

No, Really, Rust

I am not afraid of you
You will not slow me down or stop me now
The hand of God won't be refused
Resist and rest assured, I'll bring you down

I'll make you wish you'd never been born

And all of this will turn to rust
Just as soon as the rain has dried
I'll be the last one standing up
And you will suffer for your foolish pride

I'll make you wish you'd never been born
The ground will shake, the veil will be torn

You haven't seen the last of me
Sharpen my teeth, digging in deep

I'll make you