

108

"Pale"

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Down
Pulled down
Pulled down by the current
Into the ocean of misery
Dragged out by the mainstream
Washed out by the waves
Of convenience and compliancy
Time has dyed your substance pale
Time, won't dye my substance pale
One path for me through destiny
And I will tread it till the blood red end
Because I stand in the shelter
Of the strength of my lord

I stand in the shelter
Of the strength of my lord
I'm looking at you, with the yawning jaws of
Normalcy stretched wide beneath your stride
What's your plan to save your ass
From the 9 to 5 scam?
Without a lifelong movement,
Without a spiritual society,
There ain't no sanctuary from popular insanity
Or will you just add the death toll?

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