

# 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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And realize and realize this world will never provide  
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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