

Question Of Life

Fishbone

I saw the God spread his arms
Across the imperfect sky
The clouds rolled across the full moon
Tattooed in the skyFor the eye tattooed in the sky
Judged the planets plea
And I was just a humble man
And feared God in his sight, the LightA question rose from my soul
A question, I began to hold
A pitchfork pinned to my chest
Will I, I not pass the test?
Will I, I not pass the test?A disease of clouds formed over the sea
The Angel was cruisin' down so that I could seeThe roses in his eyes
He would give me, Lord
The New Age not the winter
The Ice Age was the last pageYou must present a P.M.A.
(Positive Mental Attitude)
For we all dance for freedom sake, sake, sake, sake
To tie the shoelace of life in place
To change the mind from a negative state, yeahA question rose from my soul
A question, I began to hold
A pitchfork pinned to my chest
Will I, I not pass the test?
Will I, I not pass the test?The Angel began to say to me
As the roses set me free, set me free
You must recite this throughout the land or else
You will be snuffed and canned, snuffed and cannedYou mustn't wrong the right
You mustn't dark the Light
You must dove the vulture
You must do or dieWow, I was shakin'
A question shake, shake, shake
Wow, I was shakin'
A question shake, shake, shake
Alright