

Common Riddle

The Insyderz

I don't know what's wrong with society
I don't know but I think it might be me
People look for ways in which to be free
But freedom doesn't come through faith in what you believe
Your clouded mind makes you feel unsure
You take your junk and the rest is all a blur
But Jesus Christ is your only cure
You tell her things you think she wants to hear
But being alone is your only fear
you wake up empty and your life is still a mess
Your only hope is J-E-S-U-S
You got your magic stone around your neck
your psychic friend says your life's a wreck
Your soul's confuses and your heart wants more
'Cause Jesus Chris is knocking at your door