

Prong "Your Fear"

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His holy misunderstood
Misdirected, misconstrued
This holy roll of the dice
Take your chances

Hold on tight
Silence the silent
Confuse the confused
Confusion runs rampant

On a ship of fools
The clock is ticking
This sacred joke
Left without a reason
Till reason takes hold

Surrender your tear
Crawl into the flame
His holy unconsciousness
Endless discussion
Of our uselessness

Alive and kicking
This sacred joke
Left without a reason
Till reason takes hold
Surrender your tear
Crawl into the flame

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