

## Confrontation

### Black Comedy

Preaching for a new fantastic realm  
Trust God: it's us he's out to sell  
Time's come for a new millennium  
Inaugurate it with all your hate (hate!)

Chaos the infinite rivalry  
Summon the hordes you cannot be stopped!  
Sweet and tempting with a foul stench  
Advance through social contempt  
One thing is left to be asked  
What the fuck do you plan to achieve?  
Don't stir too long in your own juices  
Who knows when you will fry! (fry!)

Blend your cause in with a bit religion  
When free thoughts are so easily strained  
Confronted with individual opinion  
Reach out like there's something to feel  
Wanting to come to this conclusion: gods plot is guided through  
me!  
Anti-  
social fundamental approval will set our souls free! (free!)

I'm searching...  
I'm clutching...  
I'm breathing...  
Guess what I'm seeing? Fools!

Fools on parade  
Slightly strayed over loss of soul  
Have you ever been tempted to free yourself of all cause?

Confide in lies you moralize  
Credit for all the ideas you solemnly stole  
Wwon't shed a tear when you're overrun  
You played with lies and you'll pay with dear life!