

Manipulation of Tragedy

Sepultura

Strength!
The power behind the words
They block the instinct
My head
They have an interest
Learn, obey, but not to think!

Worship!
Bow down!

Why?
There's something that keeps us in check
It contradicts a big part of life
It's self-inflicted
Manipulated my God, the box

Worship!
Bow down!