

Divine art of lies

Lonewolf

Reading in their crystal ball, their holy icon of lies.
And they see what you
wanna see, and they hear what you wanna hear.
Still they are making their
profit of weakness and the sadness
Of poor men who have lost all hope, all
faith and will to live.

Sneaking in-deep in mind and soul,
Deceitfully-so
high's the fall

Sly-Divine art of lies
Lie-Divine art of lies

Vicious,
sly, they're addicted to the desperation of men,
They're making amounts of
money from cruel desolation.
Those bastards are becoming rich with modern
slavery,
It's a shame to see those thieves in the 21th century.