

## Scar of the Deceiver

Psyclon Nine

Poisoned by your creed  
Kill the faith to cure the sickness  
Down on your knees  
Prove to me you'll die for your belief

And when I purge all the morals you breed  
To be clean, to be clean  
For the coming collapse of your dream  
Your scattered bones will build my effigy

I wear the scar of the deceiver

And in the end when I've turned your lives to dust  
And obliterated every trace of you from my mind  
I'll be free to make this world my own

Don't cry to me, this is what you want  
This is what you asked for  
This is your prophecy  
And I've come to see it through