

# A Global Threat, Don't Look

Reject the stuff you're taught  
Bored more than not  
So what? They've got a crutch  
It's nothing you could ever touch  
Don't look  
Don't look onto your lawn  
There's a billboard built for God  
You won't be saved if what you crave are god-fearing minds  
So you'll be a slave until the grave to terms the church defines  
If all you want is just your own set of rules  
Never nurse a guilty conscience for a bunch of fools