

Other men's fear strengthens you  
As you march the streets  
With hatred in your eyes  
With combat boots and battle dress  
All for the cause, strict in line

"Our country for our people" is what you claim  
But who are our people?  
Who decides whether one is scum  
Or a fine example of our god fearing society,  
You maybe?

Well if you are our future  
There will be no place for me  
I despise your ideas  
And your clenched fist doesn't impress me  
I won't feel sorry for you  
You chose what you wanted to be  
But I hope I don't live to see that day  
No, not for me