

Your weakness is numbing my brain  
A lack of love for my life means more than the pain  
So erase those weak commitments  
No choice, no way I'm acquitted  
You'd better build another cross to hang another life  
My immeasurable gain is your loss  
So now run from the sights  
Disease infects the paths to birthrights  
Martyrs, not popular charts  
Consequence rules the sects of mine  
Hindsight throws the minds to past lives  
Death is all around me  
But now I'd rather die than follow mediocrity  
Disown my flesh, no loopholes to gain  
Strain on my face sustained Devotion, not a false witness  
Wake up and smell the ashes  
Martyrs, not popular charts  
Run with the rest of the masses, I choose to stand