

The Streets, Alleged Legends

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
Cuz' 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
Cuz' 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 utilities 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 could
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

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