

A

FREETHOUGHT

MANIFESTO

RUSH

nine inch nails

John Lennon



a perfect circle

TALKING
HEADS

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the Government for a redress of grievances.

The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America

"Religion... has certain ideas at the heart of it which we call sacred or holy or whatever. What it means is, 'Here is an idea or a notion that you're not allowed to say anything bad about; you're just not. Why not? - because you're not!' If somebody votes for a party that you don't agree with, you're free to argue about it as much as you like; everybody will have an argument but nobody feels aggrieved by it. If somebody thinks taxes should go up or down you are free to have an argument about it. But on the other hand if somebody says 'I mustn't move a light switch on a Saturday', you say, 'I *respect* that'. Why should it be that it's perfectly legitimate to support the Labour party or the Conservative party, Republicans or Democrats, this model of economics versus that, Macintosh instead of Windows - but to have an opinion about how the Universe began, about who created the Universe... no, that's holy?... We are used to not challenging religious ideas but it's very interesting how much of a furore Richard [Dawkins] creates when he does it! Everybody gets absolutely frantic about it because you're not allowed to say these things. Yet when you look at it rationally there is no reason why those ideas shouldn't be as open to debate as any other, except that we have agreed somehow between us that they shouldn't be."

-Douglas Adams

TOM SAWYER

RUSH

*"Let the human mind loose. It must be loose. It will be loose. Superstition
and dogmatism cannot confine it."*

- John Adams

A modern-day warrior
Mean mean stride,
Today's tom sawyer
Mean mean pride.

Though his mind is not for rent,
Don't put him down as arrogant.
His reserve, a quiet defense,
Riding out the days events.
The river

And what you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
Catch the mist, catch the myth
Catch the mystery, catch the drift.

The world is, the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his eyes are wide.

Today's tom sawyer,
He gets high on you,
And the space he invades
He gets by on you.

No, his mind is not for rent,
To any God or government.
Always hopeful, yet discontent,
He knows changes aren't permanent,
But change is.

And what you say about his company
Is what you say about society.
Catch the witness, catch the wit,
Catch the spirit, catch the spit.

The world is, the world is,
Love and life are deep,
Maybe as his skies are wide.

Exit the warrior,
Today's tom sawyer,
He gets high on you,
And the energy you trade,
He gets right on to the friction of the day.

Tom Sawyer

THE HAND THAT FEEDS

NINE INCH NAILS

"The purpose of separation of church and state is to keep forever from these shores the ceaseless strife that has soaked the soil of Europe with blood for centuries."

-James Madison

The Hand That Feeds

You're keeping in step
In the line
Got your chin held high and you feel just fine
Cause you do
What you're told
But inside your heart it is black and it's hollow and it's cold

Just how deep do you believe?
Will you bite the hand that feeds?
Will you chew until it bleeds?
Can you get up off your knees?
Are you brave enough to see?
Do you want to change it?

What if this whole crusade's
A charade?
And behind it all there's a price to be paid
For the blood
On which we dine?
Justified in the name of the holy and the divine

Just how deep do you believe?
Will you bite the hand that feeds?
Will you chew until it bleeds?
Can you get up off your knees?
Are you brave enough to see?
Do you want to change it?

So naive
I keep holding on to what I want to believe
I can see
But I keep holding on and on and on and on

Will you bite the hand that feeds you?
Will you stay down on your knees?

WITCH HUNT

RUSH

"Men never do evil so completely and cheerfully as when they do it from religious conviction."

-Blaise Pascal

The night is black
Without a moon
The air is thick and still
The vigilantes gather on
The lonely torch lit hill

Features distorted in the flickering light
The faces are twisted and grotesque
Silent and stern in the sweltering night
The mob moves like demons possessed
Quiet in conscience, calm in their right
Confident their ways are best

The righteous rise
With burning eyes
Of hatred and ill-will
Madmen fed on fear and lies
To beat and burn and kill

They say there are strangers who threaten us
In our immigrants and infidels
They say there is strangeness too dangerous
In our theaters and bookstore shelves
That those who know what's best for us
Must rise and save us from ourselves

Quick to judge
Quick to anger
Slow to understand
Ignorance and prejudice
And fear walk hand in hand...

