

# Raised Fist, Peak

A rift of anger passes my remembrance  
An outburst of hate rips my mind once again  
I know about your request to retain your respect (...)  
Like a mighty marauder you're infuriate yourself into vengeance  
You must feel sick when you look at yourself in the mirror.  
You're intoxicating your own mind with other mistakes.

My oration will be your ordeal not a secret  
I won't reveal my misgivings turned out to be true  
The lethal rash on me was you.

In the mist will be the fist to guide you through dictatorship.  
In the mist will be the fist to guide you through dictatorship.

You must feel sick when you look at yourself in the mirror.  
You're intoxicating your own mind with other mistakes.  
I'm looking for a way out to the top of my dreams  
With reckless violence a world without domination.

Can you hear this song, this song that i'm singing  
It's about you dropping your gloves but still i'm not swinging.  
Your hate is something I cannot measure.  
I will never bend for the pleasure of pressure.  
My oration will be your ordeal not a secret  
I won't reveal my misgivings turned out to be true  
The lethal rash on me was you.

In the mist will be the fist to guide you through dictatorship.  
In the mist will be the fist to guide you through dictatorship.