

Caliban, No Single Inch

[Heaven Shall Burn]

I know words don't touch you anymore.

Weakness, social failure an ancient phantom caught your hearts.

Following a leader, selling your souls, you're not above, you're so far below like sheep on the sham

Given up your existence, your dignity, you'll never take over, never again!

Raise my fist, the streets are ours.

You'll never bring it down, you will surrender.

Depression and hatred are not enough for winning this fight.

Resistance deep from inside.

It burns in our hearts.