

Give in to the pressure of the sound
Of the voices saying step down

Beast of glutton, the embodiment of greed
Exploiting the weak by fabricating their needs
The wolf kicked in the door, intruded in your home
And you see it as a privilege to be consumed

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Of the voices saying step down
Tell us something that resembles truth
You pitiful bastard in clearest sight

The wolf was never hiding
You told yourself sweet nothings, and now your only truth is lying
Bulbous parasite; expanding from the blood of the ignorant
The worm is robbing our ability to communicate
I saw him laugh in your face
Why aren't you irate

Scrub away the stain
Leech their energy

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The people's king; a virtuoso of trophy lust and adolescent behavior
An old fool convinced you he's your savior
Chaos is the grain on which the bastards feed
Bringing down the rain, they drown the land in greed
Scrub away the stain; leech their energy
Tell us something that resembles truth
Just walk away