

Bombshell Rocks, The Nonbeliever

He was the first of the nonbelievers
They denied every single word he said
Though he could assure them the men in parade
Would lead them into even greyer days

The Agnostic man made his way through the crowd
Told no stories, just stepped up to disprove
But reality is classified and so is the truth
Now he's staring up a dirty prison roof

No mission completed, conquered defeated
Counting his days of hope and pride
Well, on the bunk he died, his soul got locked up
But like a torch it burns right here tonight