# Five Iron Frenzy, Four-Fifty-One

Here the man draws the line for separation. (Old Vision.)
Watch the man build up his walls for isolation. (You make division.)
Walk no mile,
I'm sick and tired,
of all the cowards at the radio station.
No cathartic plot to thicken,
to quote the vernacular,
I'd say that you're chicken.

We're going nowhere,
and it's happening fast,
a dim future,
and a darker past.
Somewhere away from here,
from past mistakes they often learn,
at Fahrenheit 451,
you close your doors and let it burn.

Pharisees in the church,
time to take a vacation. (Emancipation.)
Pharisees think the world comes to them for salvation. (Booyah.)

The radio is preaching the candy coated good,
the record companies and the TV too.
No one rocks the boat,
terrified of trouble,
can't tamper with the walls of their sterile Christian bubble.
It was never your point to get people saved,
you pad yourself with fluff just because you're afraid.
I'm not afraid to point the finger now,
the choir's so used to the preacher anyhow.