

We'll scour the ghettos  
For the trash of the earth  
Put em on the frontline  
They won't be missed

Step into my crucible  
Warm yourself in my crucible  
Burn and die in my crucible

We'll bribe their grieving families  
With the fat of the land  
Spread distorted visions  
Till they eat from our hand

The victims of the system  
Are the first to be served  
To propagate that system  
They're meat in our mill

Cast into the futile battle  
In the caste system  
Of feudal lords  
Crying from the  
Bottom of the pile  
In the voice of a number

We're paragons of virtue  
And you are the same  
When you die in our turnstile  
We'll protect your name