

Mass Hysteria

Metal Church

One foot within the grave, your life has been enslaved
Your soul can not be saved, nor the penance that you gave
You put the fear on a grown man's face
You shake the ground with all that you create
You are a god amongst all mortal men
You are the reason that we're living in
This moral panic, mass hysteria

Cryptic verses won't ease your pain
Not even when you speak his name
From the depths he will arise
It's the end it's your demise
You put the fear on a grown man's face
You shake the ground with all that you create
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When you dip into the well of souls is it cold unto the
touch
It's illusions from your life of lust
You see your life is fading fast it's turning into dust
The hands of time are what you fear so much