

Konkhra, Fear of God

This motherfucker knows no civilized fear
The menace is for real (His hatred you'll feel)
The bludgeon blows won't heal his twisted soul
But focus his fathomless goal:
The burning of a soul

Fear of God is fear of man
Spread that fear throughout the land
Fear of god cannot withstand
The fear of what you'll never understand

The throes of peace transformed
To the throes of death
The bullits and the sweat
The inherited threat
Fall in sync with throes of power
Your purest thoughts will turn sour

Opression procures the acting on instinct
Nothing will keep us from rising to freedom

Our fear has turned to something stronger
Our hate will keep us burning longer