

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...