

Xentrix "Creed"

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My anger is blood from the oldest stone
And I'm not the only one
What I face tomorrow, never face alone

Take what should be mine
For you justice colourised
You've been taking a weak man brainwashed
Like a comatose, take him to your own

So speak of pride, the crimes you hide
The poison speeches and vicious lies
So this is the web you weave
This calm deceit
And you call me brother no friend to me

Take what...

So speak of pride
Behind the terror mask lies the fear
You mask it with cold belief
You convince each other you have a voice to hear

Take what...

So speak of pride...

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