

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