

# Break the Mould

## Stampin' Ground

The goodhead, a dream, no more, no less  
Security you'll find in it's false caress  
On this safety, i turn my back  
To find my own way, in the unmapped black  
I will not go down on bended knee  
For any man or supreme being  
Your Bible and icons you cherish so much  
Are just books and toys and worthy as suchAll men are not cast from one mould  
Some can reject what their minds were sold  
In birth, in growth, everyday  
Taught how to act, how to look and how to pray  
how to prayI need your religion  
Like a hole in the hand  
I've never searched  
For a promised land

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