

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!