

Snake Oil

Van der Graaf Generator

Best of intentions, fresh-faced devotees display,
sat at the feet of the master,
hoping that this is the one true way.
Eager awareness,
picking the wood from the trees,
only belief is important,
only obedience can set them free.
Here come the paraphernalia,
here come the catch-all refrains,
repeat ad infinitum.
Slavish devotion, that's how it usually presents,
in an impossibly pompous
addiction to doctrines that make no sense.
Anal retention to an astounding degree,
self-absorption is total,
making obedience compulsory
if they want to reach the inner mystery.
Welcome to the bats in the belfry,
the buzz-words echo around,
repeated ad infinitum.
Brainwashed and bound to believe in
the orthodox text, slogans on t-shirts,
the punters can't wait to be told
what to think of next...
oh, what's coming next?
Well, nothing is coming and nobody here goes
in search of the questions posterity might pose.
There's only one answer the believers can allow...
Yes, teacher knows best, teacher knows best.
Let's put the teacher to the test.
There's only one answer the disciples will allow out.
Cultish convention repeated again and again
until the words have no meaning,
until the means have become the end.
What starts with self-obsession ends up in self-denial,
they just so want to believe...
slaves to the snake oil of this particular world,
elitist and self-referential,
the comfort's in sharing the secret word
with the picture blurred...
the companionship of the herd.