

Franks 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
And the imbecile factory churns on
And the imbecile factory churns on
And the imbecile factory
Imbecile factory
Imbecile factory
Churns on