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