

# skeptic

## No More Idols

Keep my pair of senses  
Out of where it isn't clear  
Kept his false creation  
Teach on my own faith  
Right, I'll wreak this, too  
But you made my day  
I'll fail you, too  
Speak through this voice, and  
We can have a life to take  
And mend these ways  
We don't need tradition  
This will wreak our mission  
This isn't even clear  
It doesn't tell the why  
This is an incomplete  
It doesn't tell the why  
Even if I was all knowing  
Wouldn't it mean that I love you?  
I see you move against ignorance  
Why not try and get in  
This isn't even clear  
It doesn't tell the why  
This is an incomplete, so  
Set out! A bloom and line  
What have scholars caught?  
Look to yourself to find  
A God! No a lie! And  
We can have a life to take  
To mend these ways  
Don't need tradition  
This will wreak our mission  
This isn't even clear  
(It doesn't tell the why)  
This is isn't incomplete  
(It doesn't tell the why)  
This isn't even clear  
(It doesn't tell the why)

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