

Old St. Paul he told them all
Like it was him they hung out to dry
From stolen dreams are made the means
To lead the souls who must abide
Then you'll never have to work again
You glide along the backs of men
Who add up the witness list of souls
That want to feel but need to be told
At the bar the lone star scar
The seraph liked to hear a song
The crowd was moved, I disapprove
No writer tell me he's wrong
you're told to leave and not come back again
Fall in line not question when
To peel off the shrink wrap pride inside
Lets cheer and sing to the big lie

Those who do believe
Do they know they are deceived
Amidst the luxury
A manufactured deity
That you are pause to see
No substitutions if you please
Like starving is disease
They hunger for celebrity