

Cut through the Filth

Master

The myth we create to survive
The path that you chose to your lies
Your mind's been crased as a child
The thoughts that run rampant and wild

Worship, until
Devote, free will
Desire, until
Erpire, free will

You lead them all senseless and blind
You're dying on their borrowed time
They follow you mindless and weak
Losing the onenes you seek

Master your own destiny
Create your own identity
Raise the sword
Cut throught the filth
And beat them all
It's just free will