

Every Man's Truth

Gerry Cinnamon

Chemtrails
Filling up the sky
What on earth are they spraying there
I think I'm gonny die
If I don't find out why

All hail
The beardy man in the clouds
He says to kill all the bad guys
And put them in the ground
I hope he thinks I'm sound

Some say
That the world was never a ball
That there's no such thing as a satellite
Beaming telly or telephone calls
To the edge watch you don't fall

Odds on
That the world is run by criminals
And we're all controlled by subliminals
Consuming like our minds are haunted
By the things we didn't need but wanted

No you can't decide
What's wrong or right
Sure as day turns into night
Every man's truth
Is another man's waste o' time