

In times of great vexation
When one must choose between what's right and wrong
Freedom, so they say,
Amounts to the choices you have made
Through all the arbitrary rationale concerning liberty
Freedom, I must say,
Exists within unconditioned minds

Reason has come of age

How can you be satisfied with things the way they are
When all that surrounds us now and so much more
Remains inside the keeper's dark embrace?
The insatiable thirst for power has made
Idols out of mortals, gods into clay
Soldiers into heroes, children into slaves
All damned
Desires
Their hopes betrayed

Who will suffer the laws
That State can decide your child's education
Unless you pay the price?

Refrain (x2)

Who will suffer their laws?
Who will suffer their minds?
Who will suffer their words?
Who will suffer their designs?