

Illuminatus "Captive State"

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Measured words and a faithless kiss from men who
rule with iron fists
Compassion here is bought and sold but the publicity
was sweet
As the faithful gather round their screens
To weep for one more nameless kid
Who died to make the faceless rich

Who died to make the faceless rich
We're voiceless

In talent shows for media whores and idiots fighting
fashion wars
A new religion for the poor where everything is bought
and sold
As the worthless gather on their knees
In their sweatshops by the sea
To make the things that set them free

To make the things that set them free
We're hopeless

We are - We're hopeless
We are - We're captive
No more

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