

## **Nothing More "Sunday's Paycheck"**

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Eat from my hand  
We'll reward you in the end  
For thousands before you have been set free  
And as time draws near we will christen your fear  
Like trail driven cattle, don't lend them your ear

Peace be with you and, and also with you  
But may no peace fall down on those who don't sit in  
our pews

Now you've read our prescription  
And you've tasked the truth  
Our placebo has failed you  
Don't think outside these walls  
It's where the monsters live who eat lost souls  
Don't think on your own, just come back home

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