

## Drug Of Choice

Amoral

No time to read the small print  
Wouldn't understand it anyhow  
A plague roams here among us  
Time to repent your choice is now

When was the wrong turn taken?  
How was it missed by all?  
Like many times before  
The rush shall be our fall

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Great white mentality  
Upgraded skin decease  
Two-thirds in front of me  
Far from serenity

I will not play ball to this organized corrosion  
I will not be part of your hypocrite devotion

Upholding discipline with fear  
Tell us the words we want to hear  
Smooth operating through  
The never-ending disintegration

Blood-lunged, yelling warnings and prophecies  
Pure hate taking it's toll  
Time and time again  
The rush shall be our fall

The sound of silence long gone  
Still we keep tuning in  
Nailed up against the wall  
For anyone to get a piece  
Cut down to size  
Yet still the first to bite the hand that feeds  
There'll come a time  
You'll have to do without the fear you breed