

Witch Hunt "Obscenity"

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Fear of life and what you could be
Settled down with a family
Worship the fear
Pinned down by convenience
Strangled to death by traditions
Will work set you free?
Have you sown what you can't reap?
the future's creeping up so fast
But all your pleasure's in the past
So life is lived in regret
Up to your neck in credit debt
Worship the fear
Possessions are just a distraction for the
happiness that you're lacking
For false sense of security you'll
settle for monotony
Life becomes an obscenity when
you sow while they reap

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