

Holy Terror, No Resurrection

(Deen/Kilfelt)

Point counterpoint,
the decending line, the human race' spiritual umbilical cord
Path of the dead, the light at the end of the tunnel
A compost beep, natures fertile upkeep
The decision, the choice, the agonizing fear of sinning
The leering lustful wanton thing
A romantic heart in all it's bitter bondage
Actions of a sort that's unforseen
No Resurrection, unless you want it to go on
No right or wrong, no up or down
Feelings of pity of Hell fire's wrath
Denying the reckless ambition of life
The trial of living, the veil of ego's conceit
Thinking one is ordained to control over men's destinies
Hungry obsession to be bigger than everyone
The hallway is long and it waits like the Twilight Zone
The self righteous fool thought be played by the rules
The tortured rich entombed with all their jewels
And the transient men who have all been condemned
But a heart burns brighter in many of them
Point counterpoint,
T .V. church school, parents, streets all with their disease
What can be learned that is not known
Everybody's yelling, nobody's telling
Somebody's selling bad answers who's really qualified
Rules, regulations, soul's inquisition
Must I, should I, fear for my life
Standing sentinel waits at the doorway
Patiently watching the gateway tonight
No Resurrection, unless you walk into the sun
No right or wrong, no up or down
Feelings of pity of Hell fire's wrath
Denying the reckless ambition of life
Point counterpoint,
the developing soul, the primitive cold age old experiment
Humanity screams the survival of an endangered species
Plot in the Earth replanting the garden of love
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