

All the children impaled  
As vultures and half-wits contend for the crown  
Like self-proclaimed grim reapers and gods  
Messiah will never descend  
No virgins awaiting your glorified shedding of blood and your suicide  
That is no God

Who are you to say who lives and who dies?  
So precious all life, the ones that we love  
All those who murder for "God"  
You are nothing

Welcome to Medieval, again  
If mankind forever repeats its mistakes  
All knowledge at hand yet libraries burn  
This is my final demand  
Denounce your ego, your prophets and stand  
United we rise  
Divided we fall

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So precious all life, the ones that we love  
And all who murder for "God"  
You are nothing

Reaver!  
Reaver!  
Reaver!