

# 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□  
Kill your idols  
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