

Dig yourself a shallow grave
Your life is not the legacy of honor
that you would dig six feet for
Broken is the way you came
And broken is the way that you will leave
when everything is paid for
Make another hollow claim
A fable of regurgitated nothing
that we could tear wide open
False in every possible way
Your god is still the powerless creation
that you will lose your hope in

Now you bleed for the lord of hate
that you stole from the pages of truth
And separate the product from its own account
to birth a gospel of inferior veiw

Black reign is all in dream
Your truth is absolution's end

Dead is the way you stake your life on
The oblivious belief
What a waste to sell your spirit for

Lay upon the bed you made
Your word is not the legacy of truth
that you would bet your life on
Stand to face a mirrored blade
And tremble in the wake of your conviction
as you put your life on

Now you bleed for the lord of hate
that you stole from the pages of truth
And separate the product from its own account
to birth a gospel of inferior view

Black reign is all in dream
Your truth is absolution's end

This war is a page unwritten
But we know how it ends
Take a step to the throne, convicted
Choking back your amends

Cry the death of fiction kingdom
Your truth is absolution's end