

Your weakness is numbing my brain
A lack of love for my life means more than the pain
So erase those weak commitments
No choice, no way I'm acquitted
You'd better build another cross to hang another life
My immeasurable gain is your loss
So now run from the sights
Disease infects the paths to birthrights
Martyrs, not popular charts
Consequence rules the sects of mine
Hindsight throws the minds to past lives
Death is all around me
But now I'd rather die than follow mediocrity
Disown my flesh, no loopholes to gain
Strain on my face sustained Devotion, not a false witness
Wake up and smell the ashes
Martyrs, not popular charts
Run with the rest of the masses, I choose to stand