

Let the good men crush  
What they love  
It makes them feel alive  
Let the fair men build them crosses  
and crucify  
So let the wise men write  
Our death threats, in bible paper  
let their message be sent  
Throughout the thunder  
Throughout the underworld  
Throughout the Alpha  
Alpha Noir, we want a new world!  
Alpha Noir, our truth, our code!  
Let the good men search  
Revolve their graves  
For a shade of paradise  
Let the lion's flesh perfume the widow  
And sanctify!  
Let the weak man have  
The final word  
Order from chaos  
let their secret be known  
Throughout the thunder  
Throughout the underworld  
Throughout the Alpha  
Alpha Noir, we want a new world!  
Alpha Noir, our truth, our code!