

Bad Meets Evil

"Empty Causes"

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Everwhere you looked there was confusion, violence,
drama and drugs
So many righteous revolutionaries spouting utopian
love
Everyone shrouded in purple haze
Then one day they woke up from their dream state
They found themselves no more at peace than before
Older, meek, and conformed

Empty causes
A bluster for the soul, a fix for their mind
Empty causes
Cling to everything you find

Well, the shots rang out like popcorn
And the Chief was hit and rushed out of sight
The mohawk-chain, leather brigade rejoiced
maliciously on that night
Someone cried out "fuck the government"
His mates couldn't define what he meant
So no one gave him the time of day
And the scene died away

Empty causes
A war for the body, an army in the mind
Empty causes
Losing steam as time goes by

Could it be that everybody selfishly desires their own
personal retinue
And that causes are just manifestations
Of too much time and far to little to do

Empty causes
Direction for the soul, conviction for the mind
Empty causes
Cling to everything you find
Empty causes
You've got yours and I've got mine

