

Stampin' Ground, Break The Mould

The goodhead, a dream, no more, no less
Security you'll find in it's false caress
On this safety, i turn my back
To find my own way, in the unmapped black
I will not go down on bended knee
For any man or supreme being
Your Bible and icons you cherish so much
Are just books and toys and worthy as such

All men are not cast from one mould
Some can reject what their minds were sold
In birth, in growth, everyday
Taught how to act, how to look and how to pray
how to pray

I need your religion
Like a hole in the hand
I've never searched
For a promised land