

An Old Book Misread

Set Your Goals

False hope handed down, spun all around,
with ignorance from past generations.
How many times and with how many rhymes?
How many twisted endings for you, for you to realize?
It's not for you to say what every heart should pay.
Another body and soul that isn't your own.
Get off my back, this was never salvation for me.
So, keep it away.
I don't feel a thing, can't make believe i do.
It's something I don't need.
It's something that you do and I respect you.
Turning that page, turning that page in an old book misread.
Twenty something rows back, now offer up your souls
at the drop of a single white robe.
All things foretold but, do you really know what?
Mans worst creation has got you, you in its hold.
I refuse to stand, I refuse to stand for organized crime.
Organized crime comes in more forms than one,
and your god is no exception.
I don't feel a thing, can't make believe I do.

It's something I don't need.
It's something that you do, and I respect you.
Turning that page, turning that page in an old book misread.
If I'm not being clear this right here is about
my disgust with the way I was almost brought up.
I'm taking it back, my piece of mind.
We'll leave it at that.
In '83 a lamb was led for many years until it's head began to swell.
It did explode with reasons to think on it's, to think on it's own.
I don't feel a thing, can't make believe I do.
It's something I don't need.
It's something that you do, I respect you.
Turning that page on an old book misread.
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