

Fear My Thoughts "Diseased"

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Cold wars...Genocide...
Slavery of Man
Third World poverty...
Multimillionaires
Mass starvation,
but don't be
alarmed
That
part of the
population
doesn't matter
much anyway
Blood drunk like
Water, now no
more rain
No more victims for
for the altar
In the temple of decay
Watch the frightened
refugee seeking
sanctuary
His govern-
ment
wants him
dead...
He has no choice.
Old woman in the
gutter, just barely alive
The crown turns
look away
They never ask why.
Why are we DISEASED?

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