

Walk the road on high  
Shining pillar in the sky  
What was thought as gods  
Only men and lies  
An image in my mind  
Victory hard to find  
Monument to failure  
Soul on the decline

You see blue, white, red  
Blood trickles down your head

On the battlefield  
Death walks your way  
The golden age a mockery  
No one will escape  
Through patriots and predators  
They control your fate  
This is not mythology  
It is our current state

You see blue, white, red  
Blood trickles down your head

Soul drinker, world destroyer  
On a throne of flesh and blood  
Olympus lies before you

They say "when in Rome"  
but this Rome is my home  
and I won't do as you  
nor take a place among you

You see blue, white, red  
Blood trickles down your head