

Seems that we've lost our innocence  
The pulpit the teachers  
Have warned us

Blindly accepting  
Their words as truth  
And taking advantage of our trust

Don't expect an answer  
Can't help that you're suspicious  
Something is missing  
So you can't decide  
But you're letting them guide you

How can you listen  
These empty words  
In their messages meanings  
Where's the beginning  
If there's no end  
Seems you're undecided

Fancy dress  
Contrived rhetoric speech  
The unlettered masses conforming  
Rank and file members  
Fearing change  
But questioned their own faith  
This morning

Don't expect an answer  
Can't help that you're suspicious  
Something is missing  
Still you can't decide  
But you're letting them guide you

How can we listen  
These empty words  
In their messages meanings  
Where's the beginning  
If there's no end  
Seems we're undecided

And those that will listen  
They see their world  
In these messages meanings  
But I can't accept this as proof  
I know  
Neither one's provided