

A Prophet-able Pay Day

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Have you wondered why, when Prophets die those others come along, and
feel the urge to turn their words into religious songs
From Wholly truths come vaulted roofs and rules they use to rule
The frightened mass of every class and many have been fooled...

And Jesus bled or so they said because he spread his truth
That heaven is inside us all - your intuition's proof
But the ruling class want you to pass your power to their church
And sell control to find your soul and priests to help you search

Chorus:

And the more you're lost the more it costs to find your way back home
You may arrive in Mecca, Jerusalem or Rome
But there you'll find they're one of a kind just packaged different ways
Religious laws and Holy Wars to lead us all astray
For a prophet-able pay day!

The Buddha sees on bended knees that stuff is just for show
And advocates Nirvana waits for those without ego
But the thought patrol then make their goal a thousand different ways
With effigies our eyes to please to twist the point of what he says

Repeat Chorus

With words they fool and ridicule the ancient festivals
And build their might on ancient sites to spread their fear of hell
Their dogma knows no bounds and shows that we don't need some guy
In a Roman shack and a fish head hat to tell us how to buy

A passage when we die
To a dreamland in the sky
You can hear the prophets cry...

Your answers are inside

Repeat Chorus x 2