

Phantom

Disfear

The hearts of men have grown tired and weak
Welcome to all forms of corruption
Blind to all, but power, profit and gain
And all of our earthly possessions
We decorate, happily our tombs to be
With the brilliant art of illusion
Perpetuating the cycle
All surface, no depth
Without destitution there would be no sickening wealth

The medication, the guilt
The low self-esteem and the nervous sweat
The sleeping troubles, the cancers
The heart attacks, the early deaths
The end of justice, the radiant fires
The waste left behind in the all-cleansing flames
The poisonous fumes from our own funeral pyre
The pesticide that we inhale

We feed the machines with our blood, our sweat
The phantoms are here, I can hear them
Gathered in flocks they watch over our steps
Our intellect, it must not be awakened
With their broken promises, your broken backs
By the new world order oppressed
All who question their methods

All who question their reasons
All who question their ethics
Silenced by the crack of the whip of progress

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