

# Frank's Enemy, Imbecile Factory

Every song I've written  
Every attempt to dissect  
Of what's all around me  
My heart still can't make sense  
As I'm hit with the reality  
Dead child behind K-Mart  
Years ago I could have pushed the button  
But that makes me one more part

Used to carry signs  
Propagating my beliefs  
But only in my mind  
Was there any relief  
Battle is one on one  
24-7 time  
I am one of a priesthood  
Life is more than a rhyme

And the imbecile factory churns on  
And the imbecile factory churns on  
And the imbecile factory churns on  
And the imbecile factory churns on

Load up my ark as I fly above  
I am imperfect but no pillar of salt  
I can see the fire rain down it is not for me  
I tried to warn the fools but they would not see

Eternal survival walk the golden streets alone  
Reading the names on uncountable tombstones  
The fellowship I once enjoyed has left me betrayed  
I hand them all to Satan so they may have their way

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Imbecile factory  
Imbecile factory  
Churns on