

I am the one your prophets speak of as a curse  
Defile my name among the righteous  
The vibe I'm giving out is something you conceive as violation  
Cling onto icons made of bone

I fight your false opinions  
Destroy with war of nerve  
Grip life and strength within me  
Until the pain returns  
Rise, Erase  
Distort a million reasons to despise  
A million hollow outlets for your lies  
My degradation your stepping stone  
This discharge I can take, immune to poison ideals freeborn

I fight your false  
Redress, reanimate the lifeless wills of men  
Rejuvenate as one with strength of ten  
To take their place in a sick society  
And heal from inside lame, afflicted country torn

I fight your false...