

The Ocean, The Greatest Bane

We are divine.
We are divine.
Deities of the modern age.
The sentinels of humanity's cage.
We are divine.
Captivators of the greatest bane:
We're the phantoms you'll never see watching over your sleep.
We are in your dreams.
See our symbols again.
Won't get them out of your head.
They exude sensations of wealth.
Temptations noone with-stands.
We are divine: captivators of the greatest bane.
The sentinels of humanity's cage.
We let you breathe the foul air of supremacy.
We design your identity to complain with our needs.
Hear our slogans again.
They're made to linger in your head.
They gaze at you from the screen.
From all the glossy magazines.
We are the living proof for all the non-believers:
What can't be bought or sold is nothing but a fallacy.
We are the magistrates for all the great relievers.
Gods of the modern age:
Nothing can stop us
Nothing can halt us
Your children work for us eight hours a day.
We know that we give them the shittiest pay.
Your politicians do whatever we say.
We've conquered the earth and set up our flags all over the world.
We're twisting the facts.
Wherever you turn: Billboard attack
This world is ours.
Trust our knowledge.
We're here to share.
Feel the aura: sway and power.
Feel us everywhere.
The will to pay for the lowest stakes the global game.
The will to partake in the greatest bane: The modern age.
Breathe in Deep: Get lost in what we call "The Real World"