

False Gods

Nightrage

A vulgar display of power and misguided force
Aimed at the ones most in need of your strength
In the trenches of wars that no one can win
Lies the bodies of those that dared to believe

False gods
Flames of oblivion lights our path
We cannot handle what we are

You created the gods you claim guiding your hand
In their glory you raise their idols, a divined demand
Your god can you hear you now
Filling your pockets with all the gold you stole
Keep building your rockets

False gods
Flames of oblivion lights our path
We cannot handle what we are
False gods
Hollow glory hides your wrath
Destined to fall

Your god came down
You keep filling your pockets with our blood-soaked gold
You are the only true god now
You can't handle the truth
False gods
Flames of oblivion lights our path
We cannot handle what we are
False gods
Hollow glory hides your wrath
Destined to fall
Destined to fall