

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?