

Steel Prophet, Idols

I have no direction
I'm lost afloat in a swirling sea of doubt
I have no religion no beliefs no ideals
No morals no ethics nobody save me

Something there must be someone with answers
I see only images of sexual bondage
And desire it and other things and pleasures

Save me from what I can't see
There's cold thoughts washing over me
I've no point can't call this living life
I just watch fictionals acting life

The screens on but nothing inside
Soul is empty so I know they've lied
Ancient gods of old were not gods at all but empty idols
Modern gods of new are not gods at all but empty idols