

# Kerry King, Idle Hands

So begins my revolution  
Violence spreads my retribution  
Integrate, retaliate  
I can't believe what I see

With my own eyes  
Can't dissect the truth from all the lies  
Ideology is at the core  
Deceiver or believer  
Your faith I don't need anymore

Where do I get in line?  
To question all divine  
So many rules to bend  
Till the end  
Idle hands do the Devil's work

Hatred is my ammunition  
Amplified by my ambition

Here I stand in pure defiance  
Fighting back your God reliance dies  
Deviance is always on the rise  
Welcoming the harbinger of war  
Deceiver or believer  
Your faith I don't need anymore

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To question all divine  
So many rules to bend  
Till the end  
Idle hands do the Devil's work

Testify that all God's hatred  
Satisfies that nothing's sacred  
Anarchy or blasphemy  
Devour Christianity  
Once more  
Your faith I don't need anymore

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To question all divine  
So many rules to bend  
Till the end  
Idle hands do the Devil's work