



# A Prophet-able Pay Day

[Litmus A Freeman](#)

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Have you wondered why, when Prophets die those others come along, and  
feel the urge to turn their words into religious songs  
From Wholly truths come vaulted roofs and rules they use to rule  
The frightened mass of every class and many have been fooled...

And Jesus bled or so they said because he spread his truth  
That heaven is inside us all - your intuition's proof  
But the ruling class want you to pass your power to their church  
And sell control to find your soul and priests to help you search

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## Chorus:

And the more you're lost the more it costs to find your way back home  
You may arrive in Mecca, Jerusalem or Rome  
But there you'll find they're one of a kind just packaged different ways  
Religious laws and Holy Wars to lead us all astray  
For a prophet-able pay day!

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The Buddha sees on bended knees that stuff is just for show  
And advocates Nirvana waits for those without ego  
But the thought patrol then make their goal a thousand different ways  
With effigies our eyes to please to twist the point of what he says

## Repeat Chorus

With words they fool and ridicule the ancient festivals  
And build their might on ancient sites to spread their fear of hell  
Their dogma knows no bounds and shows that we don't need some guy  
In a Roman shack and a fish head hat to tell us how to buy

A passage when we die  
To a dreamland in the sky  
You can hear the prophets cry...

Your answers are inside

## Repeat Chorus x 2