

# Opiate of the Masses

## Heathen

The future is scarred by the bloodstained past  
    Haunted by disgrace  
    Holy wars that are never ending  
Forever fight of faithDon'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 dustPower is the fix  
    And man is drawn to it  
    The illness and the lies  
The virus never diesTo captivate the minds of the masses  
    Tell them what they want to hear  
    And for those who will oppose you  
They will live in fearDomination your favorite sensation  
    Operated by remote control  
    In your hands are the lives of the helpless  
Their fate they'll never knowFools manipulating all they see  
    Cruel as the world can be  
    Cries of pain as the tortured souls  
Whither away into the dustPower is the fix  
    And man is drawn to it  
    No matter the cost  
Of what's won or lostAddiction planted the seed  
    That sprouted the tree of greed  
    The illness and the lies  
The virus never diesControl your own destiny  
    Get rid of insecurity  
    There's little truth in what they say  
Don't let 'em steal your life away, noPower, 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

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