Witch Hunt

IMAGINE

JOHN LENNON

*"Man will never be free until the last king is strangled with the entrails of the
last priest"*

-Denis Diderot

Imagine there's no heaven
It's easy if you try
No hell below us
Above us only sky
Imagine all the people
Living for today...

Imagine there's no countries
It isn't hard to do
Nothing to kill or die for
And no religion too
Imagine all the people
Living life in peace...

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will be as one

Imagine no possessions
I wonder if you can
No need for greed or hunger
A brotherhood of man
Imagine all the people
Sharing all the world...

You may say I'm a dreamer
But I'm not the only one
I hope someday you'll join us
And the world will live as one

Imagine

FREEWILL

RUSH

"Question with boldness even the existence of a God; because, if there be one, he must more approve of the homage of reason than that of blindfolded fear. . . . Do not be frightened from this inquiry by any fear of its consequences. If it ends in a belief that there is no God, you will find inducements to virtue in the comfort and pleasantness you feel in its exercise, and the love of others which it will procure you."

-Thomas Jefferson

There are those who think that life has nothing left to chance
A host of holy horrors to direct our aimless dance

A planet of playthings
We dance on the strings
Of powers we cannot perceive
'The stars aren't aligned
Or the gods are malign...'
Blame is better to give than receive

You can choose a ready guide in some celestial voice
If you choose not to decide, you still have made a choice
You can choose from phantom fears and kindness that can kill
I will choose a path that's clear
I will choose freewill

There are those who think
That they were dealt a losing hand
The cards were stacked against them
They weren't born in Lotusland

All preordained
A prisoner in chains
A victim of venomous fate
Kicked in the face
You can pray for a place
In heaven's unearthly estate

Each of us
A cell of awareness
Imperfect and incomplete
Genetic blends
With uncertain ends
On a fortune hunt that's far too fleet

Freewill

HERESY

NINE INCH NAILS

"Our Bible reveals to us the character of our god with minute and remorseless exactness... It is perhaps the most damnatory biography that exists in print anywhere. It makes Nero an angel of light and leading by contrast"

- Mark Twain

He sewed his eyes shut because he is afraid to see
He tries to tell me what I put inside of me
He's got the answers to ease my curiosity
He dreamed a god up and called it Christianity

Your god is dead and no one cares
If there is a hell I'll see you there

He flexed his muscles to keep his flock of sheep in line
He made a virus that would kill off all the swine
His perfect kingdom of killing, suffering and pain
Demands devotion, atrocities done in his name

Your god is dead and no one cares
Drowning in his own hypocrisy
And if there is a hell I'll see you there
Burning with your god in humility
Will you die for this?

H
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SHOW DON'T TELL

RUSH

"Believe those who are seeking the truth; doubt those who find it."

- Andre Gide

How many times do you hear it?
It goes on all day long
Everyone knows everything
And no one's ever wrong
Until later...

Who can you believe?
It's hard to play it safe
But apart from a few good friends
We don't take anything on faith
Until later...

Show...don't tell...

(Show me, don't tell me)
You've figured out the score
(Show me, don't tell me)
I've heard it all before
(Show me, don't tell me)
I don't care what you say
(Show me, don't tell me)

You can twist perceptions
Reality won't budge
You can raise objections
I will be the judge
And the jury

I'll give it due reflection
Watching from the fence
Give the jury direction
Based on the evidence
I, the jury

(Show me, don't tell me)
Hey, order in the court
(Show me, don't tell me)
Let's try to keep it short
(Show me, don't tell me)
Enough of your demands
(Show me, don't tell me)
Witness take the stand
(Show me, don't tell me)

(Show me, don't tell me)
Hey, order in the court
(Show me, don't tell me)
Let's try to keep it short
(Show me, don't tell me)
I don't care what you say
(Show me, don't tell me)
Let's see exhibit A

Show Don't Tell

THE POT

TOOL

"You believe in a book that has talking animals, wizards, witches, demons, sticks turning into snakes, food falling from the sky, people walking on water, and all sorts of magical, absurd and primitive stories, and you say that we are the ones that need help?"

