

Psyclon Nine, Scar Of The Deceiver

Poisoned by your creed
Kill the faith to cure the sickness
Down on your knees
Prove to me you'll die for your belief

And when I purge all the morals you breed
To be clean to be clean
For the coming collapse of your dream
Your scattered bones will build my effigy

I wear the scar of the deceiver

And in the end when I've turned your lives to dust
And obliterated every trace of you from my mind
I'll be free to make this world my own

Don't cry to me, this is what you want
This is what you asked for
This is your prophecy
And I've come to see it through