

Empty Promised Land

Zero Down

The clock is ticking on the wall the world is spinning
while the billions work to justify their lives.
They search for meaning in their useless sense of breeding
in their quest for recognition when they die.
Because ego won't permit belief in our mortality
so we manufactured our delusioned lie.
We believe with much conviction in our useless superstition
that our lives are bigger than life.
The man on TV preaches his beliefs to me
and says that I am doomed because I don't think like him.
He asks for contributions for his sermons convolutions,
in return is absolution for your sins.
I watch in disbelief as people try and shed their grief
because they can't accept the things that they've become.
They blindly patronize a dogmatic pack of lies
that tell them Jesus is their chosen one.
Strictly designed for the weak of mind,
not just the working man's opiate anymore.
Paralyzed minds all seeking the sublime
with all doubt ruled out by their faith in the divine.
All of them seeking that same righteous reward.
Weak of mind and born to follow,
do not question the beliefs you swallow.
Eternal life for your belief in man,
welcome to the empty promised land.
Don't think, don't breathe, don't live, just believe.
With no question just devotion lifeless life living in transit

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