

Deed Before Creed

Incendiary

We are born without identity
Molded by what others want us to be

Resentment in our minds and anger in our hearts
What's left to fill the voids of these empty lives we start?
I'm on the search for something real
Something to hold, something to feel

Our lives, our lives begin on the day that we open our eyes
And realize and realize this world will never provide
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This world will never provide

We're soldiers on the march of death
But I'm breaking rank to desert the rest

Modern man is numb from the glow of artificial sun
Realities of revolution and rage
Buried in the noise of the information age

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