

Waste of Time

Pennywise

I've got a question for all you sinners
Have you ever wondered is this all there is to life?
A quick adventure not much to mention
A slow procession leading us to die
Or is there a heaven a distant valley
A golden meadow waiting for us in the sky
No one right answer spirit seems broken
Still I just can't help but wonder why
Seems like a tragic waste of time
Who cares what happens when you die?
Life's too short to wonder why
Get on with your life
In towering churches and holy temples
They all conspired to tell me how to live my life
But no religion or new theism
Could ever provide proof to quench my mind
And now I wonder whos's sky I'm under
Is there a heaven waiting for me when I die
No one right answer spirit seems
And still I can't help but wonder why
So many questions I can't tell the difference
Too many abstract thoughts now wrestle in my mind
But through the darkness somewhere should be waiting
A final truth to shower me with light
Their pearls of wisdom and tales of glory
They fed me nicely until I found it was all a lie
No one right answer spirit seems broken
And still I can't help but wonder why