

## Independence At Its Finest

Acrophet

A person thought to be one's own -- it's a lie  
My presence is an annoyance to one thought to be so kind  
Brought up to respect what's right not what's new  
Silent gestures accuse my being selfish and untrue

Lost in a Christian's ways, can't turn back  
Religion is so damned perfect, dragged straight to your grave

Try to prove that I'm not bad, it's no use  
My efforts to defend myself won't bring hatred to a truce  
Take the long way to avoid confrontation in my own home  
You have religion and I have friends - who's alone ?

Land that shakes and seas that boil  
Bad blood has poisoned me, a bitter venom spreads through my veins  
Just what he wants to see  
Unjustified notions of what he feels is right  
All stereotyped views can't break the spell of an old man's world

His ways are his, they'll be that way 'til his last living day  
Break free won't compromise his cause  
A hardened shell cracked by time  
Old ways lost, new ones born