

## **Fourth Dimension**

# **"Master Without Property"**

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Each day were ready to kill other  
Horde is pierced with hate it's ready to cause pain  
It needs an occasion to splash away it's rage  
Look into their eyes - you see hunger and scorn!  
Give them the piece of mind  
Take away all the doubts, otherwise -  
Hell on earth!  
Kills the trust into you  
The master without property...  
You give birth to hate in the consciousness  
There's bribery and false smiles all around  
Useless wars and needless sacrificies  
Open your eyes, look into the reality!  
You're an aged puppet in someone's hands,  
A painted mummy speaking into the nothing,  
You're a slave of the system your age's short.  
Threads are broken, the promises vanish into the air...  
Your placell be taken by another guy, everything  
starts anew  
Motion on and around never stops  
And he rises his head and spits against the wind...  
Same as everybody does like all, but why? why?  
Give them the piece of mind  
Take away all the doubts, otherwise -  
Hell on earth!  
Kills the trust into you  
The master without property...

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