

The basic concept of truth seems to evade you  
But I am here to set it right  
I will not squander my faith  
On fading, failing illusions  
Longing will not rule my fate  
Derailing, ailing...

Conjure storms, I'll take my chances  
For I know that justice will come dance upon your grave  
You coward

Parading secrets you steal  
Instilling, willing confusion  
Playing the part as you feel  
Fulfilling, killing...

Cast your stones, I'll take my chances  
For I know that  
Justice comes to dance upon the graves of cowards

Red skies and diamond blades  
Dead nights and minds ablaze

Tenacious racing toward a checkmate  
And you know I'm right  
No gracious winner in that game  
And the noose is tight  
Fed lies, a common rage  
It's martial law to advocate  
No partial call could bear the weight

Though foresworn, you take your chances  
You should know that soon there will be no one left to save you  
Show your scorn, I'll take my chances  
For I know that justice will come spit into your brain  
You coward...