

Turn it Off

Boston

I'm conscious of liars that cross my path
The sinners ambitious to rule this land
The gardens are dead and the walls have bled
People betrayed in a secret rage

Turn it off, somebody's asking me
Turn it off, somebody hears
Turn it off, somebody's asking me
Turn it off, somebody show a better way

The system's in distress
We feel the consequence, yeah
Sinners and liars have crossed my path
There's simple disgrace from the souls of man
My sister's in rags and her babes in pain

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Turn it off, somebody hears
Turn it off, somebody's asking me
Turn it off, somebody show a better way

Don't hear the words I'm preaching
If you deny the times of tribulation
Don't read the words I've given
If you believe there's sides to revelations
Life that once was taken brings a million lives to isolation
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