- Dan Barker

Who are you to wave your finger? You must have been out your head
Eye hole deep in muddy waters, you practically raised the dead

Rob the grave to snow the cradle, then burn the evidence down
Soapbox house of cards and glass so don't go tossin' your stones around

You must have been high, you must have been high
You must have been

Foot in mouth and head up asshole, what you talkin' 'bout?
Difficult to dance 'round this one 'til you pull it out, boy

You must have been so high, you must have been so high

Steal, borrow, refer save your shady inference
Kangaroo done hung the jury with the innocent

Now you're weeping shades of cozened indigo
Must've got lemon juice up in your eye

When you pissed all over my black kettle
You must have been high, high
You must have been high, high

Who are you to wave your finger? So full of it
Eyeballs deep in muddy waters, fuckin' hypocrite

Liar, lawyer, mirror- show me what's the difference?
Kangaroo done hung the guilty with the innocent

NOW

You're weeping shades of cozened indigo, got lemon juice up in your eye

EYE

When you pissed all over my black kettle
You must have been

So who are you to wave your finger?
Who are you to wave your fatty fingers at me?
You must have been out your mind

Weeping shades of indigo
Shed without a reason
Weeping shades of indigo

Liar, lawyer, mirror- for you, what's the difference?
Kangaroo be stoned he's guilty as the government

NOW

You're weeping shades of cozened indigo, that lemon juice up in your eye

EYE

When you pissed all over my black kettle
You musta been high, high, high, high
Eyeballs deep in muddy waters
Eyeballs deep in muddy waters

Conjure up lies you must have been out your mind

Three Pot

MARCH OF THE PIGS

NINE INCH NAILS

"If today you can take a thing like evolution and make it a crime to teach it in the public schools, tomorrow you can make it a crime to teach it in the private schools, and the next year you can make it a crime to teach it to the hustings or in the church. At the next session you may ban books and the newspapers. Soon you may set Catholic against Protestant and Protestant against Protestant, and try to foist your own religion upon the minds of men. If you can do one you can do the other. Ignorance and fanaticism is ever busy and needs feeding. Always it is feeding and gloating for more. Today it is the public school teachers, tomorrow the private. The next day the preachers and the lectures, the magazines, the books, the newspapers. After a while, your honor, it is the setting of man against man and creed against creed until with flying banners and beating drums we are marching backward to the glorious ages of the sixteenth century when bigots lighted torches to burn the men who dared to bring any intelligence and enlightenment and culture to the human mind."

-Clarence Darrow, "Scopes Trial" courtroom speech, July 13, 1925

Step right up
March
Push

Crawl right up on your knees
Please
Greed
Feed
(no time to hesitate)

I want a little bit
I want a piece of it
I think he's losing it
I want to watch it come down

Don't like the look of it
Don't like the taste of it
Don't like the smell of it

I want to watch it come down

All the pigs are all lined up
I give you all that you want
take the skin and peel it back
now doesn't that make you feel better?

Shove it up inside
Surprise!
Lies
Stains like the blood on your teeth
Bite chew suck away the tender parts

I want to break it up
I want to smash it up
I want to fuck it up
I want to watch it come down
Maybe afraid of it
Let's discredit it
Let's pick away at it
I want to watch it come down

Now doesn't that make you feel better?
The pigs have won tonight
Now they can all sleep soundly
And everything is all right

March of the Pigs

THE WEAPON

RUSH

"Free thought means fearless thought. It is not deterred by legal penalties, nor by spiritual consequences. Dissent from the Bible does not alarm the true investigator, who takes truth for authority not authority for truth. The thinker who is really free, is independent; he is under no dread; he yields to no menace; he is not dismayed by law, nor custom, nor pulpits, nor society--whose opinion appals so many. He who has the manly passion of free thought, has no fear of anything, save the fear of error."

