

Walk the road on high
Shining pillar in the sky
What was thought as gods
Only men and lies
An image in my mind
Victory hard to find
Monument to failure
Soul on the decline

You see blue, white, red
Blood trickles down your head

On the battlefield
Death walks your way
The golden age a mockery
No one will escape
Through patriots and predators
They control your fate
This is not mythology
It is our current state

You see blue, white, red
Blood trickles down your head

Soul drinker, world destroyer
On a throne of flesh and blood
Olympus lies before you

They say "when in Rome"
but this Rome is my home
and I won't do as you
nor take a place among you

You see blue, white, red
Blood trickles down your head