

Silent Voices, Disease: Man

Growing tired of your selfrighteous ways
Only concerned of the riches you gain
So high up in your chair
That you can't look down
And the circle of violence
Goes round and round
Behind a perfect smile
a mind of deceit disguised
Spreading the disease
Poisoned tongues
Spread the web of lies
But the truth still lies
Between the lines
Don't tell us what to believe
Contaminate us with your disease
Your aims are so easy to see
We're coming across the lines
Tearind own you disguise
Killing the disease
For thousands of year
Man has ruled the world
Taking all they he can
Read and ruined
All around
Disease of man