Skeptic

Chevelle

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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