

# Alias, Divine Disappointment

My frustration into what I created has me feeling discombobulated,  
I hate that the boredom so I reinstated entertainment for a well being down  
Seeing I made the wrong decision, my project had appeared easy,  
But had no direction and procession, beginners luck?  
Only up to recent time do I feel stuck,  
Im the only one to blame for the things that ran muck,  
I built up, a universe that is now building me you see,  
Technological advances is the creator now,  
And all things to be decided, will not even ounce touch my hands,  
My poor uncloned followers still constantly fill the stands,  
On the so called seventh day, for years it's been this way,  
But these people can't figure out weather it's the first or last day,  
They pray, they seem to think that im forgiving them all,  
Which means they have escape goats, if they happen to drop the ball,  
Ive been cornered, these rinse names witch none to me are flattering,  
They look to me for guidance, but to me they do not matter, in my eyes,  
There's nothing I can do to help this situation, when they happen internal conflicts,  
With there whole congregation, they gather every week and speak of me in song,  
These beings I have created in this project are terribly wrong,

You all claim that you know me, but you really don't ever be forgiving, so what,  
In reality I really won't,  
From the day I gave you life to your last anointment,  
You have all been nothing but divine disappointment,  
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So now im stuck to figure out what I should do at this point in time,  
These creatures think that there's an afterlife so they spend there whole life,  
But now one of these creatures a few years ago claiming to be my son,  
So now they mould there lives after him and claim that he's the one,  
The one that will save them that will lead them to a new breath,  
I hate to break it to them; I have nothing for you after death'  
So carry on if and what you're knowing, breaking bread, winds blowing,  
Magnify, light bulbs aren't the sun and tears or joy are flowing,  
Think that every bad thing is at my will, like bankruptcy,  
Adultery and the reason why others kill,  
Go on and be miss lead because you have your entire life,  
To think that some how ill reward you for all your pain and strife,  
I can't control destiny, where'd you come up with that notion?  
There's no cure for AIDS, so don't even bother with that bullshit,  
I didn't create the disease to punish others, I didn't even make it,  
So if you have that frame of mind just go ahead and break it.  
Im sick and tired of feeling responsibility for all you unfaithfuls,  
Im willing to share the crops as you enjoy it off your platefuls,  
Even if I had the power to help you I wouldn't even bother,  
So stop thinking that I love you and stop calling me you father,  
I didn't plan of you evolving into this mess with witch ideal,  
Asking for my forgiveness when you lie, cheat and steal,  
What the hell do you want me to do? Try and save yourself...  
I can't help your marriage, children nor status of health,  
My problems far away all these so called devastations,  
Like the oncoming war between the so called united nations,  
I regret making all of you; you make my blood pressure climb,  
I wish I didn't make you but not even I can take back the hands of time...

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