

How many wars around us
How empty are our lives
There's a million killed people
Polluting Earth
For entertainment and powerfile

I don't believe in fear
I don't believe in pain
I believe in myself
That's the honest way

Cry for the people
Nobody can command you
Spy on your people

Psychology in my brain
Psychology in my brain

What about the third world problems
And medias are moving with you
Everywhere you're branded with information
But where's the place for you and your own decision

Psychology in my brain
Psychology in my brain
Psychology in my brain
Polluting Earth

Cry for the people
Nobody can command you
Spy on your people

We can't abuse our gift
Our intellect has destroyed too much
For entertainment and a powerfile
Where is the conscience and discretion
We only learned some social roles
Which remove us from own decisions and intuition

What you wanna
Mass of flyers slaves
Will die and lay in massgraves
And the mass of flyers slaves
Will die Will die

Nobody can command you
Will die Will die