

## Fates

Richie Havens

He has religion with no compassion  
To make decisions a very passion  
He's got his yacht, he's got his mansions  
He's got his servants, he's got expansion

They keep on talking, they're all so proud  
They keep us walking, they scream so loud  
They only value their only crown  
Hey yeah, slavery

He's got his factories, he's got his slaves  
He's got his prophets, he owns our cave  
He has his prisons, he has his cage  
He's has his judges, they have our fate

They divide nations, they preach the heart  
Self manipulation right from the start  
They give permission, others do their part  
Oh hey, slavery

He's got his cars, he's got his books  
He knows it's urgent, the poor are hook  
He's got his weakness, we got his number  
And we will be there next time he plunders

I'm gonna tell you one by one  
Everybody here is on the run  
I'm gonna tell you, you got to know  
No, hey yeah, it's all slavery, slavery  
It's all slavery

Hey, hey, yeah, yeah  
Hey, hey, yeah, yeah  
Hey, hey, yeah