

This is the new world order
Step in line like swine to the slaughter
Kill all your idols, kill all your gods
They mean nothing to us
This is the new world order
Give me pain, give me rage, give me power
Kill your creator and make you all watch
You mean nothing to us

Born of a violent mind
Tortured and crucified
The pain will be purified
You can try, but you're not my kind
Hated and villainized
Cross to the other side
Self-righteous sacrifice
You can try, but you're not my kind
You can try, but you're not my kind

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Something to cure the itch
A finger to rip the stitch
Would you kill just to get your fix?
You can try, but you're not my kind
It's an eye for a fucking eye
Go find a quiet place to die
Self-righteous suicide
You can try, but you're not my kind

You either find your place in the dirt
Or be crushed by the weight of the earth

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