

# The Brotherhood

[Jon Gurd](#)

Cold and rapacious we rule it all  
The demon crushing your chest We watch your despair, your struggle of life  
We bet on who's coming best Increasing our fortune, choking your breath  
Living on our Cockaigne  
We steal from the poor to feed on the rich  
With caviar, diamonds, champagne We are sucking your life and your blood War, the bloody lucrative tool  
To work on your doubts and fear  
Gold, we sold our souls onto  
The greedy and cold profiteer Ruling the world with a stick and a carrot  
Slavery's our believe  
Juggle with intrigues, justice is blind  
Never giving reprieve Brothers in arms, your arm feels the needle  
The poison injecting the fear  
We render homage to the evil inside us  
The demon, the cold profiteer [Pre...] [Chorus...] We take what we get to get what it takes  
To work on your doubts and fear  
"Gimme the headline, I'll give you the war"  
The greedy and cold profiteer

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