

# Pennywise, Waste Of Time

I've got a question for all you sinners  
Have you ever wondered is this all there is to life?  
A quick adventure not much to mention  
A slow procession leading us to die  
Or is there a heaven a distant valley  
A golden meadow waiting for us in the sky  
No one right answer spirit seems broken  
Still I just can't help but wonder why  
Seems like a tragic waste of time  
Who cares what happens when you die?  
Life's too short to wonder why  
Get on with your life  
In towering churches and holy temples  
They all conspired to tell me how to live my life  
But no religion or new theism  
Could ever provide proof to quench my mind  
And now I wonder whos's sky I'm under  
Is there a heaven waiting for me when I die  
No one right answer spirit seems  
And still I can't help but wonder why  
So many questions I can't tell the difference  
Too many abstract thoughts now wrestle in my mind  
But through the darkness somewhere should be waiting  
A final truth to shower me with light  
Their pearls of wisdom and tales of glory  
They fed me nicely until I found it was all a lie  
No one right answer spirit seems broken  
And still I can't help but wonder why