

# Diecast, Torn From Within

NO. I can see, through your costum that's conceiling all your lies.  
Your disguise, let the pure rip all your deflection.  
YOU. You look at me  
YOU. You look at me  
You know that you're done for coming  
YOU. You look at me  
YOU. You look away  
When you blink your eyes I will unveil

Fist to the face, tell me, how does your blood taste?  
Fist to the face, tell me, how do you like this?  
Fist to the face, tell me, how does your blood taste?  
Fist to the fist to the fist to the face.

I will describe all the pain that I will bring apon you.  
Look in my eyes, I've begun, see? Destroy all your vision  
YOU. You run away  
YOU. You run away  
You can't run away, you coward.  
YOU. You run away  
YOU. You face him  
You will face him when you're in the ground

Fist to the face, tell me, how does your blood taste?  
Fist to the face, tell me, how do you like this?  
Fist to the face, tell me, how does your blood taste?  
Fist to the fist to the fist to the face.

Maybe I've seen truth. I know we can save the world  
I will do my part. So let's get started.  
Say what you meen. Meen what you say.  
Throw your fist in the air. It's just begining.

Sweep the broken fist of God.  
Faith in shall die.  
Sweep the broken fist of God  
Faith in shall die.  
Can't run away