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 alter 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?