

## Pasted

## Eyes Adrift

Old St. Paul he told them all  
Like it was him they hung out to dry  
From stolen dreams are made the means  
To lead the souls who must abide  
Then you'll never have to work again  
You glide along the backs of men  
Who add up the witness list of souls  
That want to feel but need to be told  
At the bar the lone star scar  
The seraph liked to hear a song  
The crowd was moved, I disapprove  
No writer tell me he's wrong  
you're told to leave and not come back again  
Fall in line not question when  
To peel off the shrink wrap pride inside  
Lets cheer and sing to the big lie

Those who do believe  
Do they know they are deceived  
Amidst the luxury  
A manufactured deity  
That you are pause to see  
No substitutions if you please  
Like starving is disease  
They hunger for celebrity