

# Exhorder, Un-Born Again

hey you there in the chair  
why don't you hear your  
own self?  
you could find utopia  
but instead your brain is  
dead

you talk of pains of love  
and transcendence from  
above  
before you know it you'll  
be six feet under  
as unconsciousness  
envelops you  
you've missed out on the  
big deal  
so all aboard without  
your lord and all of his  
ministry  
'cause in the making's  
history  
disparage faith  
and as you write I shall  
dictate

feed a starving woman  
dress the man  
then go to heaven like a  
good American  
and as the promised gates  
of serene recognizance  
fade into a numbing non-  
existence you will rot  
away  
without ever really  
having anything...

disregard their  
settlement  
and be one like me  
un-born again

sources say gods are the  
way  
and question not the  
reason

How can you pretend?  
Amen!  
Shalom!

Really? Hallelujah's gonna  
buy a  
first class seat?  
well let me tell you  
something brother  
that can't be beat!  
Well, I've heard the voice a  
thousand times  
the one you say created  
mine  
but I've come to  
understand  
the voice is from the man

in me and  
not the one you've given  
higher ground

do you understand  
I'm un-born again  
do you understand  
I'm un-born again

it's a laughing shame that  
they've  
twisted your brain  
you could be one like me  
making your own  
decisions  
like you ought to be  
and from then you shall  
have become  
unborn again