as truth
And taking advantage of our trust

Don't expect an answer
Can't help that you're suspicious
Something is missing
So you can't decide
But you're letting them guide you

How can you listen
These empty words
In their messages meanings
Where's the beginning
If there's no end
Seems you're undecided

Fancy dress
Contrived rhetoric speech
The unlettered masses conforming
Rank and file members
Fearing change
But questioned their own faith
This morning

Don't expect an answer
Can't help that you're suspicious
Something is missing
Still you can't decide
But you're letting them guide you

How can we listen
These empty words
In their messages meanings
Where's the beginning
If there's no end
Seems we're undecided

And those that will listen
They see their world
In these messages meanings
But I can't accept this as proof
I know
Neither one's provided