Follower

Johnny Booth

Time is just a concept that made us believe in our destiny
But if the scriptures have ink to dry, I'm not believing
We can always try to go home, but that doesn't mean the door will ope
n
It's all about how you follow people in this world
But I won't follow

We washed out green shores for leaders
We carried the words of the wise 'til the weight that our backs could
 hold no longer
Could hold no longer
We embrace the walls we created
Grew to love them, even police them
Don't tell us what we need to hear
We know the answers will never be heard
We sealed it all up
With broken bricks and crystal ashes
Take hold of our sense one at a time
It's all about how you follow people in this world

You put your praise into a symbol
Right before we lost it all
You put your praise into a symbol
Right before we lost it all

Beliefs and torture sewn together
Die sweet prince of the massacre

For their solution, we bought into excuses
Burned our rights
Mass extinction
Carry me home as you predicted
We lost ourselves in the grand scheme of all of it

Chains and ankles, they march towards the surface, chains and ankles,
 they march
Chains and ankles, they march towards the surface, chains and ankles,
 they march

I took a chance, now my mind is up for sale

Business of life
Not my belief
This life I take to my mass grave

We are what tears ourselves apart
I'm indebted to the static voice that speaks to me
I'm indebted to the having
Wanting
Needing

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