

A Global Threat, Free Will

It's not some heavy hand from up above that make you late
Recall how that night was spent
Forget a friendly fate
The world perspectives blurred
Connect to a herd and leave mind black
You could be the black sheep on the block
And you've got free will to thank in vain
Condemning acts assuming that you're safe
There's no free pass when you don't do as you say
Envision an existence of penance without pain
Just put your faith in god and those chills won't mean a thing
You might dodge the bullet and leave that life a stain on the
Sheets to clean, but can't condone the clinics free domes
Tell me what's obscene in vain
Cup of christ half-filled with grain
A two strike count but you swing again
I won't play the cynic if you don't play the saint
And those chills won't mean a thing