

## DOCTRINE

I reach out beyond the norm  
Pose a thought in question form  
I question why there's nothing more to say

*"Hello there, fair friend.  
How is your soul today?"*

Ask again, expect an answer back

*"The only word is God's!"*

So your answers lack

The way is mine, my path to find  
Your kind do not control my mind

*"God's not for prying eyes!  
Do not question us!  
Burn in hell, the masses cry, you will!  
Heretical!  
Don't question our Holy God  
Lest your soul fall ill!"*

It's just a question, nothing more  
What's all the preach and persuasion for?  
He may be great and yes he may be good

*"He is our Holy Man!"*

But I question why  
I am not at his right hand  
The way is mine  
My path not yours to find

*"Look, all around you see is  
God and God's great kind."*

Despite your faith  
You can't control my mind

*"DEMON SPAWN!"* the preacher presses on  
*"We damn your soul to hell!"*

And you might as well  
I do not believe the place exists  
The way I think  
My path, your miss

The congregation cries to stone me dead  
The preacher justifies they break my head  
I sought beyond the norm  
A thought in question form

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