Deep in the night in the kingdom of hate
In a land far away and unknown
A false prophet stands on a hill, holds his hands
To the sky and he prays to the moon

He is the betrayer, the liar, the snake
He preaches the ultimate sin
He preaches a war against freedom and rights
Of us all in the name of his God

Stand and fight, kill and die Until the last drop of our blood has fallen to the ground

Brothers I am calling for the honour raise the sword Together 'til we are falling, we will praise the gods of war Brothers I am calling for the glory raise your guns The battlefield awaits now, our holly war has begun

His people are dying of hunger and freeze No smile in their face, big dead eyes They follow him blind, they believe in his words For a better world they all will die

How could they know what they do, what they feel All in their life's just a lie The only thing they have believed in forever The only thing left of their pride

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Look at your prophet, his confident smile He's laughting and pulling the strings The strings he is holding like God in his hands His puppets are damned to obey

So stand up and open your eyes, you will see No victim of fate you must be What kind of a God bare you prayed to Whose prophet's a sinner, his name blasphemy

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