

## Tolerance

Thyrane

It is time to break down the pedestal of self-denial  
You've placed yourselves  
Step down from your high ideals  
To confront the scum and common within  
Keep god close while keeping your distance  
Room for forsaken promises  
To commit the very sins you preach of  
To the rich, the dumb, the enslaved ill-fated  
(You're) Not fit to judge  
A hating breed has grown out of fear  
Accommodating anger and rage  
We won't bend in front of belief  
Nor mortify our will to live  
We'll burn down your fortresses  
Where so openly are welcomed  
The weak, the blind, the deprived  
We'll carry the torches forward  
Until the insanity's pushed aside