

Sinn, Kill Your Idols

We don' t need no kings

Cross the line of your ordinary
Bleed your ignorance□
And tear your certitudes□
Living blind in the light of illusion
Can' t you guess the color of the lie

Kill your idols
Violence is the way to use□
Kill your idols
Don' t need no kings

Smile to a world creeping on the traces of the old

The wheel of time is rolling fast
Time brings the end
The flame of the forgotten ones
Is burning in your mind
Can' t you hear them ?

Kill

Kill your idols
Violence is the way to use□
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Don' t need no kings