

# Heathen, Opiate Of The Masses

(Altus/White)

The future is scarred by the bloodstained past  
Haunted by disgrace  
Holy wars that are never ending  
Forever fight of faith  
Don't accuse these meaningless symbols  
Created by mankind  
Will they recognize their own creation?  
Can they be so blind?

Fools manipulating all they see  
Cruel as the world can be  
Cries of pain as the tortured souls  
whither away into the dust  
Power is the fix  
And man is drawn to it  
The illness and the lies  
The virus never dies

To captivate the minds of the masses  
Tell them what they want to hear  
And for those who will oppose you  
They will live in fear  
Domination your favorite sensation  
Operated by remote control  
In your hands are the lives of the helpless  
Their fate they'll never know

Fools manipulating all they see  
Cruel as the world can be  
Cries of pain as the tortured souls  
Whither away into the dust

Power is the fix  
And man is drawn to it  
No matter the cost of what's won or lost  
Addiction planted the seed  
That sprouted the tree of greed  
The illness and the lies  
The virus never dies

Control your own destiny  
Get rid of insecurity  
There's little truth in what they say  
Don't let 'em steal your life away

Power  
To this world brings death and destruction  
Leaving the earth in decay  
Money  
Breeds organized crime and corruption  
Who says that crime doesn't pay?  
Greed The green-seeking virus that spreads  
And manifests your selfish needs  
Spreading the addiction  
Man's own contradiction  
When it's themselves that they deceive