

## Black Bridge

Gaia Mesiah

How many wars around us  
How empty are our lives  
There's a million killed people  
Polluting Earth  
For entertainment and powerfile

I don't believe in fear  
I don't believe in pain  
I believe in myself  
That's the honest way

Cry for the people  
Nobody can command you  
Spy on your people

Psychology in my brain  
Psychology in my brain

What about the third world problems  
And medias are moving with you  
Everywhere you're branded with information  
But where's the place for you and your own decision

Psychology in my brain  
Psychology in my brain  
Psychology in my brain  
Polluting Earth

Cry for the people  
Nobody can command you  
Spy on your people

We can't abuse our gift  
Our intellect has destroyed too much  
For entertainment and a powerfile  
Where is the conscience and discretion  
We only learned some social roles  
Which remove us from own decisions and intuition

What you wanna  
Mass of flyers slaves  
Will die and lay in massgraves  
And the mass of flyers slaves  
Will die Will die

Nobody can command you  
Will die Will die