C.I.U. (Criminals in Uniform)

Sepultura

Hate, a feeling we can see
Create fictitious enemy
Outlaw of expression
Forget past wars we have fought

Watchers of morality
Told by the hierarchy
Machine to society
Falling to conformity
Terrified to speak your mind
Government
Doesn't matter who you are
For our own good

Build, upon nation's security
Police state, brutality
Final infliction, manifestation
The doctrine is, too many wars

Terror is control
The key's, distrust ?
Annihilate free thought
Despise the unknown

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