

Mountainside

The Slackers

Where come the prophets from the past you say
Who saved the people kept oppressors at bay
Stricking the wicked made them slither and hide
From the mountainside

He gathered the people both young and old
Preaching the truth about the lies they told
Curing the sick with only a touch of his hand
All across the land

Some people say
You got to throw the past away
Still I pray
These lessons learned will not decay

But soon the storm clouds began to reign
Destiny pointing it's finger with distain
The shadows perched in trees like birds of prey
To choke the light of day

Some people say
You got to throw the past away
Still I pray
These lessons learned will not decay

They build their towers of lust and greed
Raping our minds to plant their seed
And from the ashes can't you see
The tattered wings of our reality

The wolves dressed up to lead the meek like sheep
Babbling promises they know they can't keep
Weaving their web of lies and utter deceit
The huddled masses by their feet

So where come the prophets from the past you say
Who saved the people kept oppressors at bay
And don't you forget that man was crucified
On the mountainside
On the mountainside
On the mountainside