

The Mob unheeded. pushed to the limit
You're lying in the cellar of your superstitions
You breathe with them
Mistrustful, embittered
You feed your children with greasy chauvinism
Add some salt to their wounds, let them scream upon heavens
None of your brethren shall ever be free
With us or against us
Separate the moles from the allies
Lord have mercy on us - forward, march!

Bloated with hate. the maggot is feeding
On your wrath. anger and fear
It won't stop until you're broken. strangled
Drowned in the sea of bile
In his name
His way is the only way
His beliefs are the only true
His religion is yours
Deprecating. arrogant and proud - so much better than the others

Envious and worthless. yet dangerous in the pack
Self-confident, yet fearful
Noble in its ignorance

Servants of the dogmatic weavers of poisonous words
Manipulated. usurpers' hounds. ready to bite - cannon fodder

Blood's boiling. eyes squinted. hands clenched in lists of rage
Throat tastes bitter. Spine's tingling.
Ready to strike at command - obeying and without questions
Trained in the pens of the diseased shepherds
In the pillories of enmity

Persecutors of free minds. legion of bitterness
They will rip your heart out and then devour it
Shave your head. claim your name. assign you a number
Destroy everything that differs from their idea of the order

Muzzle with morality that would silence every scream
Follow the leader - he knows how you should live

There is no need of questions, doubts are for the weak
You will obey, you will repent. you will crawl
Strong in your doctrines. unhampered in your dogmas
You've been shown the only path (no shortcuts. no reroutes)