

# Fates

## Synanthesia

He has religion with no compassion  
To make decisions a very passion  
He's got his yacht, he's got his mansions  
He's got his servants, he's got expansion  
They keep on talking, they're all so proud  
They keep us walking, they scream so loud  
They only value their only crown  
Hey yeah, slavery  
He's got his factories, he's got his slaves  
He's got his prophets, he owns our cave  
He has his prisons, he has his cage  
He's has his judges, they have our fate  
They divide nations, they preach the heart  
Self manipulation right from the start  
They give permission, others do their part  
Oh hey, slavery  
He's got his cars, he's got his books  
He knows it's urgent, the poor are hook  
He's got his weakness, we got his number  
And we will be there next time he plunders  
I'm gonna tell you one by one  
Everybody here is on the run  
I'm gonna tell you, you got to know  
No, hey yeah, it's all slavery, slavery  
It's all slavery  
Hey, hey, yeah, yeah  
Hey, hey, yeah, yeah  
Hey, hey, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>