

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