

# No Man Is My Master

## Winds of Plague

There is no redemption  
Ones who will fall from grace  
Under the fear and deception  
No hope for the human race  
When the blind pay the price  
How do we find salvation  
I protest, end the devil for the future of our nation  
(And leash your masters with pride)

I begin movement  
I am the purifying force  
You will suffer at my hand  
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You will suffer at my hand  
You will suffer

False prophets preach false hope  
Tar down their throats  
Mindless followers pray to an empty sky  
No man is my master  
Your faith is corruption in disguise  
Your faith will fail you

The dawn of the end of days  
Run in fear for the demons will wither away  
There will be hell to pay  
Run in fear for the demons will wither away  
Set me free  
From all these broken dreams  
Set me free from broken dreams  
How long to wait up for me  
Once he riles, wither and fade  
Hatred is my saving grace

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Punishment with this deliverance  
I pray the light leaves your eyes  
On my knees I pray I'll watch you die

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