

## Elemental Zazen

### "Life Is Priceless"

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Friends, enemies, peers  
Lend me your ears  
For years you've been believing  
everything that you hear  
Everyone cheers when the populous is frozen in fear  
Doesn't matter less it imposes on your chosen career  
It's roses and no one notices what's happening fast  
It's a wrap, grasp the habits that you have to adapt  
The state of the union everyone just silently claps  
A sitcom without a joke but we violently laugh  
It's in the magazines you read that tell you you're fat  
Not good enough to be content and your future is flat  
So you purchase a fake cure  
what kind of future is that?  
Closing the wound that they create  
and refusing the facts  
It's no wonder that we're confused and scared to lose  
We're taught to never compare  
and use prayer to cure the blues  
Barely old enough to swear but we stare at the news  
Filling our hearts with despair  
so we're prepared to be abused  
Mislead, mistreated and fed these reasons instead  
To appease, hiding the dread we deny in our threads  
Finding it tough to make a pledge  
when we lie in the red  
Buying compliance with their meds  
so we fly and reside on the edge  
Homeless and wed to a life where we beg  
Buddha jesus ganesh arm leg leg arm head  
To forgive the sins we're dying to shed  
Trying to dead the words of zion with defiance  
but the virus has spread

When the heart stops beating and the memories fade  
When all I am becomes dust and the skies are grey  
I'll live forever in the messages I left you to play  
Healing the future with this love  
and the cuts from a razor blade

Life is priceless cling tight with a vice grip

Memories might slip so I fight to write shit  
Down before I drown or the sound of the night hits  
Clutching to what I've found  
while you're seeing me like this  
evil or righteous there's things that we might miss  
I've seen the end before and my cure and advice is  
To earn eternity with your own devices  
Or pray to christ  
and hope that he atones for the cri-sis  
A tumor in your occipital lobe  
A karmic code  
ensuring that you reap what you'd never sow  
It's low grade with slow growth  
you've got hope that surgery can be the antidote  
or it's murder she wrote  
It's strange needing a will at this age  
Feeling caged, betrayed, jotting it down on a page  
You would trade a thousand times your wage  
to remain on the stage for as long as it takes  
to break the chains  
And maintain with a smile on your face  
Embrace what your given  
and keep on living with grace  
But you could be erased  
it has you staying awake  
tossing and turning with the taste of days  
you wouldn't pay to replace  
It's been a waste of time and space  
A war between the better rates  
and the heavenly gates  
Running in place headed straight for the date  
that you await  
Sedated alone it's a fate you may never escape

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