

Built an empire from a pile of sticks, sticks and stones, sticks and stones  
Foundation's made of broken hearts, broken hearts and broken bones  
Voices in my head, they screamed "you will lose, you will lose"  
In spite, I turned my enemies to my muse, into my muse

Gimme some inspiration, devastation, ammunition  
Say I'm an apparition, malformation; what's the difference?

When you tear it all apart, it's just DNA  
Destroying what we fear  
Hate is such an ancient game  
When we're all that we have left, yet we aim to kill  
Pretending that we're made of steel  
Living in a battlefield

Gonna count up all the chromosomes, do the math, make a clone  
Someone who will understand so I don't feel all alone  
Start a revolution and we'll rebel, we'll rebel  
Feel all of the things that we never felt and never felt

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I feel extraterrestrial  
Out of sync, a separate soul  
But in the end, I'm not alone

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