

Give in to the pressure of the sound  
Of the voices saying step down  
Beast of glutton, the embodiment of greed  
Exploiting the weak by fabricating their needs  
The wolf kicked in the door, intruded in your home  
And you see it as a privilege to be consumed  
Give in to the pressure of the sound  
Of the voices saying step down  
Tell us something that resembles truth  
You pitiful bastard in clearest sight  
The wolf was never hiding  
You told yourself sweet nothings, and now your only truth is lying  
Bulbous parasite; expanding from the blood of the ignorant  
The worm is robbing our ability to communicate  
I saw him laugh in your face  
Why aren't you irate  
Scrub away the stain; leech their energy  
Give in to the pressure of the sound  
Of the voices saying step down  
Tell us something that resembles truth  
You pitiful bastard in clearest sight  
The people's king; a virtuoso of trophy lust and adolescent behavior  
An old fool convinced you he's your savior  
Chaos is the grain on which the bastards feed  
Bringing down the rain, they drown the land in greed  
Scrub away the stain; leech their energy  
Tell us something that resembles truth  
Just walk away