

Audiopain "Holy Toxic"

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Manipulation of itself, a truth creation of man, the weak.

Source of mass-enslavement, holy toxic, it doesn't have a reason, it's dead.

And still they gather, the heard to worship and pray obsessed.

Source of mass-enslavement, holy toxic, it doesn't have a reason, it's dead.

Source of mass-enslavement, holy toxic, it doesn't have a reason, it's dead.

It's the truth, it's written, it's the law, no doubt, no questions, sacred law.

Righteous needs no proof, on his knees, serve to please a traitor, an insurgent of the mind I am.

Source of mass-enslavement, holy toxic, it doesn't have a reason, it's dead.

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