

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
I begin movement
I am the purifying force
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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