

**411****"Children Of The Crisis"**Visit "[Children Of The Crisis](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Created new religion  
Built to twist ideals  
Returning to the dark age  
To wounds that never heal

Ring progression  
Doomed in repeating  
Going somewhere  
So are you thinking

History repeats itself  
Binding to the ring  
New and holy pope has come  
Taking out the faith

Daily crusade  
Creation obsolete  
Made to frustrade  
Fading is solid

Bend to the power of the silicon church  
And praise the Technogod  
Preachers with constumes, with glasses and shirts  
offspring of the one  
And now you pulse behind your shroud  
Crawling in abject existence  
Defective sanity testing your nerve ends  
A blinking alert to your sentience

Protected in the sanctified  
Gray geometric giants  
Inside the sub-world of your cities  
You form the prey alliance

Diminished attention span  
Inner alarm malfunction  
Technotronic soul access  
You are the children of the crisis

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