

Gorefest, State of Mind

Other men's fear strengthens you
As you march the streets
With hatred in your eyes
With combat boots and battle dress
All for the cause, strict in line

"Our country for our people" is what you claim
But who are our people?
Who decides whether one is scum
Or a fine example of our god fearing society,
You maybe?

Well if you are our future
There will be no place for me
I despise your ideas
And your clenched fist doesn't impress me
I won't feel sorry for you
You chose what you wanted to be
But I hope I don't live to see that day
No, not for me