

# Ochlocracy

Deivos

The Mob unheeded. pushed to the limit  
You're lying in the cellar of your superstitions  
You breathe with them  
Mistrustful, embittered  
You feed your children with greasy chauvinism  
Add some salt to their wounds, let them scream upon heavens  
None of your brethren shall ever be free  
With us or against us  
Separate the moles from the allies  
Lord have mercy on us - forward, march!

Bloated with hate. the maggot is feeding  
On your wrath. anger and fear  
It won't stop until you're broken. strangled  
Drowned in the sea of bile  
In his name  
His way is the only way  
His beliefs are the only true  
His religion is yours  
Deprecating. arrogant and proud - so much better than the others

Envious and worthless. yet dangerous in the pack  
Self-confident, yet fearful  
Noble in its ignorance

Servants of the dogmatic weavers of poisonous words  
Manipulated. usurpers' hounds. ready to bite - cannon fodder

Blood's boiling. eyes squinted. hands clenched in lists of rage  
Throat tastes bitter. Spine's tingling.  
Ready to strike at command - obeying and without questions  
Trained in the pens of the diseased shepherds  
In the pillories of enmity

Persecutors of free minds. legion of bitterness  
They will rip your heart out and then devour it  
Shave your head. claim your name. assign you a number  
Destroy everything that differs from their idea of the order

Muzzle with morality that would silence every scream  
Follow the leader - he knows how you should live

There is no need of questions, doubts are for the weak  
You will obey, you will repent. you will crawl  
Strong in your doctrines. unhampered in your dogmas  
You've been shown the only path (no shortcuts. no reroutes)