

## Four Percent Of Hate

The Nomad

Show me these crowds who personify your sacred thought!  
Show me that liberation which was supposed to come together with  
your death!

I see black clouds of the ignorance  
I touch black flames of fear  
I tear apart black chains of suffering  
I don't fear this sacred taboo anymore  
I no longer fear this ban  
I won't let the fear to keep me in prison.

I am a blasphemer  
I am proud of myself  
I am a human  
I am the anger of revenge  
I am the Antichrist  
I am proud of myself

I tore apart black clouds of ignorance  
I put out black flames of fear  
I tore apart black chains of suffering

I see crowds of corrupted saints  
I see hypocrites talking about freedom  
I see your wretched temples full of rotten sacraments

What hurts more, truth or lack of truth?!

Rise the light of one thought  
Lift the flame of one word

Am I a blasphemer?