

Illuminatus "Fear - Control"

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Behind these cardboard trenches where you buy your
conscience clean
From fugitives and thieves
But what's the difference in the end?
The guilt is all the same

These streets have wept a thousand times
And it's painted crimson on cement
But the revolution never came
One last stand from the mild, mild West

Behind these picket fences are the ghettos of the elite
The corporate emperors and slaves who made the
world such a beautiful place
With their happy meals and hand grenades

These streets have wept a thousand lies
And it's painted crimson on cement
But the revolution never came
One last stand from the mild, mild West

Your fear is control
We await apocalypse while they nail your enemy to a
golden arch
Burn your flags in your shopping malls
Because freedom is a franchise these days
And I think we've lost the fight

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