

Holy Terror

"No Resurrection"

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(Deen/Kilfelt)

Point counterpoint,

The decending line, the human race' spiritual umbilical
cord

Path of the dead, the light at the end of the tunnel

A compost beep, natures fertile upkeep

The decision, the choice, the agonizing fear of sinning

The leering lustful wanton thing

A romantic heart in all it's bitter bondage

Actions of a sort that's unforeseen

No Resurrection, unless you want it to go on

No right or wrong, no up or down

Feelings of pity of Hell fire's wrath

Denying the reckless ambition of life

The trial of living, the veil of ego's conceit

Thinking one is ordained to control over men's
destinies

Hungry obsession to be bigger than everyone

The hallway is long and it waits like the Twilight Zone

The self righteous fool thought be played by the rules

The tortured rich entombed with all their jewels

And the transient men who have all been condemned

But a heart burns brighter in many of them

Point counterpoint,

T.V. church school, parents, streets all with their
disease

What can be learned that is not known

Everybody's yelling, nobody's telling

Somebody's selling bad answers who's really qualified

Rules, regulations, soul's inquisition

Must I, should I, fear for my life

Standing sentinel waits at the doorway

Patiently watching the gateway tonight

No Resurrection, unless you walk into the sun

No right or wrong, no up or down

Feelings of pity of Hell fire's wrath

Denying the reckless ambition of life

Point counterpoint,

The developing soul, the primitive cold age old
experiment

Humanity screams the survival of an endangered
species

Plot in the Earth replanting the garden of love
Rules, regulations, soul's inquisition
Must I, should I, fear for my life
Standing sentinel waits at the doorway
Patiently watching the gateway tonight
No Resurrection, unless you want it to go on
No right or wrong, no up or down
Feelings of pity of Hell fire's wrath
Denying the reckless ambition of life
The trial of living the veil of ego's conceit
Thinking one is ordained to control over men's
destinies
Hungry obsession to be bigger than everyone
The hallway is long and it waits like the Twilight Zone
The self righteous fool thought he played by the rules
The tortured rich entombed with all their jewels
And the transient men who have all been condemned
But a heart bums brighter in many of them

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