

# Fear Of God, Diseased

Cold wars...Genocide...  
Slavery of man  
Third world poverty...  
Multimillionaires

Mass starvation  
but don't be alarmed

That part of the population  
Doesn't matter much anyway  
Blood drunk like water.  
Now no more rain

No more victims for the altar  
In the temple of decay

Watch the frightened  
Refugee seeking sanctuary  
His government wants him dead...  
He has no choice.

Old woman in the gutter,  
Just barely alive  
The crown turns...looks away  
They never ask why.

Why are we DISEASED?