-- George Jacob Holyoake

We've got nothing to fear...but fear itself?
Not pain, not failure, not fatal tragedy?
Not the faulty units in this mad machinery?
Not the broken contacts in emotional chemistry?

With an iron fist in a velvet glove
We are sheltered under the gun
In the glory game on the power train
Thy kingdom's will be done

And the things that we fear are a weapon to be held against us...

He's not afraid of your judgment
He knows of horrors worse than your Hell
He's a little bit afraid of dying
But he's a lot more afraid of your lying

And the things that he fears are a weapon to be held against him...

Can any part of life be larger than life?
Even love must be limited by time
And those who push us down that they might climb
Is any killer worth more than his crime?

Like a steely blade in a silken sheath
We don't see what they're made of
They shout about love, but when push comes to shove
They live for the things they're afraid of

And the knowledge that they fear is a weapon to be used against them...

The Weapon

PET

A PERFECT CIRCLE

"We are not afraid to entrust the American people with unpleasant facts, foreign ideas, alien philosophies, and competitive values. For a nation that is afraid to let its people judge the truth and falsehood in an open market is a nation that is afraid of its people."

- John F. Kennedy

Don't fret precious I'm here, step away from the window
Go back to sleep

Lay your head down child
I won't let the boogeyman come

Counting bodies like sheep
To the rhythm of the war drums

Pay no mind to the rabble
Pay no mind to the rabble

Head down, go to sleep
To the rhythm of the war drums

Pay no mind what other voices say
They don't care about you, like I do, like I do
Safe from pain and truth and choice and other poison devils,
See, they don't give a fuck about you, like I do.

Just stay with me, safe and ignorant,
Go back to sleep
Go back to sleep

Lay your head down child
I won't let the boogeyman come
Count the bodies like sheep
To the rhythm of the war drums

Pay no mind to the rabble
Pay no mind to the rabble

Head down, go to sleep to the rhythm of the war drums

I'll be the one to protect you from
Your enemies and all your demons

I'll be the one to protect you from
A will to survive and a voice of reason

I'll be the one to protect you from
Your enemies and your choices son
They're one and the same, I must isolate you
Isolate and save you from yourself

Swaying to the rhythm of the new world order
Count the bodies like sheep to the rhythm of the war drums

The boogeymen are coming
The boogeymen are coming

Keep your head down, go to sleep, to the rhythm of the war drums

Stay with me, safe and ignorant
Just stay with me
Hold you and protect you from the other ones
The evil ones don't love you son,
Go back to sleep

P
e
t

BLIND

TALKING HEADS

"Naturally the common people don't want war; neither in Russia, nor in England, nor in America, nor in Germany. That is understood. But after all, it is the leaders of the country who determine policy, and it is always a simple matter to drag the people along, whether it is a democracy, or a fascist dictatorship, or a parliament, or a communist dictatorship. Voice or no voice, the people can always be brought to the bidding of the leaders. That is easy. All you have to do is to tell them they are being attacked, and denounce the pacifists for lack of patriotism and exposing the country to danger.

It works the same in any country."

-Hermann Goering at the Nuremburg Trials

Signs, signs are lost
Signs disappeared, turn invisible
Got no sign
Somebody got busted
Got a face of stone
And a ghostwritten biography
Dogs start to run in, hungry for some food
Dogs start a-twitching
And they're looking at you
It was light, by five
Torn all apart, all in the name of democracy
He's hurt, he's dying
Claimed he was a terrorist
Claimed to avert a catastrophe
Someone shoulda told him
That the buck stops here
No one ever said
That he was involved with thieves
And they're blind, blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind
blind, blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind

No sense of harmony, No sense of time
Don't mention harmony, Say:
What is it? What is it? What is it?
Give a little shock, and he raises his hand
Somebody shouts out, says:
What is it? What is it? What is it?
He was shot down in the night!
People ride by but his body's still alive
The girl in the window what has she done?
She looks down at me, says: "I don't want to die!"

