

No Cross No Crown

Corrosion of Conformity

Who mocks the infidels faith
Mocked by haze and hate
Forever score doubt of doubt
Flame the torch to burn you out

Standing tall to messengers death
No reward from angels breath
Town is full without a sound
Blinds the knife across the crown

And the gambler in the state
Looking for the nations fate
I'm alone and all the time
Below not know what's mine