

You ripped the soul from the child in me
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Bow down to the land of the free
Bow down to the world that made me
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Bury the nails into the one like me
Consecrating the lies exalts false prophecy
Tearing apart of man and all his goals
Offers benedictions and wills to plague your...

Soul is made, in God
The taste of sulfur and rain
The Christ now turns on man
And brings him pain

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A gun to the temple of a world enslaved
By the lies that bind us to a faded hope
Ensures the perversion that you try to hide
Will become as dust that will fade in time