

Xentrix, False Ideals

Invented by the human mind
Not knowing what was real
What sort of god lets people die?
Yet still to him you kneel
Only hypocrites and sinners
Feel they have something to gain
And the old, torn and afflicted
Think that he can heal their pain
What is wrong, why can't these people see?
Ask yourself is it truth or blasphemy?
You will find you cannot face adversity
No more time, such insecurity
Born again your conscience clear
You give your life to him
Renounce those who are faithless
Contentment lies within
Worship what you cannot see
Small minds you can distort
Force fed with false ideals
Why believe what you are taught?
What is wrong, why can't these people see?
Ask yourself is it truth or blasphemy?
You will find you cannot face adversity
No more time, such insecurity
So book in hand you stand and preach
Telling us to repent
Something about a promised land
Or eternal torment
Could this be your vocation
Or another mistake
Just deny provocation
From this nightmare you'll awake
What is wrong, why can't these people see?
Ask yourself is it truth or blasphemy?
You will find you cannot face adversity
No more time, such insecurity