

You ripped the soul from the child in me  
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Bow down to the land of the free  
Bow down to the world that made me  
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Bury the nails into the one like me  
Consecrating the lies exalts false prophecy  
Tearing apart of man and all his goals  
Offers benedictions and wills to plague your...

Soul is made, in God  
The taste of sulfur and rain  
The Christ now turns on man  
And brings him pain

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A gun to the temple of a world enslaved  
By the lies that bind us to a faded hope  
Ensures the perversion that you try to hide  
Will become as dust that will fade in time