

Static
Dogmatic
Death cult
Fanatic

Hidden
In the open
Masked
By tradition

Your face, your heart
Fervent to obey
Your face, your heart
You gave it all away

I'd rather live a life in sin
And take the devil's fall
Than let the madmen of belief
Make fools and martyrs of us all

Get up off your knees
Get up off your knees
Your burden is a lie
So, get up off your knees

Lift your head up high
Lift your head up high
Your burden is a lie
So, lift your head up high

Your code
Your line
Your mouth
Your spine

A hammer
To fictitious sins
A cold field
To south winds

What kind of promises
Could justify
The sacrifice you make?
This shame and fear
You force upon this
World for heaven's sake
Life you forsake

Hope ran out
In the desert sand
Cancel all flights
To the promised land