

Kerry King, Idle Hands

So begins my revolution
Violence spreads my retribution
Integrate, retaliate
I can't believe what I see

With my own eyes
Can't dissect the truth from all the lies
Ideology is at the core
Deceiver or believer
Your faith I don't need anymore

Where do I get in line?
To question all divine
So many rules to bend
Till the end
Idle hands do the Devil's work

Hatred is my ammunition
Amplified by my ambition

Here I stand in pure defiance
Fighting back your God reliance dies
Deviance is always on the rise
Welcoming the harbinger of war
Deceiver or believer
Your faith I don't need anymore

Where do I get in line?
To question all divine
So many rules to bend
Till the end
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Testify that all God's hatred
Satisfies that nothing's sacred
Anarchy or blasphemy
Devour Christianity
Once more
Your faith I don't need anymore

Where do I get in line?
To question all divine
So many rules to bend
Till the end
Idle hands do the Devil's work