

Alias

"Divine Disappointment"

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My frustration into what I created has me feeling
discombobulated,
I hate that the boredom so I reinstated entertainment
for a well being down
Seeing I made the wrong decision, my project had
appeared easy,
But had no direction and procession, beginners luck?
Only up to recent time do I feel stuck,
Im the only one to blame for the things that ran muck,
I built up, a universe that is now building me you see,
Technological advances is the creator now,
And all things to be decided, will not even ounce touch
my hands,
My poor uncloned followers still constantly fill the
stands,
On the so called seventh day, for years it's been this
way,
But these people can't figure out weather it's the first
or last day,
They pray, they seem to think that im forgiving them
all,
Which means they have escape goats, if they happen
to drop the ball,
Ive been cornered, these rinse names witch none to me
are flattering,
They look to me for guidance, but to me they do not
matter, in my eyes,
There's nothing I can do to help this situation, when
they happen internal conflicts,
With there whole congregation, they gather every week
and speak of me in song,
These beings I have created in this project are terribly
wrong,
You all claim that you know me, but you really don't
ever be forgiving, so what,
In reality I really wont,
From the day I gave you life to your last anointment,
You have all been nothing but divine disappointment,
You all claim that you know me, but you really don't
ever be forgiving, so what,
In reality I really wont,
From the day I gave you life to your last anointment,

You have all been nothing but divine disappointment,
So now im stuck to figure out what I should do at this
point in time,
These creatures think that there's an afterlife so they
spend there whole life,
But now one of these creatures a few years ago
claiming to be my son,
So now they mould there lives after him and claim that
he's the one,
The one that will save them that will lead them to a new
breath,
I hate to break it to them; I have nothing for you after
death
So carry on if and what you're knowing, breaking
bread, winds blowing,
Magnify, light bulbs aren't the sun and tears or joy are
flowing,
Think that every bad thing is at my will, like bankruptcy,
Adultery and the reason why others kill,
Go on and be miss lead because you have your entire
life,
To think that some how I'll reward you for all your pain
and strife,
I can't control destiny, whered you come up with that
notion?
There's no cure for AIDS, so don't even bother with that
bullshit,
I didn't create the disease to punish others, I didn't
even make it,
So if you have that frame of mind just go ahead and
break it.
Im sick and tired of feeling responsibility for all you
unfaithfuls,
Im willing to share the crops as you enjoy it off your
platefuls,
Even if I had the power to help you I wouldn't even
bother,
So stop thinking that I love you and stop calling me you
father,
I didn't plan of you evolving into this mess with witch
ideal,
Asking for my forgiveness when you lie, cheat and
steal,
What the hell do you want me to do? Try and save
yourself
I can't help your marriage, children nor status of
health,
My problems far away all these so called devastations,
Like the oncoming war between the so called united
nations,
I regret making all of you; you make my blood pressure

climb,
I wish I didn't make you but not even I can take back the
hands of time..
You all claim that you know me, but you really don't
ever be forgiving, so what,
In reality I really wont,
From the day I gave you life to your last anointment,
You have all been nothing but divine disappointment,
You all claim that you know me, but you really don't
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In reality I really wont,
From the day I gave you life to your last anointment,
You have all been nothing but divine disappointment

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