

There's a sickness that keeps reaching out
Grabbing a hold of the world no control

Reputation, reputation
Mortality of the men

Cowards they always leave filth in there tracks that won't wash
, wash away
Fear is the motive in the things that do, that they do

Their world seems so godless
Their world seems so godless

All out to war
The way to be stronger
All out to war
By force we will conquer

The fraud the elections denying the freedom of choice from the
people
Repeating the errors inventing excuses to profit from conflicts

Reputation, reputation
Mortality of the men

A world so godless
A world so godless