# Whitechapel, Exalt

I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice
What's done is done and what's dead is dead
I have my colony united for commemoration; listen
My proposal slowly manifested
Pleading as if I care for a worthless excuse
Imminent, I am to victory

All who deny shall burn alive
No time for weak states of mind
So wake up

His awakening is near
The stipulation is obvious
Kneel before me or be cast down
How I hope you feel the magnitude
Kneel before me or be cast down
How oblivious could one be?
Illuminated are the false allies
Infidel, into the fiery depths you go
Bring me the head of treachery and greed
I won't let this escape my grasp
No time for weak states of mind
I have no patience for a cowardly prejudice
So wake up