

Blinded

Dionysus

Witches burned at the stake, "the one"
Was whipped on the cross, left there bleeding...
The black man hanged and scientist gassed
In a world of endless suffering
The Indians slaughtered, and the rebels
Punished for the riot at the red square
Rash and cruel, they worked their "magic"
You think the world is round?

Is there still a way to live?
In this world of madness
Will we ever learn to give?

Blinded by our arrogance
We fail to see the state of art
Existence of those who fathom life...
Wisdom lies deep in our hearts

Today's state of science
Can not fathom the depths of existence
Human mind is inadequate
To provide an explanation
The leaders pray to god for help
But those who god will be the master?
Our blood's still, red and we share
The same dream, will we ever learn?

Master of our universe, holyfather can you tell
If there's a god for each one of us
We pray to break this magic spell