

Beheaded

Demon Hunter

In the Never Ending Circle Where
The Powerless Meet
There Grows a Struggle From The Burden
Of Sustaining Defeat
In The Face Of Every Coward Lies The
Blindest Of Hate
And In The Eyes A Sharpened Image Of
The Damage They Made
You Look At Me To Bear The Burden Of The Suffering Past
It Wasn't Me Behind The Veil
Of A Heartless Mask
And Where Were You The Day That Everybody
Cursed Your Name?
You Were The Distant Voice Of Pride
That Never Stood The Shame

The Weak Of The Mind Will Use Fist
And The Fist Of The Frail Will Bring Gun
The Loudest Of Guns Provoke Bombs
And In The Wrath He Will Chase Until It's Done

Your History Is Dead
Dead Wrong
Dead! Dead Wrong
Your Philosophy Is Dead
Dead Wrong
Dead! Dead Wrong
Your History Is Dead
Dead Wrong
Dead! Dead Wrong
Your Philosophy Is Dead
Dead Wrong
Dead! Dead Wrong

Within The Mind Of Modern Culture
There's An Idle Cog
It's The Section Of Humanity That Never Forgot
And In The Midst Of Moving Forward We Have Given The Right
To Let The Wolves Attack The Sheep And Bury Guilt Inside
I Won't Forget The Twisted Picture Of The Filth That We Were
Or Disregard The Faded Voices Of The People We Hurt
But I Was Never Pulling Triggers Or Disregarding Your Face
Don't Look At Me I Have No Reason For The Pain That You Trace

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And The Fist Of The Frail Will Bring Gun
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The Scars Outlive The Pain
Reflections Will Remain
The Scars Outlive The Pain
Reflections Will Remain
The Scars Outlive The Pain
Reflections Will Remain
The Scars Outlive The Pain
Your Sickness Will Remain

Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead!
! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong! Dead! Dead Wrong!