And I'm blind, blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind
blind, blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind
Somebody could have told us where they go
Crawling all around looking for foot, foot, footprints
Now tell me what the Hell have we become?
Some dirty little bastards, what the Hell is going on?
No sense of harmony, No sense of time
Don't mention harmony, Say:
What is it? What is it? What is it?
Give a little shock, and he raises his hand
Somebody shouts out, says:
What is it? What is it? What is it?
He was shot down in the night!
People ride by but his body's still alive
The girl in the window what has she
done? She looks down at me ...
says: "I don't want to die!"

They're blind and they're blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind
blind, blind
blind, blind, blind, blind, blind

Blind

GHOST OF A CHANCE

RUSH

"I'm an atheist, and that's it. I believe there's nothing we can know except that we should be kind to each other and do what we can for each other."

- Katherine Hepburn

Ghost of a Chance

Like a million little doorways
All the choices we made
All the stages we passed through
All the roles we played

For so many different directions
Our separate paths might have turned
With every door that we opened
Every bridge that we burned

Somehow we find each other
Through all that masquerade
Somehow we found each other
Somehow we have stayed
In a state of grace

I don't believe in destiny
Or the guiding hand of fate
I don't believe in forever
Or love as a mystical state
I don't believe in the stars or the planets
Or angels watching from above
But I believe there's a ghost of a chance we can find someone to love
And make it last...

Like a million little crossroads
Through the back streets of youth
Each time we turn a new corner
A tiny moment of truth

For so many different connections
Our separate paths might have made
With every door that we opened
Every game we played

Somehow we find each other
Through all that masquerade
Somehow we found each other
Somehow we have stayed
In a state of grace

I don't believe in destiny
Or the guiding hand of fate
I don't believe in forever
Or love as a mystical state
I don't believe in the stars or the planets
Or angels watching from above
But I believe there's a ghost of a chance we can find someone to love
And make it last...

ROLL THE BONES

RUSH

"If some good evidence for life after death were announced, I'd be eager to examine it; but it would have to be real scientific data, not mere anecdote. As with the face on Mars and alien abductions, better the hard truth, I say, than the comforting fantasy. And in the final tolling it often turns out that the facts are more comforting than the fantasy."

-Carl Sagan

Roll The Bones

Well, you can stake that claim-
"Good work is the key to good fortune"
Winners take that praise, losers seldom take that blame
If they don't take that game
And sometimes the winner takes nothing
We draw our own designs, but fortune has to make that frame

We go out in the world and take our chances
Fate is just the weight of circumstances
That's the way that lady luck dances- roll the bones

Why are we here? Because we're here
Roll the bones
Why does it happen? Because it happens
Roll the bones

Faith is cold as ice
Why are little ones born only to suffer
For the want of immunity or a bowl of rice?
Well, who would hold a price
On the heads of the innocent children
If there's some immortal power to control the dice?

We come into the world and take our chances
Fate is just the weight of circumstances
That's the way that lady luck dances- roll the bones

*Jack...relax- get busy with the facts
No zodiacs or almanacs, no maniacs in polyester slacks
Just the facts! Gonna kick some gluteus max
It's a parallax...you dig?
You move around, the small gets big
It's a rig
It's action...reaction- random interaction
So who's afraid of a little abstraction?
Can't get no satisfaction from the facts?
You better run, homeboy
A fact's a fact from Nome to Rome, boy*

*What's the deal? Spin the wheel
If the dice are hot...take a shot
Play your cards, show us what you got
What you're holding
If the cards are cold don't go folding
Lady Luck is golden, she favors the bold
That's cold
Stop throwing stones
The night has a thousand saxophones
So get out there and rock
And roll the bones
Get busy!*

Roll the bones

Why are we here? Because we're here
Roll the bones
Why does it happen? Because it happens
Roll the bones

JUDITH

A PERFECT CIRCLE

"The whole scheme of Christian Salvation is diabolical as revealed by the creeds. An angry God, imagine such a creator of the universe. Angry at what he knew was coming and was himself responsible for. Then he sets himself about to beget a son, in order that the child should beg him to forgive the Sinner. This however he cannot or will not do. He must punish somebody- so the son offers himself up & our creator punishes the innocent youth, never heard of before- for the guilty and became reconciled to us. . . I decline to accept Salvation from such a fiend."

