

Regime Change

Disciple

Build it up, I'll tear it down
My finger in the strings connected to your hands
I dance the mockery, a theme of decadence
Now I am sinking in this violence
This time, emancipation is my right

This is what I want, for you to die
This is what I want, to be alive

Scene of complacency, an apathetic mind
But when it's brought to light, I see a king on a borrowed throne
Right now, the violence taking over
This time, regimes are changing in my mind

I'm so sorry, my old friend, I'm leaving you tonight
So caught in this moment, the last breath of your life