

Indoctrination (A Design for Living)

Dead Can Dance

In times of great vexation,
When one must choose between what's right and wrong.
Freedom, so they say,
Amounts to the choices you have made
Through all the arbitrary rationale concerning liberty.
Freedom, I must say,
Exists within unconditioned minds. Reason has come of age.
How can you be satisfied with things the way they are,
When all that surrounds us now, and so much more,
Remains inside the keeper's dark embrace?
The insatiable thirst for power has made
Idols out of mortals, gods into clay,
Soldiers into heros, children into slaves,
All damned.
Desires,
Their hopes betrayed. Who will suffer the laws
That State can decide your child's education
Unless you pay the price? Who will suffer their laws?
Who will suffer their minds?
Who will suffer their words?
Who will suffer their designs?

Songwriters

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