

# Mother Machine Gun

## Mushroomhead

Can we make progress?  
Have we learned our lesson?  
How can we take the test  
Without the questions?  
The mind will play Pontius  
The heart's the defendant  
The soul is the conscience  
You're the next contestant  
Some how the greatest point  
Comes without reason  
Somehow my made up mind  
Acts without thinkin' right  
Interrogate the truth  
Until you hear what you like  
Now I can't understand  
What keeps me goin'  
There is no master plan  
Nothin' to go on, to grow on  
Believe it  
Everythin' leaves me cold  
Too many promises  
Not enough evidence of my soul  
Interrogate the truth  
Until you hear what you like  
Nothing to go on, to grow on  
Not enough evidence  
Somehow know  
Where do I begin  
Now I can understand  
What keeps me goin'  
There is no master plan  
Nothin' to go on, to grow on  
Believe it  
Everythin' leaves me cold  
Too many promises  
Not enough evidence of my soul now  
Interrogate the truth  
Until you hear what you like  
Nothin' to go on, to grow on

Not enough evidence  
Somehow know  
Where do I begin  
Interrogate the truth  
Until you hear what you like  
Nothin' to go on, to grow on  
Believe it, of my soul  
Somehow know  
Where do I begin  
It's time to take the stand  
An' defend your innocence  
You can slip through the system  
Exploitin' its arrogance  
Time to take the stand  
An' defend your innocence  
You can slip through the system  
Exploitin' its arrogance  
Not enough evidence of my soul  
Not enough evidence  
(Interrogate the truth until you hear what you like)  
Of my soul  
Somehow know where do I begin  
Interrogate the truth  
Until you hear what you like  
Nothin' to go on, to grow on  
Not enough evidence of my soul  
Of my soul, of my soul

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