

# Alleged Legends

The Streets

Some people live their lives by a little red book  
The points for right lying out and guides them good  
They never really mimic every word by eye  
'Cause if they did they'd be in a whole world of strife

The book's quite old school, but then it was tough  
It contains some quite experimental justice  
The thinking people are thinking that without this book  
That without these verses we'd pillage and murder but

Following this red book word for word  
Leads you to actually pillage and murder  
Could it be so what we think to be right  
Is simply the opinion that survived?

Do what you think's right and you will feel alright  
'Cause when you're bad you will feel sad  
That's the religion I live by

There's a bloke in the book who made everything  
He knows every individual and every trick in them  
Way above emotion, never getting stressed  
But when men choose against him, gets jealous

People fight for him in crippling wars  
But since he has the power of infinite awe  
We're merely itching on futilities floor  
Should we really be needing to assist him at all?

If he loves us all, knowing all we think  
Should he only like people with faith in him?  
Given I can't control what I truly believe  
Can I be forgiven for only believing who I see?

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Could it be time to avoid this bush  
So we wouldn't be blind when joining up coulds?  
Could we see both sides of the coin for the good  
Breed less strife on our voyage for good?

Getting threatened by men with questions  
We'll never get anywhere rejecting evidence  
Could we test everything instead of betting  
On alleged legends?

If we teach that it's right to blindly believe  
If we reach to the sky to define our meaning  
Well, I agree what's right will keep driving people  
To fight with people

Do what you think's right and you will feel alright  
'Cause when you're bad you will feel sad  
That's the religion I live by