

It's the chant monks sing, enchanting the hymn of sin, uplifting voices I hear in my head LSD in small doses, I'm making too many mistaken choices Meditation in a peaceful nation, spiritual healing in the radio station, on the glass sealing a new habitation Harmony turning to power electronics, soul sealed with an upbeat deal, ritual feel tells how the situation is Devil maybe evil, but angels can too, why are you acting like a holy fool?

You are their tool The seer's sight is so bright, you will bathe in the pool of blood, you will be buried in the mud Why don't you keep your mouth shut? And you shout in the dark, hand in your heart - weapons of mass destruction in the billboard chart

Maybe a new day I fight away from highway to hell - warrior of sunlight