

## Reason

Righteous Vendetta

I must confess there is a pain  
From the bottom of my soul  
Pushing its way to the heart of the matter  
It may seem to be hate  
But my heart says otherwise  
We haven't come this far to fall back down  
The voice of reason has spoken to me  
Past the whims of the fallen, the death and destruction  
We must rise above the world  
Stomp out the pain, become victorious  
We are victorious, we are victorious  
Let your mind cling to me, and your heart guard my eyes  
Let your mind cling to me, let your heart guard my eyes  
Take this away, far from me  
Let your heart guard my eyes  
Does not wisdom call, to you  
O men I shout?  
Listen for I will speak noble things  
And the opening of my lips will reveal your righteousness  
You fool; your mouth is your ruin  
And your lips the snare of your soul  
For you talk so proud, now watch our  
God tear your kingdom down  
Your mouth is your ruin, your lips the snare of your soul  
You talk so proud, now watch as I tear your kingdom down