-Andrew Carnegie

You're such an inspiration for the ways
That I will never ever choose to be
Oh so many ways for me to show you
How your savior has abandoned you
Fuck your God
Your Lord your Christ
He did this
Took all you had and
Left you this way
Still you pray never stray
Never taste of the fruit
Never thought to question why

It's not like you killed someone
It's not like you drove a hateful spear into his side
Praise the one who left you
Broken down and paralyzed
He did it all for you

Oh so many many ways for me to show you
How your dogma has abandoned you
Pray to your Christ, to your god
Never taste of the fruit
Never stray, never break
Never choke on the lie
Even though he's the one who did this to you
You never thought to question why

It's not like you killed someone
It's not like you drove a spiteful spear into his side
Talk to Jesus Christ
As if he knows the reasons why
He did it all for you

Did it all for you

Judith

GOD GIVEN

NINE INCH NAILS

"It is chilling to think that the same people who persecuted the wise women and men of Europe, its midwives and healers, then crossed the oceans to Africa and the Americas and tortured and enslaved, raped, impoverished, and eradicated the peaceful, Christ-like people they found. And that the blueprint from which they worked, and still work, was the Bible."

- Alice Walker

Hey man please don't make a sound
Take a look around
Can't you see what's right in front of you?
Aah have a little taste
No more time to waste
You don't want to get left behind 'cause it's all coming down right now
How hard is it to see? Put your faith in me
I sure wouldn't want to be praying to the wrong piece of wood
You should get where you belong
Everything you know is wrong
Come on, sing along, everybody now

(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones

I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he wants me to tell you

Wait- step into the light
How can this be right?
I'm afraid we're going to ask you to leave
Guess you can not win with the color of your skin
You won't be getting into the promised land
This is just another case
You people still don't know your place
Step aside, out the way, wipe that look off your face
We are the divine, separated from the swine
Come on, sing along everybody now

(god given)
And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kingdom come
And thy will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones

And he gives us sight
And we see the light
And it burns so bright
Now we know we're right
When his kindom come
And they will be done
We have just begun
We're the chosen ones

I would never tell you anything that wasn't absolutely true that hadn't come right from his mouth and he wants me to tell you

Good Giver

FAITHLESS

RUSH

*"Isn't it enough to see that a garden is beautiful without having to believe
that there are fairies at the bottom of it too?"*

-Douglas Adams

I've got my own moral compass to steer by
A guiding star beats a spirit in the sky
And all the preaching voices -
Empty vessels ring so loud
As they move among the crowd
Fools and thieves are well disguised
In the temple and marketplace

*Like a stone in the river
Against the floods of spring
I will quietly resist*

*Like the willows in the wind
Or the cliffs along the ocean
I will quietly resist*

I don't have faith in faith
I don't believe in belief
You can call me faithless
You can call me faithless

But I still cling to hope
And I believe in love
And that's faith enough for me

I've got my own spirit level for balance
To tell if my choice is leading up or down
And all the shouting voices
Try to throw me off my course
Some by sermons, some by force
Fools and thieves are dangerous
In the temple and marketplace

*Like a forest bows to winter
Beneath the deep white silence
I will quietly resist*

*Like a flower in the desert
That only blooms at night
I will quietly resist*

Faithless

"Suppose we've chosen the wrong god. Every time we go to church
we're just making him madder and madder."

- Homer Simpson's version of Pascal's Wager

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