

Amoral "Drug Of Choice"

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No time to read the small print
Wouldn't understand it anyhow
A plague roams here among us
Time to repent your choice is now

When was the wrong turn taken?
How was it missed by all?
Like many times before
The rush shall be our fall

The rush shall be our fall

Great white mentality
Upgraded skin decease
Two-thirds in front of me
Far from serenity

I will not play ball to this organized corrotion
I will not be part of your hypocrite devotion

Upholding discipline with fear
Tell us the words we want to hear
Smooth operating through the never-ending
disintegration

Blood-lunged, yelling warnings and prophecies
Pure hate taking it's toll
Time and time again
The rush shall be our fall

The sound of silence long gone, still we keep tuning in
Nailed up against the wall for anyone to get a piece
Cut down to size, yet still the first to bite the hand that
feeds
There'll come a time you'll have to do without the fear
you breed

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