

Set Your Goals, An Old Book Misread

False hope handed down, spun all around,
With ignorance from past generations.
How many times and with how many rhymes?
How many twisted endings for you, for you to realize?

It's not for you to say what every heart should pay,
Another body and soul that isn't your own.
Get off my back, this was never salvation for me,
So keep it away.

I don't feel a thing can't make believe I do.
It's something I don't need, it's something that you do
And I respect you. Turning the page,
Turning the page in an old book misread.

Twenty something rows back now offer up your souls at
The drop of a single white robe.
All things foretold, but do you really know what,
Mans worst creation has got you in its hold.

I refuse to pay (I refuse),
I refuse to stand for organized crime.
Organized crime comes in more forms than one,
And your god is no exception.

I don't feel a thing can't make believe I do.
It's something I don't need, it's something that you do
And I respect you. Turning the page,
Turning the page in an old book misread.

If I'm not being clear,
This right here is about,
It's about my disgust
with the way I was almost brought up.
I'm taking it back,
My piece of mind.
We'll leave it at that.

In '83 a lamb was led
For many years until its head
Began to swell, it did explode
With reasons to think on, to think on its own.

I don't feel a thing can't make believe I do.
It's something I don't need, something that you do
I respect you.
Turning the page in an old book misread.

I don't feel a thing can't make believe I do.
It's something I don't need, it's something that you do
And I respect you. Turning the page,
Turning the page in an old book misread,
An old book misread.