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

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