

# 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