Litmus

Five Iron Frenzy

Disturbed by the words and the message that they sent.
There's a hundred other uses for breath better spent.
Forming the template, for how the band should be,
Devising and scheming someone else's ministry.
What were the words? Did he say Jesus Christ?
Again and again until his name became trife?
What is the extent of all your tests?
What is the measure of their success?
Not acid or base to test in a beaker,
Hold your diving rod up to the speaker.
Litmus test a piece of paper.
You'll never formulate your maker.
With pocketfuls of quips and gurgles,
Words that fluff like a handful of gerbils.
I heard your yelling above the crowd,
Standing in the back with the arrogant and proud.
You say preach, they say rock.
You put my God inside a box.
What is the extent of all your tests?
What is the measure of their success?
Not acid or base to test in a beaker,
Hold your diving rod up to the speaker.
Litmus test a piece of paper.
You'll never formulate your maker.
The time has come, the night to end,
So speak your piece to your circle of friends.
They ripped you off, they entertained,
[They did not try to ease your pain.]
You thought you knew where God belonged,
But songs were sung and the band played on.
Litmus test a piece of paper.
You'll never formulate your maker.

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