

The Crucified "Mindbender"

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A nation of millions
Of lost little sheep
The mass effects so many
Who believe all they see
The media's children
The people of sleep
Taught to rest in peace
By the whispers of deceit

Led to believe
That they're still free to decide
Because the t.v. gave permission
On a program on rights
Fed only the candy
The part that they wanna hear
Slowly raped though they can only feel
The tickle in their ears

"close your eyes, release your mind."

Consider yourselves my very one desire,
Consider yourselves my slaves
Consider yourselves at my fingertips,
In the palm of my hand, my slave."
To "leave your thinking to me..."

A nation of puppets
Who worship a beast

Who drinks the blood of their souls
As they lay at it's feet
If seeing is believeing
Then you can have your t.v. screen
I will worship a God
Who allows me to think

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